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On the Old Boston Post Road.

ON THE OLD BOSTON POST ROAD

By Stanley M. Arthurs

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

AS far back as the year 1772 there was a stage running from Boston to New York, which if it had good luck and no serious break-downs in the wilderness, pulled in over the Bowery road in thirteen days with its weary, travel-sore passengers.

They could have gone by the slow, sailing packets in much shorter time and with greater comfort, but even then in unfavorable weather, they might beat around for more than a week before reaching their journey's end. If New Yorkers had relatives in Boston they were farther away than our English cousins are now, and consequently travel did not develop extensive proportions in the Colonies.

Business dealings were almost entirely with the Mother Country, partly because she demanded it, and largely because the Colonies had little that they could furnish each other and thus form a basis of trade. Such raw material as they could deal in had had first to be put through English mills.

These early coaches were not entrusted

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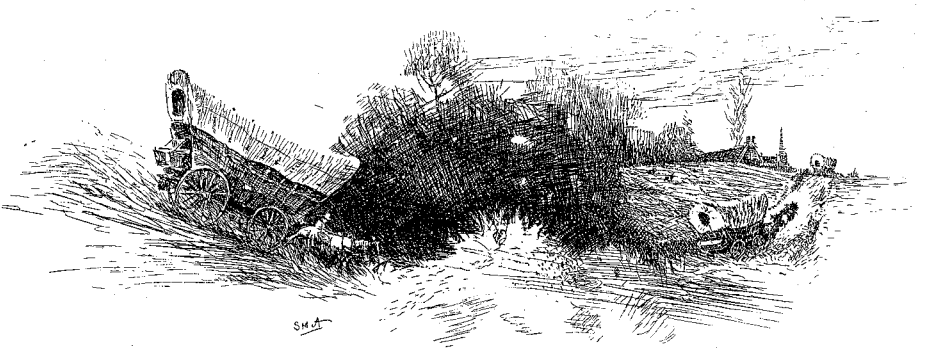

with the mail. Long before that time a monthly service had been established between these two points by the colonial authorities, and the first postman to arrive from Boston had appeared on horseback in the little Dutch burgh of Haarlem in January, 1692, travelling two hundred and fifty miles or more through the intervening stretches of snow-locked forest and morass, with no better road to follow than an uncertain trail blazed with an axe. In 1704 Madame Sarah Knight, a plucky Boston school mistress, with more love for the land than the sea, journeyed with "the Post" to New York, and was probably the first woman to travel overland on the Boston Post Road. She not only endured the hardships, but kept a lively journal of her experiences, which well depicts the discomforts and dangers of travel in that day. In it there is a prevailing sense of humor that did not desert her, even when at times her courage faltered.

Coming to one stream whose turbulent waters proved too much for her faith in horse flesh to ford in the usual manner, she sought the assistance of "a ladd and canoo" and was ferried across, while the Post led her horse and rode his own. She must have been of rather portly dimensions for she recounts—"When we were in, the canoe seemed ready to take in water, which greatly terrified me. Sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes steady, not daring so much as to lodge my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth than t'other, nor so much as to think on Lott's wife, for a wry thought would have oversett our wherey."

Her "wherey" was not "oversett" and she arrived safely in New York, and, moreover, chose to return over the same route a little later.

The good old coaching days cannot be said to have started with the pre-Revolutionary "stage wagons," as they were called, and our New England ancestors were prayerfully solicitous for their friends and relatives who ventured southward in them. The "rolling stock" of 1795 carried more passengers but were scarcely more comfortable. They were virtually springless cars, built to carry twelve persons. Their seats were merely boards, without either cushions or back-rests, with no accommodation for baggage except such as could be packed beneath the seats, and only fourteen pounds was allowed there. Light curtains at the sides furnished the only protection in bad weather.

In such a rig, and over roads that still twisted around charred tree-stumps and were filled with the oft-mentioned "quagmires," the learned President Quincy of Harvard came on a visit to New York toward the end of the century. He was always willing to climb out in the mud to assist the driver in rescuing their machine from ruts or bogs; each morning, whether it was fair or stormy, he was aroused at the dreary hour of three, and dressed by the sleepy light of a horn lantern and farthing candle; then, with more haste than their progress afterward warranted, he had a frugal breakfast with his fellow-passengers and rattled off again for another day's thumping and bumping until ten o'clock in the evening. When finally at his destination, he wondered "at the ease as well as the expedition, with which the journey had been effected."

I fancy he must have been more thankful that his journey was over, than impressed with its "ease and expedition."

The hardy drivers of these coaches not infrequently fortified their endurance by

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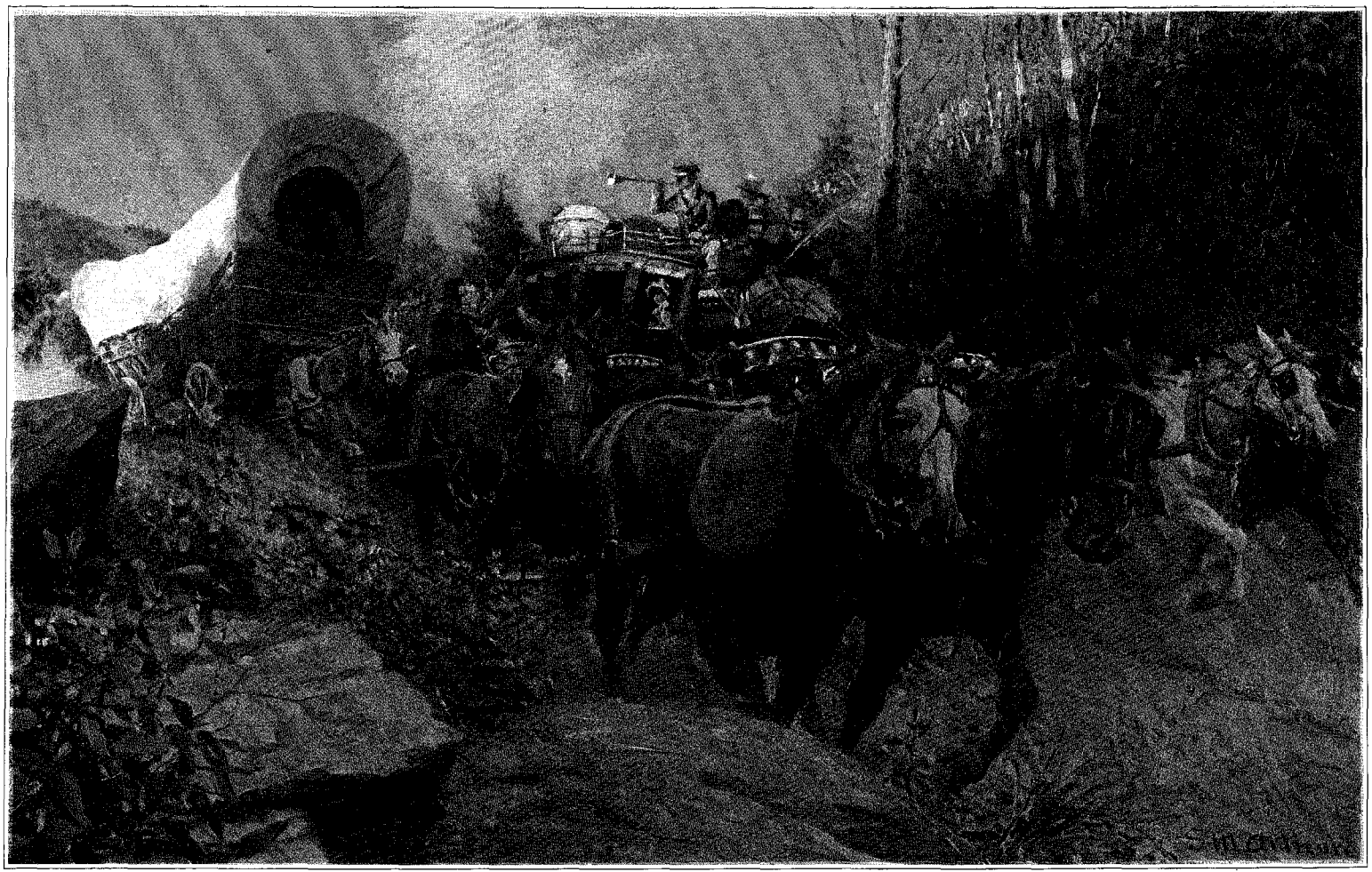

Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The mail stage and the slow freight.

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too numerous potations of courage-making flip or "kill devil rum"; and then in their exuberance of vigor, they brought coach and passengers with a crash against a tree trunk, or by too reckless manœuvring "over set" the whole in the roadway.

The traveller Melich speaks of seeing many such wrecked stage-coaches, and describes one experience of his own, when fagged out by a day's journey he had fallen asleep after nightfall:

"I heard a confused noise in my sleep and started up. I felt a motion, as if I had been flying, but I had not a moment to consider what it might be; the stage door fell down upon its side with a crash, and I found myself and eleven more floundering like so many fish in a net."

The accident, he says, was occasioned by the driver being drunk and, in his frolic, trying to pass, on too scant a margin, another stage. With some satisfaction he adds, that the driver paid dearly for his folly by being discharged on the spot by one of the proprietors who happened to be along; he was left to recover his scattered wits while the proprietor drove the stage to town.

A tavern host.

In 1806 such progress had been made that daily stages left both New York and Boston, the more rapid mail coaches making the run in three days. The usual charge for passage on coaches running through Worcester, Hartford and Stamford was sixteen dollars. The demand for new and improved roads became imperative, far exceeding the slight pecuniary resources of the different states. This resulted in the roads being constructed largely by private individuals, or companies, under control of the Legislature. They financed their expensive undertakings by the sale of lottery tickets. It was a curious code of ethics that frowned upon gambling with cards, yet sanctioned with public approval this mode of gambling and licensed it by law.* For whatever purpose issued, whether for public or private gain, lottery tickets found always a ready sale, and the drawing of numbers was a lively occasion at taverns.

There is a contemporary testimony of the condition:—"The General Court teems with petitions for the building of new turnpikes and toll-bridges; the spirit of improvement may be said not only to exist but to rage." Straight roads were built; the old tortuous routes that twisted around to each man's door were abandoned and many erstwhile wayside homes found themselves in consequence miles off the beaten track. Toll-gates on the turnpikes were at intervals of about ten miles and the charge for a stage-coach was twenty-five cents, a levy for a two-horse carriage, and down to one cent each for foot passengers and cattle driven along the road. Persons going to church were given free use of the turnpike, as were those whose homes opened upon it.

The palmy days of the Boston stage began when, in conjunction with the early Sound steam-boats, it brought New York and Boston within less than thirty hours of each other. The country was then well

* Not only did lottery selling furnish the means for early road-building, but for church building as well, and for the establishment of schools and endowment of colleges; indeed, even state debts were paid in that manner. In the little state of Rhode Island alone, in the year 1826, the sale of lottery tickets exceeded the sum of one million six hundred thousand dollars.

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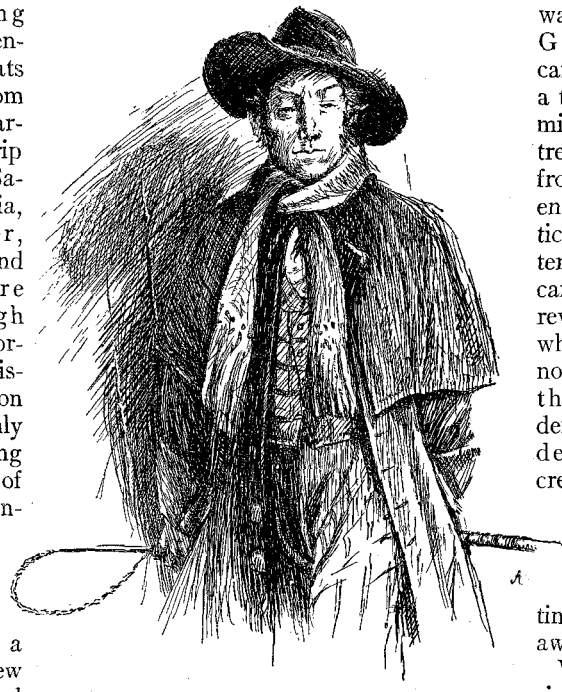
established and prosperous and looking forward to a brighter future. In 1829 largely under the control of the Eastern Stage Company, seventy-seven lines radiated from Boston in different directions. Over sixteen hundred stages rolled in and out over its streets every week. In 1832, three years later, this number had increased to one hundred and six lines running regularly; and twenty-nine steam-boats were running from New York to near-by points. A trip from Boston to Savannah, Georgia, or even farther, could be timed and planned before starting through "Badger and Porter's Stage Register" a publication appearing monthly from the printing establishment of Jonathan Parmenter in Boston. It gave tables of all established stage, steam-boat and packet lines, and a record of all new ones; the fare and distances from point to point, with the names and rates at different taverns en route.



A stage-driver.

In fact, Parmenter's publication was the Baedeker of stage travel. It was said "taverns were thick as fiddlers in hell." Commodious barns were built, countless blacksmith and farrier's forges glowed along the lines, keeping in repair and running order the vehicles of traffic. Lumbering "Conestogas," like ancient arks, dotted the highway, and at night could be seen anchored at the roadside near the village or tavern which formed their source of supply. Tethered to their wheels, or grazing along the road, were the horses, whose only protection from summer or winter's storms was the lee-side of the wagon and a covering of oilcloth or rough blanket, and the warmth of their own rugged bodies. The team drivers also carried their own accommodations, a straw mattress and blankets, in which they slept under the tunnel-like canvas tops.

During the War of 1812, when American shipping lay locked in port, the hapless victim of the Embargo Act, or of British blockade, these Conestogas furnished the only means of freight transportation, and crept over the highways from Maine to Georgia, in great caravans, scores at a time, often under military escort. Like treasure-laden ships from afar, they were enveloped in an enticing air of mystery. Their great canvas tops did not reveal their identity, whence they hailed, nor with what riches they came burdened; but the ponderous roll and creak of the wheels spoke of their bulk and weight, and an unsociable dog trotting beneath kept away the curious.

With the light musical jingle of many bells and chains as an accompaniment, and each wagon drawn by eight or more horses encased in heavy harness, gayly decorated with many plumes and ribbons, these retinues passed through village and township.

"To eye entrancing as the glittering train
Of some sun-smitten pageant of old Spain."

With what a dash and flourish did the fast mail coaches, well named "The Thoroughbred" or "The Thunderbolt," pass these freight trains of other days. For them a fair day's journey was twenty-five or thirty miles, while the mail coaches, with frequent relays, covered twelve miles or more an hour over the hard turnpikes.

The first steam-boats began to feel their way up the Sound early in the century, going first to New Haven in 1815, to New

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Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

A wayside passenger.

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London and Norwich in 1818, and later they ventured into the open sea and around the troubled waters of "Pint Judy" to Providence. That was a risky trip for these early steam-boats, for their engines were none too well-trained and their light iron boilers encased in wood were not celebrated for safety, and frequently exploded, leaving what remained of boat and passengers to navigate by sail.

It was, therefore, to the conservative-travelling public that the promoters of the New London line appealed when they advertised that their passengers "avoid the dangers of a sea voyage around Point Judith," and that "their engine had copper boilers." The fare by that line to New York in 1827 was $7.50, and letter postage was 18¾ cents.

An early morning start from Boston was necessary in order to reach New London or Norwich in time for the night boats, and as the clock on old South Church pealed the hour of three, the coaches started from Marlboro Hotel, taking different routes through the city to collect the various passengers who had registered for the trip at the stage office or in the stage book at appointed hotels.

A call boy had previously been sent around to awaken them, and he sometimes was the innocent occasion of a scene of nocturnal discord, and brought muttered imprecations down upon his head by thumping the wrong knocker and awaking some home-keeping sleepy Bostonian.

Passengers and baggage would be waiting as the stage appeared, its empty body heaving and tossing "like a ship upon a raging sea," its enormous wheels rumbling like distant thunder. Woe to the tardy who were not in readiness when it drew up; for in a moment either the coach door closed with an occupant within or the impatient team started with the prospective passenger without. We can picture them a little later in their chaises galloping in the wake of the stage, hoping to overtake it at its stop for breakfast or before. With the last passenger aboard and baggage secured, the coach threaded its way through streets, vacant and silent as if locked under the magic wand of enchantment. In darkness, except for the dim glow of the stage lamps, the passengers without a clear idea of each others' identity uncomfortably endeavored to resume their morning's nap.

As the gray light tempered the darkness, the returning life of the country side was evidenced by twinkling lights, first in the second story or from an elm-sheltered attic window; then in the cosey glow of crackling hearth fires in the kitchens and curling strips of blue smoke from ample chimneys, and fleeting whiffs of cooking breakfasts.

In the early morning perhaps thirty coaches would pass, filled with way passengers and those bound for New York. The stops for breakfast were at appointed taverns, where for hours before the bustle of preparation had been going on. It might be at the famous Wayside Inn in Sudbury town or even as far away as Walpole, nineteen miles from Boston.

We need no better assurance as to the excellence of the feasts prepared in these hostelries than the enthusiastic laudations they drew from the epicures of France, or the rotund, beef-loving Englishman, who, if he found nothing else quite to his liking in America, could record his grateful appreciation of the tavern fare and the tavern host.

In glowing reminiscences they enumerate these early morning repasts of fish and fowl, mutton, steak, waffles, johnnie cakes and bread and butter, with abundant supplies of milk and cream, eggs and vegetables; and hotel dinners that included touches of completeness that both surprised and delighted them. Their breakfasts and teas in English taverns were meagre affairs, by comparison.

It may be said that a few hours' trouncing and jolting in the open air in these stage-coaches furnished all the necessary training for a proper frame of mind and body to appreciate this appeal to the "inner man." I think it is a French adage which offers to appease the hungry by means of sleep:

"He who sleeps feasts."

Such a proverb could not be applied to American stage-coach days. Sleep they did not much indulge in, but feast they certainly did, around bountifully laden tavern boards.

The surroundings and general appearance of these wayside abodes of hospitality were well fitted for inward appeal. The din of innumerable cackling hens announced the steady production of eggs for toddy, eggs for custard, eggs for pie and cake, and eggs for future broilers. Flocks

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of haughty complaining geese and contented ducks waddled around their borders. At their backs stood a forest of apple, pear, and plum trees, and rolling fields of wheat or tasselled corn and meadow land and cattle.

But even more was the Inn the centre of the business, social, and at one time even the civic life of the community, for Court once held its regular sessions there. It remained the head-quarters for all sales and "vandues," for the opponents of different political creeds to solve the intricacies of self-government, and it was often the post-office. Many taverns provided rooms with polished floors for dancing, and gay coaching parties came from Boston or Providence and mingled in the sinuous web of the quadrille and contra-dance. Gallant sparks came from town in broadcloth suits of purple and maroon, high-rolled collar and ruffled neckerchief and scant waistcoats of flowered silk with dangling fobs, and with them bewitching maids clad in trim gowns of white and buff, silken hose and slippers. Then the building glowed with light and cheer and the music of violin and piano-forte drifted from open windows and down the highway.

The tavern host was the gleaner of the world's news as recounted by his many guests. His advice was sought upon all matters, whether of private or public importance. They were men of prominence and personal worth, for it would have been difficult for any one else to have obtained a license. Sometimes, as with Lyman Howe, who presided at the Wayside Inn, a crest and coat of arms denoted a lineage from families opulent and distinguished in England. They perforce were genial and open-hearted and could entertain as well the obscure traveller as men of fame and prominence in affairs. Imposing personalities from both England and the Continent were at times their guests; such men as Baron von Humboldt, Louis Philippe, Lafayette, or the brilliant Prince Talleyrand, and such native political heroes as Webster, Clay, and Adams; and distinguished men of letters and business. Able to set for their guests a table "fit for a king," they were able, also, to preside with dignity and grace at that self-same table.

And these were lively days in the villages along the highway. Their coaching stables contained literally hundreds of restive, well-fed horses. A keen rivalry existed at times between competing companies, and their rate wars offered very attractive inducements for travel, as well in England as in this country. There is a record of two lines running into Liverpool, which in their bids for public patronage reduced travelling expenses to a minimum. With a gradually reducing scale of rates, the proprietor of one line finally advertised the following fares:

Inside—What you please.
Outside—ditto ditto.

There would seem to be nothing to add to such terms, but the other party was not at all disheartened and revised his schedule as follows:

Inside—Nothing at all and a bottle of wine.
Outside— ditto ditto.

Yet even better terms than these were offered by a line running from Boston to Providence, for not only was free transportation advertised, and a bottle of wine, but a full-size dinner as well.

Coach-making developed into a thriving industry, employing hundreds of men. Each builder developed his own ideas of construction and many queer and varied types appeared upon the thoroughfare. A few picturesque examples are still stored in barns near the roadside recalling the past like stray pages from some old journal of the road. The rival stage companies introduced many pretentious coaches gay with bright-red and yellow bodies and striped blue or green wheels, with doors embellished with designs and named to accent their feats of speed. From the many types was evolved in 1827 the familiar Concord coach, which with very few alterations is being constructed to-day just as it was then. It soon superseded all other forms, representing the acme reached in the construction of public coaches. After serving its day in the East, this trustworthy vehicle, swung a little lower on the running gear, trundled westward to run the gauntlet on the prairie and mountain side under the hair-trigger driving of "Shot Gun Taylor" and "Indian Bill."

Rugged of outline, with comfortable homely furnishings, huge of wheel and broad of tire, with sturdy hub and axle, they carried all who could pile in or on the body and over any road that a cart could travel. At holiday season or at the ending

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Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The steamboat landing at Norwich.

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of a school or college term, these old rigs were well compared to the venerable Trojan horse, except that they swarmed with life outside as well as in. I have read of disappointed school-boys, who, unable to find a vacant spot upon the home-bound coach, were forced to spend a dreary Thanksgiving Day at college, tormented by visions of unattained good things at home.

These coaches carried readily nine passengers inside, three upon the back seat, three in front (facing the rear). Between them were three individual seats, which could be tilted backward to gain access to those in the front or rear. The occupants of these could rest their backs upon a broad leather strap hooked to either side of the coach. On top the driver occupied a slanting seat and was protected from being crowded by the passenger at his side by a light iron railing. On the coach, at their back, was a seat holding three others. A heavy boot at the rear held the trunks and heavier baggage; the lighter bundles and bandboxes were piled on top.

The fast mail stage was of lighter construction and carried fewer passengers. Night and day it could be heard passing along the highway, under the skilful "tooling" of as finished drivers as ever played the ribbons. There was a ring of distinction in the music of its horses' hoofs that separated it from every other sound of the turnpike, and a mutual knowledge and understanding existed between the master and beast. His team was not a selected, mated array, but constantly contained new and untrained material in its make-up that in other hands would have brought calamity and distress to the trusting maid, who was only too glad to ride perched high in the air at his elbow.

Kicking, vicious, otherwise unbreakable horses were welcome additions to his team as possessing a commendable spirit, capable of being turned to proper account. In all weather, notwithstanding the impediments offered by the tide of commerce upon the highway, skilfully and accurately, with scarce perceptible lessening of speed, he brought his coach safely and always on time to its destination. No wonder he typified the secret aspirations of growing youth in the village and farm-side, and held the constant admiration of both maid and matron.

Who could witness with indifference the gay dash of his approach to the changing station, the perfect curve with which his team swings before the tavern door, and then with fresh horses is off again before the coach ceases rocking.* These men were horsemen born. Stage drivers ran in families, *aviator nascitur non fit*, as it were; if that be so, many of their descent and family must have been among the drivers of the Deadwood coach and the stages running through the treacherous passes of the Rockies in a later day of coaching.

The canvas mail bags were carried beneath the driver's seat for safety and, while stage robberies were not frequent in New England, the current newspapers abounded with reports of the escapades of "The Knights of the Road," and we are left with the impression that these worthy horsemen had at their command a blunderbuss loaded with enough shot to annihilate a dozen "road agents" at one time.

A favorite haunt for plying their vocation lay in the pine-covered wilds between Baltimore and Washington. Robberies there were alarmingly frequent, and Congress finally provided a guard to protect the United States mail and the passengers from their ministrations.

A copy of the *Rhode Island American*, appearing in 1820, reports a robbery in that vicinity in which twenty-one thousand dollars peremptorily changed hands, and Mrs. Earle † describes another which occurred there two years before. The robbers were captured, and over ninety thousand dollars in bills and drafts were recovered.

New York could boast, in 1820, of 125,000 inhabitants. Boston, the third largest city, contained about 50,000 persons. Between them journeyed with some leisure the native Yankee on his own heath and soil, the Quaker gentleman from Pennsylvania, and the Southern planter, seeking a market for his products, and among the patrons of the coach and steam-boat lines were many critical Englishmen. Newspapers were not so common then, nor such active agents in moulding public opinion, as to do the thinking for the whole country. The individual Yankee thought for himself, in his own independent fashion, and the planter gen-

* This rapid change was effected by eight men, four to unharness, and four to attach the new team, and was accomplished in the short time of one minute.

† "Stage Coach and Tavern Days."

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tleman introduced an entirely different life and experience within the confines of the rumbling coach. That animated and prolonged discussions were the result, we can gather from reading of that not very remote time. Frequent mention is made by the travellers of the entertaining companions they encountered, whose original talents for story-telling and singing were so thorough, and whose observations were so witty and shrewd as to make the time pass very merrily.

Sometimes, no doubt, the personalities were not conducive to such pleasant memories. There is a contemporary story of two Englishmen and a Bostonian journeying in the same coach. The visitors, much to the Yankee's discomfort, were indulging their patriotism by abusing everything American; the beef, the mutton, the bread, the fruit and milk, each in turn failed to equal the high standard of England. The laws were not satisfactory, nor were the people to their liking; the roads were unbearable, and the climate, even, failed to compare favorably with London fogs. The American was compelled to listen, annoyed both by their utter disregard for his presence and by their arraignment of his country. Finally, there came on a tremendous thunder storm, with alarming flashes of lightning and a heavy wind, which deluged the stage with water, but did not quiet the complaining Englishmen. Suddenly, with a blinding flash of light and with a reverberating crash of thunder that shook the coach, the lightning demolished a near-by tree. Unable longer to restrain himself, the American burst forth in rage, "There, damn you! I guess that thunder and lightning is as good as anything you have in England."

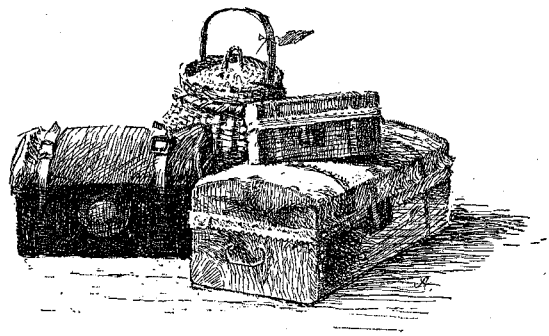
. . . . . .

There were many routes over which the Boston stage rumbled en route to New York, all of them active channels of commerce. To-day parts of the same roads are almost untravelled—deserted except by the few farmers living near them. In its best days the thoroughfare was often changed, when improved or shorter routes could be made. Since then, it has continued to change, until nothing is left to indicate its past life and usefulness, except a few crumbling landmarks—the generous roomy taverns. One by one many of them have met their fate in fire and ashes, or have been otherwise destroyed; but the older residents can point out where they stood, and tell the name of their once-creaking sign-board, and of the wonderful picture that adorned its face, and give you the name of the tavern keeper who prospered so long as the stages ran.

On the road where once the stage horn blew, now in the distance can be heard the scream of the locomotive, or the grinding of trolley cars. Indeed, across the very face of the old highway their bands of iron have locked its past, and secured the present.

A little further back on the road, where neither the sound of the engine nor trolley has yet penetrated, one may still imagine the passing of the homely stage with its passengers, arriving perhaps at sunset before a village, and one can sense the joy, both of the travellers and the town folk, when the stage horn plays again,

"Polly put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea." For the passengers it meant, the good supper and the luxury of a soft bed and snow-white linen; for the others, the expected intelligence from an outside world.



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Drawn by **Stanley M. Arthurs.**

The evening mail.

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GRANTHAM'S LIMITATIONS

By Mary Heaton Vorse

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

AS Grantham entered the apartment house in which he lived, there came to him an exact vision of what he would see on arriving at his own dwelling; and that this should be so annoyed him. Really, he reflected, his life did not have place enough for the unexpected. This conviction was none the less real for being vague. It was as all-pervading as the premonition of pain—a sort of nagging discomfort born of the conviction that his life was running altogether more smoothly and comfortably than was normal for a man of thirty-five. He was meditating on this so profoundly as he entered the house that he ran plump into a person who was just coming out. It was such a collision that she would have fallen had Grantham not held out a supporting arm. Just here it would be gratifying to record that Grantham said one of those apt things with which a true hero bridges over an awkward situation, putting everyone at his ease with some happy invention, but he found nothing better than to murmur, "How clumsy of me" and "I beg your pardon."

The person whom Grantham had run down, was, judging from her clothes, grown up, for she wore a widow's mourning; judging from her face and slight figure, she was nothing much more than a schoolgirl with serious childish eyes, and a childish mouth from which life had not yet taken the desire to laugh. She laughed now reassuringly, as she replied, still a little breathless, to Grantham's anxious inquiries,

"*Really* I'm not hurt *at all*. It was just as much my fault, Mr. Grantham——"

Then, evidently as surprised as he at having used his name, she scuttled away like a child who is frightened at its own unexpected boldness. So, wondering how she happened to know him, Grantham went to his rooms where his vision of a few moments before punctually fulfilled itself.

To start with, there was Mrs. Kopp waiting for him in the hall with that subdued alertness which she imagined to be the attitude of an expert valet. Ten years ago she had seemed to Grantham a huge joke when she had volunteered to take her husband's place in his service—for Mr. Kopp had most inconsiderately died; now the little part she played so faithfully had moments when it seemed not untinged with pathos. Grantham sometimes wondered if when he was fifty and she a white-haired woman of over sixty-five he should on his return home find her still waiting in the hall for him. But while Kopp's faithful service touched him, Kopp herself sometimes irritated Grantham. He didn't wish her to be garrulous, yet he would have preferred to have her less of a wooden image, for Grantham was a sociable, kindly man, and for all that a lonely one; there were moments in his life when he would have been glad to remember that she had once been his old nurse and have talked to her as such; but Mrs. Kopp never went any further in matters of conversation than the impersonal "Good evening, sir," with which she now took his hat and coat. She made this a point of honor and what treasures of self-control it cost her Grantham never guessed. She had been his nurse when she was seventeen and so continued until he had outgrown petticoat government. And you must admit that when you have called a person "my lamb" the first six years of his life, have smacked him soundly, have wiped his nose, put on his socks and performed other intimate and humble services for him, to be able to greet him with only the impersonal "Good evening, sir," of a perfect valet shows a degree of character and self-control which is not small.

"Good evening, Kopp" Grantham returned and passed on to his room where, as he knew, his clothes would be put out for him with that unfailing precision which was one of the elements of his life which had so irritated him of late.

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Grantham knew men of his own age, plenty of them, whose lives seemed to be made up of a series of exciting and unexpected events. It is true that, personally, Grantham would not have welcomed the especial kind of variety which enlivened the existence of many of his acquaintances; none the less he felt that fate was somehow defrauding him—of what exactly he didn't know.

It didn't occur to him to blame himself rather than the circumstances of his life for this regularity. He wanted life to hand him out charming and unlooked-for experiences as grown-ups give toys to a child.

Then, as Grantham dressed, something did happen, as if fate had answered his unspoken wish—but ironically, its fingers to its nose. It was nothing more than the inexplicable moving of a portiere which for a moment blew out as if something were hidden behind it. When Grantham looked there was nothing. This was only the beginning. Nothing much followed—but a noise, however vague, which one cannot account for is a startling thing. In the course of other days, other portieres moved in the same odd fashion; on investigation there would prove to be no cause for their moving. Grantham moreover had the feeling, as disquieting as any in the world, of there being an unseen person in the same room with him. He tried to drive the feeling from his mind, but it persisted in spite of him until the evening of his famous struggle with himself.

If he had been less self-conscious or cautious in his actions, the moment he fancied that he saw an eye looking at him through the glass door of the little cabinet he would have got up to look into the matter. It was of course his first impulse to do this, but he was kept from it by the reflection that the little cabinet was too small to serve as a hiding place for anyone; therefore he went on with his reading, but it was only strength of will which kept him at it; as it was he turned the pages nervously, always with the feeling of being watched, and as the weary minutes slid by, he gave the furniture of his library an exhibition of magnificent self-control by continuing to keep his eyes on the page. Then there came from the cabinet the ghost of a noise and, Grantham's flesh being weaker than his spirit, he looked up in spite of himself. Again he saw an unmistakable eye looking at him through the little glass door.

Reason and common sense have their limit of both endurance and usefulness; some of the most valuable discoveries have been made by throwing them aside, so without reasoning further Grantham strode across the room and threw open the cabinet doors.

Folded up in an incredibly small space was a very little girl. She lay quite still, her large frightened eyes on Grantham.

"You must be cramped," Grantham remarked at last.

"I am, very," she replied. Her voice was sweet and less childish than one would have expected. "Will you please help me to get unfolded?"

Grantham did as he was requested. "May I ask," he inquired politely, "why you were in there at all?"

"I was looking at you," she replied.

"So I observed," said Grantham, "but would you mind telling me why you chose that rather eccentric way of doing it?"

"I thought I could see you better from there than from any of the other places I have tried, and so I could," she answered, "but it was smaller in there than I thought it would be and creakier and now I don't suppose I shall ever see you any more," and in contrast to her prim, mature little manner, her chin quivered babyishly and tears gleamed in her eyes.

This touched Grantham, and though he couldn't understand why the sight of him should be such a precious thing to this baby he hastily assured her that she might see him whenever she liked. At which she clapped her hands.

"I *told* Mrs. Kopp you wouldn't care," she cried.

"And I'll tell her too if you like," said Grantham.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed with apprehension. "Mrs. Kopp mustn't *ever* know."

"All right," Grantham agreed cheerfully. "We'll be as clandestine as you like——"

Long words didn't interest Grantham's visitor, her mind was on other things. She stared at him gravely, even searchingly, a moment, her little hands on his knee. At last she brought out—and Grantham caught a note of wonder in her voice—

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"Mrs. Kopp said you were bonnie—her bonnie lambie!"

"What?" Grantham demanded.

"Her bonnie lambie," the child repeated, and Mrs. Kopp far off at the other end of the apartment, wondered why her bonnie lambie was laughing thus unwontedly. But even while he laughed Grantham was trying to adjust himself to this new idea of Kopp. His little friend allowed him no time for philosophizing. At his laughter, she drew back hurt.

"When people get old," Grantham explained gravely, "they only look like bonnie lambs to their mothers and their old nurses.

"Oh, *you're* not old," she assured him, "not nearly as old as the elevator man."

Grantham was flattered; the elevator man was a youth in his early twenties.

"*He* wears glasses," she explained conclusively.

"How did you happen to come here?" Grantham asked next.

"That was because of Mrs. Kopp," replied the child. "She's sorry for me, you see. I live upstairs with just my mother alone, because of my father being dead—and my mother is away a great deal, every afternoon and most always evenings. So you see, Mrs. Kopp and I are company for each other." Grantham was rapidly learning things about Mrs. Kopp. It had never occurred to him, for instance, that her life was lonely and that she might welcome even a little girl as company. "My mother," the child continued gravely, "was the one you ran into the night you almost caught me the first time—behind the curtain."

"Your *mother*," Grantham wondered. "Was that your mother, really? She looks so very young to have such a big daughter," he concluded, smiling.

To Grantham's surprise, the child flushed to the roots of her hair.

"Yes, she's my really mother—she's not nearly as young as she looks. She's *plenty* old enough to be my mother," and she cast a queer little look at Grantham in which suspicion and defiance were mingled.

His blundering fingers had touched some sore spot, that was easy enough to see, but just what Grantham couldn't guess nor did he try to, but instead turned himself to the restoring of their former harmony; and he was so successful that the very next day when he met his friend and the little widow in the hall, the child sprang forward crying joyfully:

"This is my mother!" She had evidently forgotten her moment of suspicion, whatever it was.

At this informal introduction the little widow drew back, remonstrating amid blushes:

"Oh, Adelaide," like a bashful schoolgirl, and again it occurred to Grantham how preposterous it was that she should have so big a little girl for a daughter. But if her mother was timid, Adelaide was bold as any lion. She wanted the two to meet and she accomplished what she wished, though her mother would have hurried on her way and though Grantham himself didn't help out very much, for as you have seen Grantham had his limitations. Caution was one and convention another. He could not run impetuously through the doors which chance held open to him, and while Adelaide, acting as the assistant of chance, held wide the door and while her mother, blushing and prettily embarrassed, lingered near it, Grantham listened to Convention which whispered that he should not intrude himself on a lady's society in this fashion, and to Prejudice which told him that for all she looked like such an innocent and lovable young creature, yet none the less she was a neglectful mother—and Grantham, who had never known a real neglectful mother, knew well enough from books what bad things they can be. And, most damning of all, he knew nothing about her.

So the second time in this story, Grantham's limitations come between him and adventure and he fails again to behave as a hero should.

It was not long before he saw Adelaide again. In fact she emerged from beneath the bed with a large-minded disregard of the fact that he was in the betwixt and between stage of dressing for dinner, and with her coming began Grantham's double life, for it was then definitely settled between them that it would spoil it all to have Mrs. Kopp find them out; besides it served her right, for wasn't Mrs. Kopp herself playing a double game? Indeed the faithful valet turned out a sink of duplicity, for she never gave a hint, no matter what traps Grantham laid for her, that she had such a thing as a little girl concealed about the

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house. It was difficult for him to make the two Mrs. Kopps, his and Adelaide's, seem the same person.

He watched their ripening friendship afar off and wondered with some irritation that Kopp never for a second "let on."

"She's sure, you see, that you wouldn't like it, the idea of me being around underfoot," Adelaide explained.

"I'm not a bear," Grantham protested.

"That's what I tell her, and she says 'Gentlemen don't like children pottering 'round.' I'm afraid," Adelaide proceeded, "that Mrs. Kopp is very obstinate. I've told her and told her how much more fun we could have with you playing with us."

"Oh, you play, do you?" said Grantham. He had wondered how they spent the long hours which they passed together. "What do you play?" He had visions of Kopp lending her dignified person to such games as ring-a-round-a-rosy or oats-peas-beans, which were the only games of childhood which occurred to him at the moment, but instead of answering, an unwonted shyness overcame Adelaide. She turned her head away, fingers in her mouth. Grantham waited.

"We play—we play," she said at last, "Tommy and Nan." She brought it out in a hushed little voice, her eyes looking slantwise at Grantham. Evidently she had expected to create a sensation and Grantham felt very humble in not coming up to the mark, for he could only repeat:

"Tommy and Nan?"

Adelaide's embarrassment faded into surprise. She gazed at him, her mouth the shape of an astonished "Oh!"

"What is Tommy and Nan?" Grantham asked, to help out. "I suppose I ought to know," he went on humbly, for Adelaide's mouth still held the astonished "Oh." It was plain to be seen she couldn't believe her ears.

"Why," she answered very low, her head turned away, the brightness gone from her eyes. "Why—Tommy—that's you when you were little, and Nan—that's Mrs. Kopp when she was your nurse—she was eighteen the summer you were born."

Grantham was silent. It gave him an odd sensation to hear that his own childhood was being acted out by Kopp and Adelaide—acted out with much sentiment and even with a touch of reverence, if one could judge by Adelaide's voice.

This confession turned out to be the clue of a great many different things. It was to see how Tommy looked now, for instance, that had caused Adelaide to spy at him from beneath beds and from behind portieres and even to curl herself up into the inadequate space of the little glass cabinet.

"But you can't tell a bit about you now," Adelaide confessed sadly. "Mrs. Kopp said I couldn't. She said 'He was such a pretty little boy,'" and she imitated Kopp's tone to the life. "Not," she went on hastily, "that you're not very distinguished looking now, only I don't see *how* people ever change as much as you seem to. Still you must know more about what you used to be like than anyone else."

It was then that the humiliating fact came out that Grantham after all knew far less about Tommy Grantham than Adelaide did, and far, far less than Kopp, who it would seem had kept about her a precious record of every one of his days. The book of the past which Grantham had lost so long ago was one in which she had read every day just as a mother might read the dear book of the childhood of a little son she had lost, and Adelaide told Grantham the stories she had heard from it. Little by little there came back to Grantham's mind the vision of a little boy that he had forgotten so many years, and the vision too of a fresh-faced girl, called Nan, whom he had also forgotten and who had during the passing of the years mysteriously become transformed into a correct, dour-faced woman called Kopp—the same Kopp who waited for him in the hall every evening to receive his hat and coat.

Meantime, there was a third person with whom Grantham had just been making a sort of vicarious friendship, Adelaide's mother. All they had to show an outsider was an occasional bow on the steps or in the elevator. Once Grantham had stopped her to ask permission to take Adelaide to the Hippodrome; another time she had stopped Grantham to thank him for some small present he had made the little girl. That was all. Nevertheless, Grantham had a far completer picture of her than of many of his lifelong friends. Every day, from the things Adelaide said and the things she didn't say, Grantham, in spite of himself, got an even completer picture of the child's

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"This is my mother."—Page 523.

mother. Adelaide had a thousand of her tricks of manner, she brought her into their talk a thousand times. If one had a friendship with Adelaide it included her mother inevitably and, apparently, if one happened to be Adelaide's mother it included also a friendship with Grantham, as he found out the Sunday he met them by chance in the Park, and, for all his convention, was inveigled by Adelaide into joining them, and her mother welcomed him with all of Adelaide's naïveté.

"I'm glad to talk to you for once," she confessed, "for I've known you so long as if I'd been watching you in a looking-glass, for Adelaide's been just like a glass that reflected nothing but you. I know just what you're like now and just what you were like when you were a little boy."

"You know what Adelaide thinks that Kopp thinks I was like," Grantham interrupted.

"I think I've translated it," she replied. "And I certainly know all about you now, the way you stand and the way you put on your hat and the delightful things you find

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to say to little girls—even your false modesty in not being willing to play the part of yourself when you were little."

So they went on comparing notes as to their vicarious friendship until it was time to go home, when Grantham was almost shocked to find how far he had been drawn into the dangerous paths of intimacy during a chance encounter. It gave him a certain sense of exhilaration and yet at the same time one of helplessness as he saw the familiar landmarks of convention disappearing behind him in the distance.

Adelaide walked beside them, listening with a sober joy. It was as if she had gently laid their hands in one another's, saying:

"Now please be friends," and with a tact beyond her years, as though she had recognized what shy creatures she had to deal with, she did not show her joy, for fear, it would seem, of frightening them. Still she was too much of a woman to leave everything in the hands of fate. It was the next evening that she had the momentous conversation with Grantham which he had occasion to go back to so often. It came about quite naturally, through Adelaide's remarking:

"Mrs. Kopp says that what you need is a wife and babies—though you need babies more than a wife, she believes."

"Mrs. Kopp is undoubtedly right, as she always is," Grantham replied. "I should be delighted if she would only see to it that I was provided with them."

Adelaide had her solution to this problem, and it had all the advantages of simplicity.

"Why," she asked, her serious eyes on Grantham's, "don't you marry my mother—then I should be your real little girl, which would be nicer I think than becoming acquainted with a strange baby."

Grantham gave the matter all serious attention.

"It would be delightful," he agreed, "but I should have to ask your mother first, shouldn't I? and I'm afraid she wouldn't 'have me.' You see, I never really met her before yesterday and it's not usual, I'm sure you'll agree, to ask ladies to marry one whom one knows so slightly."

Adelaide brushed his objection away with a light hand.

"Oh, that wouldn't make any difference," she asserted. "My mother has got to get married some time anyway, you see. She says so herself—she often says so. She'll put it off as long as she can—but the day will come."

It was plain that Adelaide was repeating something she had often heard.

"I'm sure she'd far rather marry you than anyone else. She doesn't feel as if she didn't know you. You heard what she said yesterday. She's very fond of you. I know because I've asked her and she said she was."

As the child talked Grantham realized dimly that here was the unexpected thing which he had mutely asked fate to hand out to him. He had asked for the smooth course of his life to be broken and here it was broken with a vengeance if he chose to have it—whatever the outcome of the breaking might be.

Adelaide's tranquil, matter-of-fact suggestion presented a variety of images to Grantham's mind. Indeed, it was as if these images had been there all the time, and Adelaide had simply made them visible to him. It was, for instance, as if the image of Adelaide's mother had been with him ever since the day he had first seen her; it was as if every hour that he had passed with the child had given him a more definite and more gracious picture of the mother. She seemed to have kept all the graces of a child and added to these the graces of a woman. She had, for instance, a candor that few women keep beyond childhood, together with a sympathetic grace unknown to children. No wonder that Grantham in his loneliness let himself play with the idea, preposterous though it was, which Adelaide had given him. He even sounded Kopp about it in the vaguest of ways, asking her if she had noticed the new tenants—the young-looking widow and her daughter.

"I don't think much of widows," Kopp replied dourly, and Grantham was self-conscious enough to fancy that she looked at him with a suspicious eye. "This one's laughing all the time and Lord knows she's not much to be laughing for."

A bolder man than Grantham might have asked, why? But he only observed in an elaborately indifferent tone,

"She looks very young to have such a big little girl."

"She does. Yes, sir," Kopp replied.

"She must have been very young when

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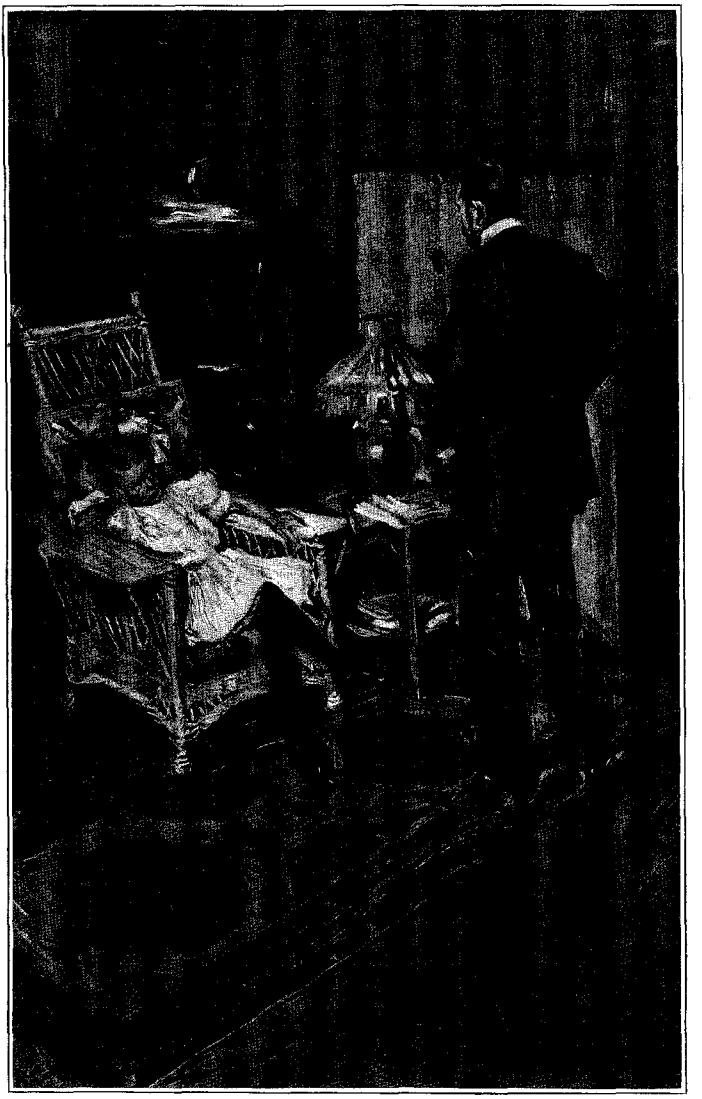

"We play—we play," she said at last, "Tommy and Nan."—Page 524.

she married," Grantham went on tentatively, as one to whom this had occurred for the first time.

"She was sixteen," replied Kopp in the tone of one telling a piece of scandal, "and like as not she eloped. When they get married that young they're apt to. If," she added darkly, "they get married at all!"

"Poor little thing," was all Grantham found to say.

"Poor little thing, say I," echoed Kopp. "Not that the child's anything to me, Mr. Grantham, but I'm sorry for one brought up as she's likely to be." Grantham didn't explain that his "poor little thing" was a tribute to Adelaide's mother and not pity for the child.

"There's things about her I don't understand, sir," Kopp concluded severely, as she went out of the room. Her words were like a bit of acid dropped into Grantham's mind; if Adelaide's words had given definite form to certain visions, Kopp's crystallized a number of ideas that had been swimming around in solution. Like it or

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not, we are brought to a realization of what we think by the chance words—often of people indifferent to us.

Grantham was a man who tried to be just and he showed this by putting together all the array of facts concerning his little friend's mother. In the first place he knew nothing about her except that she neglected Adelaide, but then she was very young. Kopp said she laughed too much. Adelaide adored her. She looked absurdly young. That was all. Yet there the damning fact remained. There was something one didn't understand about her; some mystery in the air. There was mystery in the things Adelaide didn't say, mystery in the way she kept her wise little mouth firmly shut. He remembered, now he thought of it, that she had never in all their talks spoken of anything in the past—fast as she could talk of his own early youth. She made no mention of any relatives. She never spoke of seeing a friend, and yet her mother "went out" continually. No, decidedly there were a great many things one didn't understand about Adelaide's mother. It is easier to say things like this about a woman than to be more definite. If one had pinned him down, all Grantham would have allowed himself to say would have been that he didn't like the way she left Adelaide. He didn't however join them in the Park as he might have done, although he felt himself a bit of a brute and a bit of a fool as well.

Margery.

It was not easy for him to keep away. It was equally hard for him to turn the conversation deftly when Adelaide insisted on talking about her mother.

He wanted, for instance, very much to know who the "kindest man" was. Adelaide herself didn't know, and she consulted Grantham about him.

"She's fonder of him than of anyone else," she told him sagely. "I can tell by the way she talks about him. She feels about him exactly as I do about you. I told her *you* were the kindest one."

"What did she say?" Grantham couldn't keep himself from asking.

"Oh, she laughed," Adelaide replied, "and she said, 'Of course he's kind, goosie, or he wouldn't stand *you* around.' She says," the child went on, "that the kindest man was the only one she had known who hadn't bothered her. Men are very bothersome when one is young and a widow, you know. That's why she'll have in the end to get married," Adelaide explained, and in her sad cadence Grantham recognized the travesty of her mother's manner which he surprised so often.

"Will she marry the kindest man?" he asked, stifling a jealousy he had no right to.

"I don't know," Adelaide replied, "she says she wishes that she could, so perhaps she will. But," she concluded, "I wish it was you. If she only had a chance to know you as well as me I'm sure she'd think you were the kindest."

It happened oddly enough after this that fate gave Grantham and Adelaide's mother

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When he turned he was not surprised to find himself face to face with her.

chances enough. Now Grantham and his neighbor met one another in the elevator; again, coming in and out of the house; and as time went on, there were more and more things he didn't understand. He might, he knew, be given the key to more than he wished to know, for he seldom left her without feeling that she had something she wished to tell him. One thing he did understand and that was that the winter was wearing on her. He watched her anxiously. Then one evening as he was coming home he heard quick footsteps behind him and when he turned he was not surprised to find himself face to face with her.

"I thought it was you," she said breathlessly. The light from a street lamp cast dark shadows on her face. Her blonde hair was disordered under her widow's hat. For the hundredth time she gave Grantham the effect of a child masquerading in grown-up clothes, but to-night she had the air of a frightened child who has found someone to protect it. She breathed a long sigh of relief. Grantham almost expected she would put her hand in his as Adelaide would have done.

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"What has frightened you?" he found himself asking. She gave him one of her quick, shy glances. She hesitated, and while she hesitated Grantham realized that he himself had thrown open the door that he had been so careful to keep shut, and he said hastily,

"Don't tell me if you don't want to," and began to talk of other things. So the moment passed, and they walked on in silence together. When they reached the house Grantham was at a loss to understand his companion's look of gratitude.

It was soon after this that he made up his mind that things could not go on as they were, conventionality or no conventionality. Just what couldn't go on or what he intended to do he didn't make clear to himself.

He came home from three days out of town ready to break through the various considerations which had hitherto held him so fast bound. Two days passed and he saw nothing of his neighbor nor did he see Adelaide, which was much stranger; then another day passed and another, and no Adelaide. During these days Grantham mutely asked Kopp the same question a thousand times, and she answered it always in the same way.

The question he never found words for was:

"Where's Adelaide?" And Kopp's mute answer was always:

"I don't know."

At last silence became unbearable, and he asked the question aloud.

"They've gone, sir," Kopp answered. "I don't know where." Then for a moment emotion broke through her training and she groaned, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid something's gone wrong, that something's happened."

"What makes you think that?" Grantham demanded.

"They left so sudden, sir—you know," she added, and her tone was as matter-of-fact as if what she had to say wasn't to alter Grantham's whole point of view, "they lived in your two little rooms at the top of the house. That was one of the things I didn't understand, Mr. Grantham, why a lady should be living alone in two servants' rooms even if they were steam-heated!"

"I've come with these," Adelaide went on.—Page 531.

Grantham sat in his chair, his head in his hands. Whatever Kopp didn't understand she had made a multitude of things clear in one sentence.

Now he understood why Adelaide had been neglected and why her mother had looked tired. He understood too why no one had come to see them, and Adelaide's silence as to their past, and the heart-rending answer to these things was all the same. Two words covered them, and they were Pride and Poverty.

He had lived near them and had been too self-centred and too blind to find the answer to the riddle which like all answers to all riddles seems so evident once one knows it.

"I should like to go up to the rooms," Grantham said at last. He had never since the first day of his tenancy visited these two little rooms, which the agent had made such a point over. They were very superior rooms indeed for servants' rooms,

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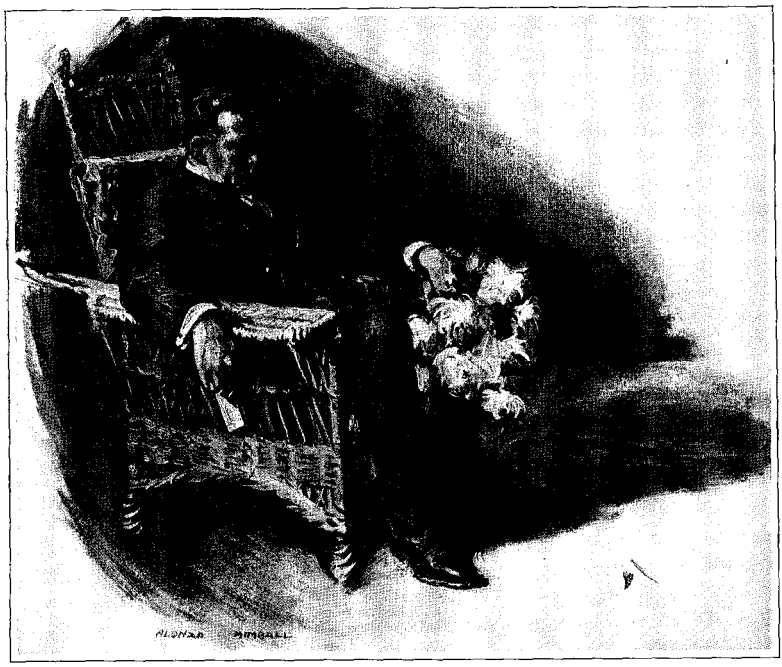

Romance had come near him.—Page 532.

rooms anyone might live in. When Kopp had suggested to him they might be sublet he had given his consent without further thought.

"Yes, sir," Kopp agreed with ready submission. Not even in this extremity did she show surprise in her master's poignant interest in his tenants—an interest she had had no reason to suspect. Nor did her attitude of grave and unsurprised attention change as they stood together in the little rooms which had been only partly dismantled. There were still many traces left of the people who had lived there: toys of Adelaide's, some pictures, even a flower that had not yet lost all its freshness.

There came over Grantham the bitter sense of his own limitations, and man-like he was quick to blame someone else.

"Why didn't you tell me about them?" he asked Kopp sternly; for the moment it seemed to him her fault that these two children—for one seemed hardly less a child than the other to him—should have lived in such poverty and that one should have had to work for the other.

"I wish I had, sir," Kopp replied. It is not the place of the perfect valet to defend himself.

Grantham walked to the window and looked out with unseeing eyes. All New York was spread at his feet. Over the roofs of the neighboring buildings the river gleamed like a shining blue ribbon; the late afternoon sun woke into flame windows in houses on the Palisades miles away. Then he and Kopp turned and faced each other. Without words they confessed to each other the guilt of their suspicions, the guilt of their negligence, but above all their fears. What had happened? Why had Adelaide gone? was what each one of them wanted to know and for which they had no answer.

But the answer was to come to them in full and in Adelaide's very person. The door opened, and she stood before them, her little hands full of flowers.

"The elevator man told me you were up here," she explained. "We wouldn't have gone off as we did except we were in so much of a hurry—and very excited too. Weddings are so exciting, especially when you haven't for a moment been expecting them."

For a moment Grantham's heart stopped beating.

"I've come with these," Adelaide went

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on serenely as she showed Grantham the flowers, "to say good-bye—not really 'good-bye,' you know," she hastened on as she caught the dismay in Grantham's face. "I can come and see you very often, and you will come and see them, Margery says."

"Margery?" Grantham wondered.

"That's my mother—she's not really my mother. She's my sister. She wanted me to tell you. You see everybody died and we wanted to stay together, but Margery had to work so hard and it didn't do any good for her to pretend to be a widow—" she stopped as she saw Grantham and Kopp stare blankly at each other. She explained in these words all the things they hadn't understood.

Then Adelaide finished gently.

"So Margery got married. She couldn't keep it up any longer. Life is very hard for girls left all alone." Mrs. Kopp whispered under her breath, "Poor lambs, poor innocent lambs." Adelaide went to the window and looked out into the darkening horizon. There was silence.

There came over Grantham a sense of desolation. It was as if a light had been put out in his life, but above the feeling of loss was his scorn for himself, scorn for his suspicions and hesitancies, scorn for the inadequate part he had played in the lives of these two children who had so needed his help. At last he spoke:

"Did she marry the—one she wished to?" The question came of itself, involuntarily.

"The kindest man?" asked Adelaide. "I don't know, but I'm afraid not. I asked her, and she didn't answer." Again there was silence. Adelaide shivered.

"It's cold here," she said, "let's go down—" Mechanically Kopp and Grantham moved forward to the door. "It's funny to think that Margery and I will never, never see this little room again," Adelaide said to Kopp, but Kopp didn't answer.

Then Adelaide realized that in the minds of her friends things were happening which she didn't understand. So with a newborn shyness she said good-bye and slipped away. It added the last touch of strangeness to poor Kopp when she learned there was a carriage waiting.

Grantham sat alone staring at the flowers Adelaide had left.

Romance had come near him; it had laid its tender caressing hand on his shoulder, and he had not recognized its touch.

While he had played at kindness with the child he had let the real kindnesses of life pass him by. But of all things he had refused to find out there was one final one which stared him in the face. He had been misunderstood and in the way hardest of all to bear—his reserves had been taken for virtues, his conventionalities and suspicions for delicacy.

As he sat there staring before him his eyes fell on a little envelope among the flowers. He opened it and read, shame mounting higher in him, then regret, "With gratitude from Margery Robeson to the kindest man she has ever known."

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From a photograph, copyright 1902, by Byron.

He and Gibbs were boon companions . . . . they indulged in extravagant vagaries by the hour.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

III—THE GREAT ACTOR

By Paul Wilstach

THE arrival of new plays was scarcely an event. An average of three a day made the emotions somewhat callous. All were read, most of them were discussed with Mansfield, the winnowings were given him for final judgment.

When he reached his hotel after his lecture at the Universiy of Chicago in the winter of 1898 he found in his mail the published book of a French play sent by a friend in Paris. "This was acted three weeks ago at the Porte St. Martin," ran the accompanying note. "Paris is wild about it. Here is the rôle for which you have been waiting." That promise had a familiar ring. He put the book aside until a more convenient hour.

There were two meals which Mansfield always ate alone, breakfast and the light repast of broth and oysters late in the afternoon. An empty stomach attacked his nerves and set his temper on edge. In the morning he was in no convenient mood until he had the invariable coffee and bacon. After a somewhat rigid abstinence during the balance of the day and evening the fatigue of a performance edged his nerves till his midnight supper, which, with a

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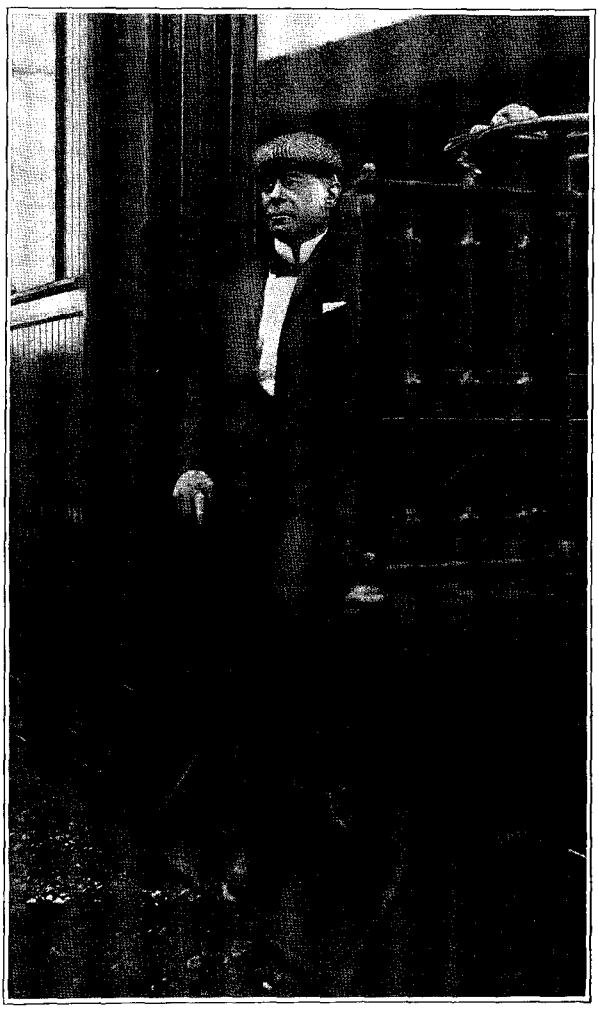
troop of friends about him, warmed him into the sunniest humor of the day. A book or play was the companion of his solitary meals.

The Sunday morning after the French play arrived he opened it over his coffee. After the first page he did not lift his eyes. Breakfast grew cold, untasted. Minutes piled into hours, yet of everything was he oblivious except the pages before him. At three o'clock he presented himself at Mr. Palmer's room.

"I have found the character and the play for which I've searched these fifteen years," he exclaimed. Then, disdaining a chair, he paced the floor for two hours, telling the story of "Cyrano de Bergerac," acting passages as he read along, declaiming the longer speeches with much the same definite characterization which later distinguished his performance on the first night. He composed his performance of the rôle practically on the instant. It seemed little different or more detailed after weeks of rehearsal.

Very soon letters came from Paris by the score—from friends and from strangers alike—telling him of the mounting success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and assuring him he was the one artist on the English-speaking stage to play the Gascon. Twenty copies of the Edition Charpentier had fluttered to him across the Atlantic from various sources when the count was aban-



Mr. Mansfield on the steps of "403."

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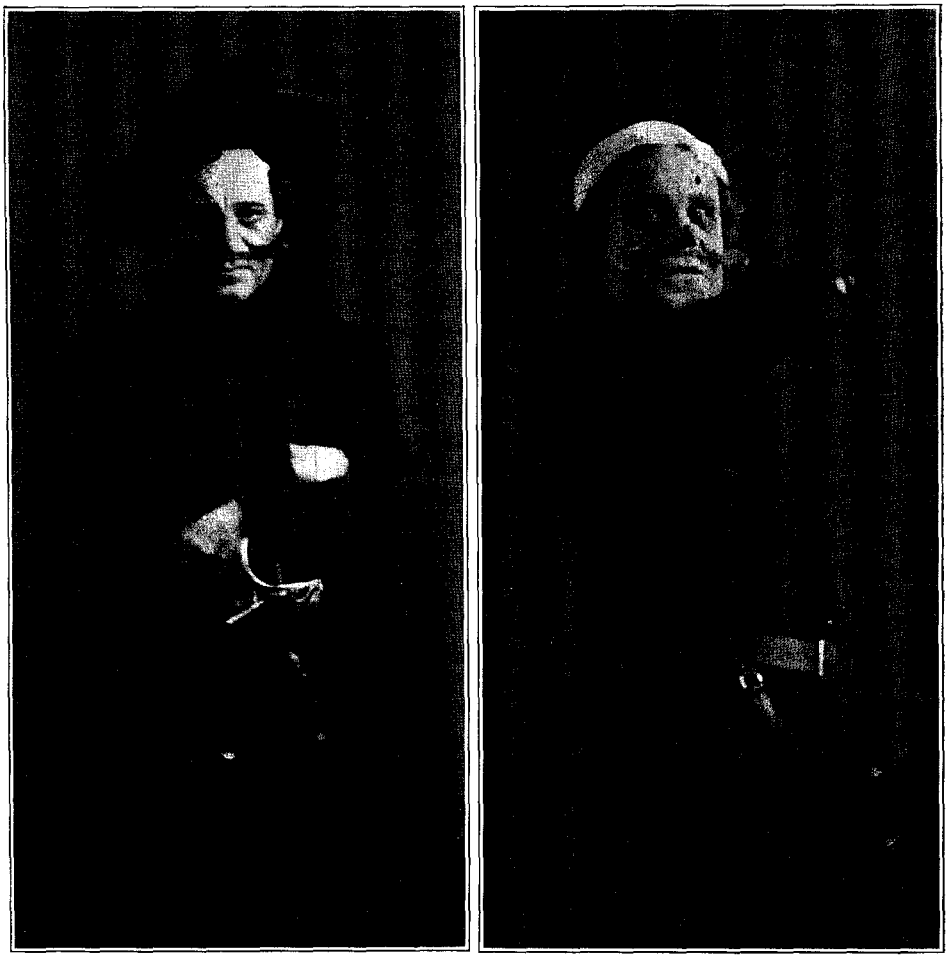

From photographs, copyright 1899, by Celebrity Photo and Art Co.

Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

doned. Then the translations began to pour in from Paris, from London, from many Americans. All were hopeless. He commissioned his friend, Miss Gertrude Hall—she of Verlaine in English and the Wagner dramas in story—to translate the poem. Her version was inevitably accurate and exquisite. When published it discounted every other in popularity. But her phrasing wanted dramatic vigor. It was not sufficiently masculine for the mouth of this vanquisher of one hundred at the Porte de Nesle. Mansfield was confident however. He believed his destiny was at work. Finally from among another score he triumphantly selected a translation that uttered, with the directness of prose, the cadence of poetry and vibrated with energy. It was the work of Howard Thayer Kingsbury, then recently graduated from Harvard's school of Law.

The popularity of "The First Violin," which was offered modestly in the late spring of 1898, was providential. It defrayed the domestic expenses of an unusually expensive summer and yielded a portion of the forty thousand dollars which were spent on the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The balance? It was borrowed on mortgages which covered his home, his private car, his theatrical productions, and every chattel he possessed. Everything was sacrificed.

The praise of Coquelin became a pæan, and by summer it raised a great doubt in Mansfield's mind. Dared he challenge the

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From a photograph, copyright 1902, by Byron.

At "The Grange," New London, Conn.

The spirit of youth hung over "The Grange."
Nothing delighted him more than to have young people about him.

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French actor in his greatest rôle. Was he not inviting a comparison which would ruin him? With every detail of the costumes and scenery determined and in the hands of the artisans, he slipped quietly aboard ship and went to see for himself if this were artistic suicide he was planning.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" had been acted for six months in Paris and Mansfield now found Coquelin playing it in London. Without a word of his presence to any one but his brother Felix, who resided in the British Capital as his foreign agent, he entered the Lyceum Theatre to determine his own fate. He declared afterward that his ordeal that night when he compared his own conception of Cyrano with Coquelin's presentation of the character was far more severe on him than when he offered his performance of the rôle on the first night to the thumbs of his public in America. "After the first act I was in despair," he said. "Coquelin did not act Cyrano, he seemed the embodiment of the Gascon. No one but a Frenchman, and no Frenchman but Coquelin, could banter with that inimitable Gasconade. And in what tongue but Cyrano's own could one hope to toss such badinage? Plainly, perseverance invited martyrdom. I could have abandoned my plans, my hopes, everything on the instant, but I waited for the second act. When he introduced the cadets I felt a breath of courage, for I believed my own introduction had its own quality. As Christian's insults, the wooing under the balcony, the fantastic detention of De Guiche and the siege of Arras passed before me my spirits mounted, until the repetition of the gazette and the death—then hope, confidence and determination all came back. Coquelin in his way was inimitable. But my Cyrano, equally of Rostand and of Bergerac, was on its pedestal again. When I left the theatre my fears had vanished. In spite of all he achieved with the rôle, his performance appealed to me as the Cyrano of a comedian."

There remained an interval of two days before he was to sail and he devoted one of them to a trip down to a small country town to see the D'Oyly Carte Touring Opera Company. He found it practically the same as when he had been identified with it twenty years before. "The personnel had changed," he said, "but it had lost none of its identity. It had been giving Gilbert and Sullivan operas during all that time and the people would talk over their rôles with as much interest and enthusiasm as if they were entirely new." Three weeks after he had quitted his wife he was again at her side in the cottage at Rye, where he had bestowed her in the spring. In a few days—August third—their first and only child was born. He was christened George Gibbs Mansfield.

Interest in Cyrano de Bergerac soon became a fad in America. Three translations of Rostand's play were published and multiplied in editions. The demand for the French text bespoke the imported books before they arrived. An American reprint proved a golden investment. It was discovered that Louis Gallet's story, "Captain Satan," was a tale of Cyrano and this was translated quickly and advertised boldly as "The Adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac." An acquaintance was ferreted with Cyrano's own writings, and his "Histoire Comique des États et Empires de la Lune" was put into English and printed. Amateur poets tried their skill in English renderings of the Ballad of the Duel, the Kiss Speech, and the Recipe for Almond Cream Tarts, and newspapers reproduced them. Finally venders appeared on the sidewalks with Cyrano heads in gutta-percha and did a rushing business.

Such advance interest in a play had never before been known. It stimulated high expectations. There was small margin for surprise. Worse, the cupidity of other managers was tempted. Translations which Mansfield refused were abbreviated in cast and sold to dramatic stock companies. There threatened soon to be a hundred Cyranos in the field. The only production however, which was associated with a name which gave promise of artistic rivalry was that of Augustin Daly. This manager was not at the time at the zenith of his success, but his distinguished career still made him a factor to be reckoned with. He altered the play somewhat to centre interest in Roxane and announced Miss Ada Rehan for the *precieuse* and Mr. Charles Richman for Cyrano. Mansfield's first appearance in Cyrano was fixed for October third at the Garden Theatre. Daly selected the

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same night to present his version, for the first time, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and it was one of the most complete failures he ever experienced.

Unforgetable were those August and September rehearsals. No one who was confined in the city during those seething months will ever believe the summer of 1898 was not the hottest of their lifetime.

Mansfield was unsparing of himself and he was unsparing of others. Everything he had and everything he hoped for was at stake. Struggle and desperation were in the air. Nearly every one in the cast resigned or was discharged over and over again. Mr. Palmer's days and nights were devoted to diplomacy, and, thanks to his suavity, the heady heat of the day before was forgotten in the cool of the next morning.

An actress of international reputation and experience was engaged for Roxane. Rehearsals were under way when she resigned by cable. The Orange Girl's single line in the first act was being rehearsed by a young Canadian, Margaret Anglin. Mansfield had not seen her act but he remarked the wondrous loveliness of her voice and his intuition told him she had temperament. "Can you make yourself look beautiful enough for Roxane?" he asked. "I think I might, if you can make yourself look ugly enough for Cyrano," she answered. The part was hers on the instant. He coached her relentlessly. Again and again she cried that she could not do it. He reassured her, but not with soft persuasions. "You can, my dear, and you must. Now, again!" After rehearsals she went regularly in tears to Mr. Palmer to resign. He appealed to Mansfield to be more lenient. "I am only kind," was his reply.

"Roxane is a great part. Only one who has suffered can play such a rôle. This girl has the temperament and the emotions, but she is young and inexperienced. I cannot persuade her spirit, I must rouse it." And every day she reached new depths and new heights.

Rehearsals, for all the brittle tension, were not without their humor. Details introduced into a play suddenly distressed Mansfield and drove the words of his part helter-skelter. It was his custom to use any important accessory to the appearance of a character at rehearsal for a week or more. Cyrano's huge sword, his feathered hat, and his projecting nose promised difficulties. The effect may be imagined when Mansfield appeared dressed in all points like a contemporary exquisite but wearing the sword, bonnet and nose of Cyrano!

As was his method always, he came onto the orchestra floor to direct the coloring, lighting and grouping of scenes. The rehearsal went on as if he were on the stage. When a cue was given for him to speak he replied from his position in the auditorium while the other players addressed the vacant spot he was supposed to occupy.

The first time the musicians came to play their entr'acts he stood down stage watching a change in the scenery. The tempo caught his ear. He took the orchestra in hand at once. Too tired to stand he sat on a stump from Roxane's garden. An amusing figure he presented, half Mansfield half Cyrano, beating time, singing the air, halting, admonishing, repeating, all with his native energy entirely oblivious of the humorous effect. The musicians responded with telling effects, and after half an hour he turned to the direction of the scenes, lights and acting. He was in every sense the presiding genius of his enterprises and conceived and perfected every detail which contributed to a performance and a production.

At last, the night (October 3) of his great hazard! Noon had been August in its heat. Night brought no perceptible relief. It was summer's last stand. All day the stage was empty, dark. He was in his dressing-room before six o'clock. Before the overture he came out for a moment to view the setting and lighting of the Theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. He was made up but not yet costumed—the head of Cyrano on the body of Mansfield. He moved as one in abstraction, his eye was dull and sad, his lips loose and curled as in distress, he spoke to no one, saw no one, glanced once at the picture and turned back to his cell. At the door his servant handed him a folded bit of paper. On it were the good wishes of his friend Benjamin Harrison who had timed a trip from his Indiana home to be present.

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The play* was announced for 7:45 o'clock, but at that hour half the audience was in the procession of carriages extending for blocks up Madison Avenue. The streets about the theatre were crowded. Speculators received as high as thirty dollars for a pair of seats.

At a quarter after eight o'clock the curtain rose and the spectators strolled simultaneously into the two theatres—the real and the mimic. The first act was played

* The cast was:

Comte de Guiche	Mr. Arthur Forrest
Comte de Valvert	Mr. F. A. Thomson
Christian	Mr. William Courtenay
Cyrano de Bergerac	Mr. Richard Mansfield
Le Bret	Mr. J. W. Weaver
Captain Carbon de Castel Jeloux	Mr. Francis Kingdon
Ragueneau	Mr. A. G. Andrews
Lignière	Mr. Fred. Backus
First Marquis	Mr. Damon Lyon
Second Marquis	Mr. Edwin Belden
Third Marquis	Mr. Clement Toole
Montfleury	Mr. William H. Griffith
Belrose	Mr. Douglas Stanfield
Jodelot	Mr. Gage Bennett
Cuigy	Mr. Woodward Barrett
Brissaille	Mr. Douglas Jeffreys Wood
Busybody	Mr. Kingdon
Light Guardsman	Mr. Charles Quinn
Doorkeeper	Mr. Dwight Smith
Tradesman	Mr. Cecil Butler
His Son	Mr. Edgar J. Hart
Pickpocket	Mr. Augustin McHugh
Musketeer	Mr. A. Stryker
First Guardsman of the Royal Household	Mr. Harry Lewis
Second Guardsman	Mr. Wm. Sorrell
Sentinel	Mr. Alfred Hollingsworth
Capuchin Monk	Mr. Griffith
First Poet	Mr. Hart
Second Poet	Mr. Lewis
Third Poet	Mr. E. Ordway
Fourth Poet	Mr. Robert Schable
Fifth Poet	Mr. Smith
First Pastry Cook	Mr. Maxwell Blake
Second Pastry Cook	Mr. Nevil
Third Pastry Cook	Mr. Claggett
Fourth Pastry Cook	Mr. Robert Milton
Fifth Pastry Cook	Mr. J. F. Hussey
First Gambler	Mr. R. De Cordova
Second Gambler	Mr. Joseph Maylon
Drunkard	Mr. J. Westly
First Cadet	Mr. Butler
Second Cadet	Mr. Thomson
Third Cadet	Mr. Lyon
Fourth Cadet	Mr. Sorrell
Fifth Cadet	Mr. Stryker
Sixth Cadet	Mr. C. Short
Roxane	Miss Margaret Anglin
The Duenna	Miss Ellen Cummens
Lise	Miss Helen Gliddon
Orange Girl	Miss Bertha Blanchard
Child	Miss Bessie Harris
Flanquin	Miss Van Arold
Champagne	Miss Methot
Mother Margaret de Jésus	Miss Blanche Weaver
Sister Martha	Miss Mary Emerson
Sister Claire	Miss Helen Ford
First Actress	Miss Mabel Howard
Second Actress	Miss Claire Kulp
Third Actress	Miss Lucy Harris
Fourth Actress	Miss Alice Chandler
Soubrette	Miss Nora Dunblane
First Page	Miss Angela McCaull
Second Page	Miss Mary Blythe
Third Page	Miss Clara Emory
Fourth Page	Miss Fernanda Eliscu
Flower Girl	Miss Grace Heyer

Nuns, Ladies of Quality, Gentlewomen, Actresses, Scullery Maids, Cadets, Noblemen, Pickpockets, Apprentices, Townspeople, Spanish Soldiers and Lackeys.

in the midst of confusion. Mansfield was nervous and overanxious, and he acted with studied deliberateness. He was never again so little representative of what he intended. The delightful improvisation punctuated by sword play in the Ballad of the Duel went for little. He had not much skill with the foils and screened his shortcomings behind a complete circle of spectators. The vivid pantomime of this swaying mass as it followed the combatants did not atone for the loss of the Ballad. His art responded, however, to the score of moods in the long speech describing his nose and he swept the end of the act to a spirited conclusion.

Ragueneau opened the second act briskly with his cooks and poets. Andrews was delightful as the sentimental baker. The airy lightness of the Recipe for Almond Cream Tarts could not have been surpassed. It was in the cook-shop that the soul of Cyrano first spoke, in those vibrant sighs with which he accompanied Roxane's declaration of love—for Christian. A different emotion colored each wordless breath. A moment later he masked his heart again under the ferocity of his Gascon pride. Fluent transition from mood to mood was one of Mansfield's finest gifts. The return of the cadets, the arrival of the Comte de Guiche and his suite, the crowding curious mob that packed the shop, composed a superb picture. The verses of the presentation of the cadets were Mansfield's own translation. He packed it with consonants and bristling syllables, especially in the terminals, so that the words crackled like the splutter of musketry:

> These are the Cadets of Gascoigne,
> Of Carbon de Castel-Jeloux,
> Brawlers and liars the throng,
> These are the Cadets of Gascoigne!
> Brag halbert and rapier and thong,
> With blood that is bluest of blue,
> These are the Cadets of Gascoigne,
> Of Carbon de Castel-Jeloux.
>
> Eagle-eyed, spindle-shanked all,
> Cat-whiskered, teeth of the rat,
> Happiest only in brawl,
> Eagle-eye, spindle-shank all!
> Striding with gay feathers tall,
> Hiding the holes in the hat,
> Eagle-eyed, spindle-shanked all,
> Cat-whiskered, teeth of the rat!
>
> Dub them pierce-paunch and punch-pate!
> Ha! that is their gentlest renown!

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Sodden with glory and hate,
Dub them pierce-paunch and punch-pate!
Where there's a fight in the town,
You'll find the lot early or late.
Dub them pierce-paunch and punch-pate!
Ha! that is their gentlest renown!

I present the Cadets of Gascoigne,
An amorous, chivalrous crew,
Ye virgins, so priceless in song,
Beware the Cadets of Gascoigne,
Champions for right or for wrong;
Sound clarions, coo-too, cuc-koo!
Cheer lustily! Ring bells, dong, dong!
I present the Cadets of Gascoigne!

The well-rehearsed enthusiasm of the players was anticipated and drowned by a volley of applause from the audience. It was as if a thousand hands reached across the footlights to grasp Cyrano's. The No-thank-you speech was answered with another fusillade. His tortured self-possession in the face of Christian's insults to his nose drew every one to his chair's edge and the sacrificial bargain of the homely wit and the fair numskull dimmed every eye. The curtain fell amid cheers. Supporting himself against the arch, Mansfield bowed again and again.

For half an hour the audience had forgotten the heat which beaded their foreheads. In the midst of that spluttering gossip that betokens the aliveness, the interest and pleasure of an assembly, they now flowed out under the Moorish arcade to catch a whiff of air. The sense of the humid breathless night returned to them. Mansfield closeted himself for his change of costume. His greatest experiment was to come.

The third act is played in a square before Roxane's house. It was an exquisite blending of soft light and long shadows. Miss Anglin during her short scene on the balcony was a revelation. Her feeling intelligence illuminated every line. Her voice caressed and lulled the ear. No one who heard it forgot the ecstasy of

"I tremble, I weep, I love thee, I am thine—
Aye, drunk with love!"

From that moment she was known.

Mansfield revealed new phases of his art in this love trio. He was better in this than in any other love scene he had ever acted. He had no belief in himself as an amorous figure. Passionate sentiment embarrassed him, but on this tangent of self-sacrifice he dared pour out his unrestrained soul. Though the passage was operatic in the blending of the voices, it was less so than the succeeding scene in which Cyrano stays De Guiche from interrupting the wedding with his fantastic pretence of having dropped from the moon.

Rostand indicates that Cyrano should mark the differentiation in his accent by speaking like a Gascon. This was plainly meaningless if not impossible in English. Mansfield chose to denote the unearthy character of this visitor from the moon by chanting the verses in a wierd silvery falsetto. It gave an indescribable poetic significance to the scene. The audience was transported. He took a barytone register in later performances, as some people complained they missed the lines. It was a mistake to do it. No words could conjure the phantasy of that limpid falsetto.

Except for the balcony scene the play until the fourth act is largely an interrupted monologue. The camp scene drew out the quality of the ensemble. Every one responded nobly. Forrest made De Guiche a courtier of elegance and a warrior of mettle. Courteney's frank charm won sympathy for Christian in spite of the dullard. Mansfield blended Cyrano into the vivid panorama. The act was spirited and moving, and culminated in a graphic spectacle of the battle on the ramparts. All the principals came before the curtain, and the applause had not quieted when it rose on the last act.

It was past midnight. After the martial scenes the autumn loveliness of the convent garden fell like a quiet benediction. The entrance of Cyrano was marked by one of Mansfield's imaginative touches. His dress was black. Two nuns in white supported the injured man. His bowed face was shadowed by his plumed hat. As he rested back in the large red chair he raised his head. The first view of that visage, wan yet kind, sorrowful but smiling, the mask of one unmistakably marked for death!—gave the note of final tragedy. During the scenes of gossip and disclosure the sun tones softened and moonlight bathed the garden. The intensity of Mansfield's own restraint was not less here than the tension of the audience. In moments of great emotion Mansfield sometimes lost

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control of the muscles of his eyes. Unconsciously they became slightly crossed. The effect was hypnotic. This often happened when he felt the delirium of Cyrano's death rising within. Shaken with a great tremor he struggled to his feet, brushed aside the friendly arms and threw himself for support against an oak. Erect, rigid, the wild stare in his eye, his trembling fingers at arm's length straight before him pointing at the vision, his voice icy with the breath of death, he greeted the conqueror:

> "He comes! I feel already shod with marble,
> Gloved with lead."

Then restraint flew asunder. His long sword fought the phantoms with unleashed frenzy and he released his soul with the sigh of an unsullied conscience.

As the curtain fell the house rose and cheered. The ovation lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. Having removed the make-up of Cyrano he appeared again and again and finally spoke his thanks. When he returned from the footlights the last time he found the way to his dressing-room blocked with friends. Others followed them and the stage was soon alive with people eager to congratulate him.

Was Cyrano his greatest acting? At least this performance was the most significant of his career. With it he scaled the summit at last.

But it was not in his nature to be content. So when he finished one thing he turned to another. Failure furnished its own reason for renewed effort. But he had mercifully few failures now he had come into the plenitude of his authority and the maturity of his powers.

He would not heed the sweet caresses of praise. He coveted it but felt he dared not indulge himself. With few exceptions he seldom read a criticism, unless it was brought to his attention. The day after a triumphant first night he would ask with the humility of a school-boy who has sent in his modest thesis to his tutor, "Well, how goes it?" Glowing reports may have stimulated him, but he met enthusiasm and satisfaction with, "Yes, this is all very well, *but*—what are we going to do next?"

It was not that he was a pessimist. He believed in unlimited potentiality. He had his head erect, his eyes hopefully on the future, his mind confidently fixed on new achievement. Nothing but the most extraordinary self-confidence would have permitted him to indulge in the prodigious undertakings which were the commonplaces of his career.

But he never allowed contentment to set its seal upon him. So when he realized what he had accomplished with "Cyrano de Bergerac" his new fear was that he should not be able to maintain himself on the heights. It was no longer to achieve so much as to maintain. "Where was the successor to Cyrano to come from?" he now asked. If he but knew, none was needed. Authority was now his. The public henceforth accepted him in everything he offered.

Though Mansfield's enigmatic personality made him a topic from the time he first became conspicuous, the public who knew the actor so well had no real acquaintance with the man. He lived in comparative retirement and threw up a wall of reserve about his unprofessional life. Curiosity finding itself thwarted, built up a conjectured personality on scraps of gossip, and wild exaggerations about his temper, irritability and egotism were believed. He answered them once* and afterward held his peace:

"The actor who plays to the groundlings, who has a good word for every one, who has never racked his nerves or tortured his soul, who has not earned his bread and salt "*Kummer und Noth*," who has not realized the utter impossibility of ever accomplishing his ideal, who is not striving and searching for the better in art, who is content to amass wealth by playing one part only; the actor, in short, who is not unsatisfied, is a poor fool of an actor.

"It is impossible for an actor to attempt an arduous rôle, and, having done his full duty, to be unruffled and calm and benign as a May morning.

"The very centre of his soul has been shaken, he has projected himself by force of his will into another being, into another sphere—he has been living, acting, thinking another man's life, and you cannot expect to find him calm and smiling and tolerant of small troubles, dumped back on a dung heap after a flight to the moon.

"The actor is *sui generis*, and in the

* *North American Review*, September, 1894.

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theatre is not to be judged by the ordinary rules applied to ordinary men. The actor is an extraordinary man who every evening spends three hours or more in fairyland and transforms himself into all kinds of odd creatures for the benefit of his fellow-men; when he returns from fairyland, where he has been a king or a beggar, a criminal doomed to death, a lover in despair, or a haunted man, do you fancy the aspect of the world and its peoples is not tinged with some clinging color in his living dream?"

Mansfield was born to "star." This manifested itself in every aspect of his life. At the head of things he had complete command of the situation and of himself. Anywhere else he went to pieces, his strong personality, shattered proportions, and chaos was not restored until he eliminated himself or took the lead. His personality demanded complete self-assertion. He could not put himself in conformity to extraneous conditions. But he had a genius for putting environing persons and things in harmony with himself. As a lad at school he could lead the boys in studies or in a race, but he was not so successful in taking his place in a team. At the head of his own table he was a miracle of hospitality, cordiality and deference, and spared no personal exertion to charm his guests. But he was never a guest himself except at great personal sacrifice to his preference and composure. He lamented this often and wished that he had more of the faculty of social blend. He once exclaimed to a friend: "Come, let's have some fun. Others have fun, why can't we?" Extreme sensitiveness had much to do with this, especially in his later years of great fame when he had a painful aversion to the attention which his appearance in public places always attracted.

It is not surprising that the remote public never understood Mansfield, those who knew him best never wholly comprehended him. There were in fact several Mansfields. As we have seen, he explained one of them, the one which was raised by gossip to the *n*th power of exaggeration and accepted by the public without his own explanation. Another Mansfield was revealed to those who knew him apart from the nervous and emotional stimulant of the artificial life on the stage; not the actor but the man. They were not many, for he was diffident about acquaintances, but where his friendship was given he was a well-beloved man.

With the mind and will of a giant, he had the heart of a child. Among the self-revelations of the man there remains none more significant than the memories of his association with young people. "They do not prattle of yesterdays," he said. "Their interest is all in to-day and to-morrow. So is mine." Children in his company found him tender, sympathetic and generous as a father. On his walks he often recruited bands of stray urchins and led them off to bakeries for banquets which he seasoned with stories he knew so well how to tell.

But beyond all his other companionships that between Mansfield and his boy was unusual and wonderful. The child's imagination developed from the time he could talk. It was elfish and fantastic, and it astonished those not quite in accord. The father understood it and it was through this faculty that he reached the boy.

He and Gibbs were boon companions. So youthful was the father in his disclosure of himself to the boy, and so profound was the assumption of the youngster that Mansfield sometimes seemed to present the younger heart of the two. So happily did their imaginations complement each other that they indulged in extravagant vagaries by the hour without need to explain.

"Gibbs," said his father, out walking one day, "why are you sliding your feet?"

"I'm a steam-engine," replied the little fellow.

"Then you need coal," and his father shovelled imaginary coal into the boy's pockets with an imaginary shovel until they were make believe full.

The engine went full steam ahead, but soon Mansfield came upon him at a dead stand-still. "What's this, something broken?"

With perfect seriousness: "Yes, sir."

After a careful examination of fingers, neck and elbows: "Of course, this engine needs oiling." Forthwith his cane became a long-spouted oil-can and poked all over the engine which directly flew off at lightning speed as, of course, any well-lubricated engine would. Next day this conversation would take place:

"Good-morning, Gibbs."

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"Good-morning, sir."

"What are you this morning?"

"I'm a sea captain and my boat has two million head of cattle in the hold, which my million of sailors"—after an earnest pause —"no, I'm a green grocer this morning, father."

"Oh, well, in that case I want to complain of the cabbages and artichokes which your man sent me yesterday."

"The one with the red hair?"

"Yes, sir. I think he nibbled the cabbages and I'm sure he choked the artichokes."

After a concentrated moment to grasp this subtlety: "I'm glad you spoke about it. I felt he was a bad man. I've discharged him already. You know I want to keep your patronage, Mr. Mansfield. You're the best customer we have."

"In that case send me a bushel of turnips and a few of your nicest grapefruit."

"New ones in this morning." Hands imaginary fruit.

Making pretence of examining imaginary grapefruit: "Much better than the last. Two, if you please. How much?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

Without so much as a glimmer of a smile, he passes out make-believe payment. "There you are."

"Thank you. Here's your change." Thus make-believe entertained them for hours.

The fine occasions were when Gibbs invited his little friends to tea and a sail with "the pirate chief" on board the *Amorita*. Thomas, the steward, was instructed to prepare his best dishes, and for long periods the conversation was carried on in fierce and fiery pirate jargon.

The spirit of youth hung over the Grange. The great hall was added to provide a place for his young friends to dance, and he was as light on his feet as any. One of the events of his summer came to be "his tennis tournament." He did not boast of his own playing, but this did not matter, for he was only the host and umpire. His tournament originated one day in his discovery of a group of little girls on the shore in deep distress. They wanted to have a contest on the club courts at the Casino, but the club directors judged them too young to monopolize the privilege of their elders. "Come along with me," said Mansfield. He took them up to the Grange, turned his court over to them, umpired the games, gave the winner a silver cup and the losers each a box of "Maillard's." That established an annual custom with him and with these same girls. In his last hours they gave him a moment of rare sweetness which repaid him in full.

From the time Gibbs was five years old he and his father corresponded. The boy dictated his letters either to his mother or to his governess, Miss Hunter. Mansfield's letters reveal a heart unguessed by those who fed themselves on the idle gossip about his vanity and unkindliness. They will be read with no surprise by those who knew his boyish, whimsical nature.

In 1902, on the way to the North Pacific Coast, his train was held up near Pueblo, Colorado, by the spring rains, and he was obliged to return to Colorado Springs. While there he wrote to his four-year-old son the first of the letters which have been preserved:

PRIVATE CAR 80,
COLORADO SPRINGS, *May 27*.

"MY DEAR, DEAR BOY—

"I received your beautiful letter and I was proud to think that you could dictate it yourself. Of course you want to go fishing, so does your Dada and also to go rowing, but he is sorry you do not want to play Indian. Playing Indian is great fun, for you carry a gun or a bow and arrow, and you lope all day long after somebody without stopping to eat or drink, and when at last you find this somebody that you have been looking for, you get down on your stomach and wriggle like a snake without making any noise until you reach him. Then you give a dreadful whoop and cut off his hair, if he has any, and hang it up in your wigwam and are pleased.

"There are lots of other things you can do but it is time for me to talk of something else now. I am sitting in my car and the lamps are lighted and are covered with pink shades, and outside it is raining (it wouldn't be pleasant if it were raining inside, would it?) and the drip, drip, drip of the rain on the roof makes me feel very cosey and sleepy. If you were here I would give you some beautiful marbles to play with and you could sit on the rug and roll them.

"To-day it rained so hard that all the little streams drank so much water that

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they grew and grew and grew until they became giants, and then they were proud and naughty, and took the bridges and the rails in their quivering hands and tore them away, so that your Dada's train could not go any farther. When you are a grown-up Engineer you will build bridges and rails that the giant streams can't tear away, won't you?

"On Sunday I went for a drive with Mr. Dillon and we went to a spring where real soda water bubbles out of the ground and then drove home through a place called the Garden of the Gods, where there are rocks formed by nature to look like eagles and frogs and little old men and all kinds of people and things, and we saw a little baby donkey, a real one, and your Dada bought it for his little boy, and if he is as good as he always is (not the donkey, but the boy) then Dada's boy can ride and drive it next year, please God.

"And now Dada kisses his boy just one hundred and one times and fifty and a half are for mudder. Jefferson is bringing Dada's supper, and Dada is going to eat it and thank the Lord he has such a good boy and such a dear mudder.

"DADA."

From the time Gibbs was five years old his favorite toys were soldiers and cannon and fortresses. He was a general—when he was not an admiral, or a policeman, or an explorer, or a king or any of the hundreds of fictitious rôles he assumed. Here is a letter written before Christmas in 1903, referring to the military fiction, and was ever another such Christmas letter written a little boy!

December 14, 1903.

"MY DEAR, DEAR BOY—

"Last night I heard a tremendous row in the chimney and I was afraid the cook had fallen into the fire, so I rushed to the fireplace and I can tell you I *was* startled when first one reindeer and then another made its appearance followed by a beautiful sleigh, made of white candy, in which sat Mr. Santa Claus all wrapped up in white fur. The fur was so white and the sleigh was so white and Mr. Santa Claus' beard and hair were so white you could not tell where the sleigh began and Mr. Santa Claus ended. Of course I saluted Mr. Santa Claus, who used to be in the army once upon a time and always likes to be treated like an officer. Mr. Santa Claus saluted me and then said very politely: 'I believe I am not mistaken, do I not see before me the father of the distinguished General Gibbs Mansfield?' I blushed and bowed because I was very much flattered to think that Mr. Santa Claus should have heard of my General. 'Well,' said Mr. Santa Claus, stepping out of his sleigh, 'let us sit down if you don't mind and have something hot to drink.' I replied that I should be delighted but unfortunately the servants had all gone to bed and the housekeeper had taken the whiskey bottle away with her. Mr. Santa Claus winked his eye and laughed and said it didn't matter, whereupon he waved his right hand and a little boy, about the same size as the great General Gibbs made his appearance. 'This is my son,' explained Mr. Santa Claus, 'Lieutenant Santadiddy Clauschen!' We shook hands warmly and Mr. Santa Claus continued: 'Santadiddy,' he said, 'get some hot grog quickly, I'm nearly frozen.' Well, in a jiffy there stood Santadiddy with a bowl of steaming grog and two beautiful red crystal glasses. 'Ah,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'that's better.' And he pulls a fine meerschaum pipe out of his pocket and lights it with a match, which I am sorry to say he ignited by rubbing it gently on a part of his trousers which I must refrain from mentioning. 'That's a black mark for you, Dada,' said Santadiddy. 'I'll have it brushed when I get home,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'and you can go to bed now.' 'I don't want to go to bed,' said Santadiddy. 'It's bed or a spanking,' remarked Mr. Santa Claus, and Santadiddy vanished before I could say Jack Robinson. Well, Mr. Santa Claus sat back and took a whiff or two from his meerschaum and a sip or so of the grog. 'Now,' says he, 'by your leave, we'll get to business! Pleasure first and business afterwards!' I agreed with him and started a game of solitaire. 'Put those cards away, please,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'I didn't come all this distance to watch you playing solitaire. It's night,' he continued, looking out of the window and throwing his fur cloak over his left shoulder, 'it's night and we are alone,—alone!' I shuddered. 'Would you mind,' I interrupted, 'if I went to my closet to get—to get a revolver and my sword and

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a dagger—I don't quite like the way you look—and I'm quite unprotected—the housekeeper has gone to bed and I'm afraid she wouldn't hear me if I called her and the policeman doesn't pass here very often, and even when he does he has to be engaged days in advance.' 'Silence,' said Mr. Claus. 'Silence!' And he said it so loud that the neighbors on both sides knocked on the walls and wanted to know if I'd been killed. I said 'No, not yet!' and then I could hear them getting into bed again. 'For the last thirty years,' commenced Mr. Santa Claus, in a deep voice which seemed to come out of his boots,—'for the last thirty years I have watched your son' . . . 'I beg your pardon,' I said. . . . 'How dare you interrupt me? For the last thirty years,' continued Santa Claus— . . . 'My son is only six,' I said in a small voice. . . . 'Only six? Only six?' and Mr. Santa Claus fell back in his chair and closed his eyes,—'Only six—do you mean to say you have six sons?' 'No! only one!' I yelled. 'One!' 'Don't talk so loud,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'I was nearly asleep and you woke me up—you should be more considerate; what is that you said about "one"?' . . . 'I have one son—one, but such a one. . . . I mean *an* one! Oh, such *an* one, . . . such . . .' 'That'll do,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'I know all about it, is it a girl?' 'No. No—a boy—a son.' 'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'I'll put it down in my book at once—does he—she—I mean it, oh dear, this grog is certainly very strong!—does it go to work—do anything?' 'Oh, lots, lots,' I said. 'Real estate?' inquired Mr. Santa Claus. 'Oh, no,' I said, 'not real estate,—civil engineer—fireman—engine driver—general—naval officer—commander in chief—Scotch bugler—Knight. . . .' 'I think you had better go to bed and let me pour some cold water over your head!'—'Oh, but I assure you he is,' I said. 'Really?' asked Mr. Santa Claus. 'How can he do it *all?*' 'Well you see,' I said, 'he lives with his dear mother at New London and as they are quite alone he has to be a lot of men in order to make things lively and have plenty of people about all the time.' 'So then,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'it's a question of providing not only for General Gibbs this Christmas, but for the engineer, and the General, and the naval officer and the bugler and the Knight Golden Ebony? Dear, dear, dear . . . I'll have to think about it, times are very hard you know, sir, and money is scarce and there are so many, many children—is he good,—is he?' 'Oh, so good,' I said, 'so good,—he has guinea-pigs and dogs and rabbits and hens and pheasants and his Mamie* and his mother, and he takes care of them all,—he protects them with his army and guards them with his sword,—he's very brave and good!' 'Well, well,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'dry your eyes and don't cry. I'll do my best—but it's a long way to New London and I'll have to make haste—gi-up!'—and with that he got into his sleigh and drawing a blunderbuss out of his pocket he shot off my head and that is the last thing I knew until I woke up this morning—and Mr. Santa Claus and the sleigh and the reindeer, even the punch bowl and the glasses were all gone—only my head ached a little where Mr. Santa Claus had blown me off. So, dear boy, I send you this account of my wonderful adventures and I hope Mr. Santa Claus won't forget you! I did my best. Your

"DADA."

"General" Gibbs's campaigns were the subject of numerous letters from his father, who reported to him under various *noms-de-guerre*. One of the first was dated April 8, 1904. At this time Mansfield was playing in Cincinnati but lived in his private car near Fernbank, a charming village on the banks of the Ohio River, twelve miles west of the city. At the top of the page he wrote "I am sitting up a tree near the field of battle." Here is the letter:

"DEAR GENERAL:

"I have the honor to report that poor General Wienerschnitzel is again in hot water, up a tree and in a tight place. As you are aware we rescued General Wienerschnitzel and his men from the jaws of death and saw him safely on his way home to his wife, Mrs. Bratwurst-Wienerschnitzel and all his little Schnitzels. But—hardly had we disappeared than the General remembered all at once and quite suddenly that he had left his frying pans and his knives and forks in the cave. He drew up his men and made a fine speech to them, calling upon volunteers to step out

* Miss Hunter, Gibbs's governess.

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of the ranks and to go back and rescue the frying pans and knives and forks that had been so long in the family of the Wienerschnitzels. The only one who volunteered was a small boy who had been in the habit of cleaning the knives and forks and it was finally decided to let him go back while Wienerschnitzel and his company encamped where they then were, awaiting the return of the small boy. Before leaving the little boy was carefully disguised as a Red Indian. About midnight when everybody was fast asleep a most dreadful noise was heard, which sounded like the rattling of artillery and the clatter of a thousand sabres. The men all rushed to arms and were just about to fire when the moon suddenly came out from behind a cloud and the small boy was seen coming into camp with all the frying pans and knives and forks which he had tied together with a long string dragging for nearly a mile behind him. Hardly had the small boy reached the camp than the Indians who had also been aroused by the rattling of the cooking utensils came down 200,000,000,000,000 strong upon poor Wienerschnitzel. It was in vain that he and his heroes fought like lions, in vain that they performed wonders of valor, in vain that Wienerschnitzel alone slew 100,000,000 men. Numbers prevailed and at last poor Wienerschnitzel and his men were all tied tightly and bound to stakes. At this moment the Indians are collecting brushwood and faggots and it looks as if they intended burning poor Wienerschnitzel and all his men. I beg, General, that you will collect your soldiers without a moment's delay, and under the command of Dick and Linsley* start at once for the scene of the disaster.

"Your obedient servant,

"DINKELSPIEGEL."

While in San Francisco in the spring of 1904, Mansfield sent home a case of Chinese embroideries. Gibbs was much disappointed that there was nothing for him, and so "wrote" his father. The reply was written from Fargo, North Dakota, on June 10.

"MY DEAR, DEAR BOY—

"You must not be disappointed because you did not get a present from me the other day, if you had looked very carefully you would have found a whole lot of kisses and beautiful thoughts for you in the parcel. But, dear me, I suppose you quite forgot to look for them and so catch them as they flew out, and now I don't know who has got them, perhaps some other boy, and I'm afraid we'll never get them back. I'll have to save up from now on and bring them with me as well as the Chinese coat and the Chinese trousers and the Chinese cap and the Chinese shoes I have for my boy,—so all he will want will be a pig tail. Be sure to grow one before I arrive so that I can have lots of fun in my holidays, by pulling it. I know my boy is brave and won't scream. I hope you will come and knock at my bath-room door every morning, and if you are very good I will let you come in and swim in my bath tub, whilst I shave my face. Do you shave your face now? I suppose you have a moustache and an imperial? I wish school were over! I am longing to come home, but my schoolmaster says I must be good and remain until the end of the term. I am very glad to hear that you are taking riding lessons and are brave. If you are very gentle and good to your pony he will soon learn to love and obey you and you will soon be able to go off for long rides in the country on his back—like a bonny knight of ye olden days. Wouldn't it be nice for you to put on your armor and take your lance and ride away to seek Guinevere?

"Your fond

"DADA."

Gibbs had not yet learned to write, but he drew with colored pencils and explained to his mother what he had drawn and she sent the pictures and the explanations to his father. Here is his acknowledgment of one of these drawings.

May 24, 1905.

"MY DEAR GENERAL AND MY DEAR BOY:

"Your full-rigged ship laden with your love and your kisses and good wishes arrived safely in the port of Kansas City and the work of unloading her is now progressing. The first thing she did when she sighted land was to load all her guns—I counted 22—with kisses and fire them off, and nearly every one hit me straight on the lips, on my nose and one struck me right in the middle of my stomach and knocked me down. Some of the kisses, however,

*Dick and Linsley Quaintano.

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went astray. For instance the nigger,—no, I mean the colored gentleman, who was waiting on me at dinner and whose name is Jim, got one in the eye and he was so astonished that he fell down with a dish of peas in his hand and the peas rolled all over the floor and he was two hours picking them up. Another kiss struck a schoolmarm, who was walking by the hotel and she went to the police station and complained that she had received a kiss and wanted to have somebody prosecuted. The police are now looking all over the city for some one who has lost a kiss. But—I got most of them. Then your full-rigged ship furled her sails and was hauled alongside the wharf and commenced to unload her love. My, but there is a lot of it! Huge wagons full of love are rolling up the street and all the people are out trying to steal of it, for there are many here who have never had any or seen any. It is such a beautiful rosy color and altho' it is a dark day it lights up the whole street as it comes along. I am going to let everybody have a little of it—it would be too selfish to keep it all to myself and I know that you have so much that you will easily load another ship full and send it to me.—And then came the good wishes! We couldn't pack them fast enough on wagons so we got a million pigeons and tied them to their tails and they are flying all over the city distributing them—and everybody is so happy! I think your sailors are the finest set of men I ever saw—but of course they would be since they have been living on kisses and love and good wishes all the way here. And, oh, the sails! so white and all made of silk—and the flags!—the most brilliant I have ever seen! Thank you my own dear boy. Please God I may soon be with you and we'll have a tremendous *battle!* From your fond

"DADA."

It was the brave "Dinkelspiegel" who got into trouble in the summer of 1905. Mansfield was cruising off Mattapoisett, Mass., on the *Amorita*, and sent this message from "Wienerschnitzel":

OFF MATTAPOISETT,
SATURDAY, *July* 1.

"MY DEAR GENERAL—

"If you wish to save Dinkelspiegel it must be done at once, altho' the predicament he is in at present is probably fatal. And even if you send your war vessels to rescue him, *how* are you going to find him? That is the question. If I knew where he was you may be quite sure, General, that I should inform you. I will, however, no longer keep from you such facts as upon my arrival in this place I was able to gather. To go back:—Three days ago we intercepted a carrier pigeon which bore this message written on a small piece of bunting, evidently a portion of the American ensign. 'Detachment sent by General G. G. R. J. A. Mansfield under command of General Windbeutel Dinkelspiegel defeated with terrible loss. Dinkelspiegel with a small remnant escaped on a submarine. Inform G. G. R. J. A. M. immediately! Rescue!' I immediately took 20,000,000,000,000 men and started for Mattapoisett. We embarked on a billion men-of-war and as soon as we sighted the Hen and Chicken Lightship we opened fire upon the enemy. The cannon balls from our twenty billion guns were fired so rapidly that the sky was obscured by them, and when, after an hour's bombardment, I gave the order to cease firing the greater portion of Mattapoisett, including the houses, rocks, wharfs, people, hens, cows, dogs, etc., had been completely destroyed. Thereupon I landed and after a prolonged search found a man hiding in a hole in the ground. From him, after torturing him for an hour, I gathered the following facts: The enemy had allowed General Windbeutel Dinkelspiegel to occupy Mattapoisett without the slightest opposition, and the General after dining copiously on hard-shell crabs, liver sausage, gruyère cheese and beer had retired to rest. In the middle of the night, however, the enemy surrounded Mattapoisett and nearly our entire force was killed. The General and about twenty officers, however, were incarcerated in an out building which contained a number of empty barrels and were guarded by two young soldiers. It appears that General Windbeutel Dinkelspiegel conceived the admirable idea of singing 'Way Down on the Suwanee River' to them, and having thus freed himself of their presence he and his officers each occupied an empty barrel and rolled themselves down to the beach without arousing the suspicions of the foe. Once arrived there, they at once took pos-

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session of a submarine vessel and, diving immediately out of sight, disappeared. Altho' numerous other submarines were dispatched in search of them they were not found. I will await your orders, General, at Mattapoisett, and I have the honor to be Your obedient servant,

"WIENERSCHNITZEL."

The sequel was never told, at least not in the letters. The rescue of Dinkelspiegel was probably the subject of a story when the *Amorita* brought "Wienerschnitzel" back to New London.

Here is a note about a kiss that was forgotten. It was mailed from the first port touched by the *Amorita* on a study-cruise while Mansfield was composing his performance of "Don Carlos" in the summer of 1905.

SCHOONER AMORITA,
IN THE GUT,
SATURDAY.

"MY OWN DEAR BOY—

"When I got to the foot of the hill I remembered suddenly that I hadn't given you a nice long kiss. I think it was because I didn't believe I'd really get away at all or I should have come back again before sailing to hug you. It quite spoilt my pleasure on the water and now I must put a lot of kisses for you in this letter and ask Tother to give them to you for me. I always forget that boys like to be kissed, but I won't forget it again. The sea is beautiful, so olive and bright, and there is a splendid breeze and we have just passed a big schooner yacht, the *Iroquois*, that is twenty feet longer than we are and that started from New London half an hour before we did, and now we are actually leaving her hull down. We are just entering the Gut, a dangerous place where the tide runs like a mill stream and where it is impossible to get thro' unless the tide and wind are propitious. But we have the tide with us altho' we have had to beat so far on account of the wind being ahead. When you are a bigger boy you shall learn how to sail the *Amorita* all by yourself—won't that be fine? You were such a good boy this morning and I really thought I kissed you until I got to the foot of the hill and then I felt that I missed something and I found out it was your kiss. Now you can kiss Tother for me and tell her *she* is a good girl too and she is to have lots of fun and a 'high old time'—I don't know what that is, do you? Here are a lot of kisses for you both, from DADA."

Here is a little note of rebuke sent back to the Riverside home the day of leaving for a tour:

PRIVATE CAR 403.

"MY DEAR DARLING BOY—

"If you knew how hard it is for me to punish you, you would never, never hurt anybody again,—but perhaps you will know that and know that I have suffered a great deal more than you. . . . You must realize and understand that the first duty of a brave knight is to be gentle and kind, and that to hurt and wound is cowardly and cruel. Your dear mother never hurt any one and you know how good she is! I am sure you did not mean to be cruel—but you see you have to learn the lesson to watch your hands and your feet,—for you would be a silly idiot not to control your own legs and arms and restrain them when you wanted to,—wouldn't you? So now I hope you'll never have to go to bed again excepting at your regular bed hour, and here are a lot of love and kisses from

"Your loving D. A."

The boy understood his father's own struggles with his temperament. One day Mansfield said to me: "My boy will go far, he grasps what many of his elders do not. If he comes into the room and sees that I am angry he never answers a word but turns on his heel and goes out. In a little while he comes back with a cheery 'Well, Dada?' just as if nothing had happened."

From Cincinnati he wrote this letter, to thank Gibbs for a Christmas box:

December 31, 1906.

"DEAREST BOY—

"The box you sent me is just beautiful, beautiful! and I keep a lot of lovely thoughts in it, and when I am sad or tired I open the box for a little while and the happy thoughts come hopping out one by one or sometimes they tumble out in a bunch and they are so merry,—some of them, and others so cheerful and encouraging, it makes me quite gay. There is one fellow, however (I really don't know how he ever got in) who jumps out on one leg

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and instantly stands on his head and sticks out his tongue and pulls a long nose at me. He is very rude, of course, but still I can't help laughing at him. I have tried to catch him but he refuses to be caught and is so quick and deft in eluding me I get quite exhausted running after him. None of the other boys and girls in the box will have anything to do with him and I don't see how he manages to live. The others all get candy and cake and ice cream but Handy Andy (that's his name) won't touch anything sweet, and the other day I caught him drinking the ink and eating the pen-wiper. So this morning I asked him to give an account of himself and who *do* you think he says he is? He says: all the other children are Gibbs's good deeds and good days and nice ways and polite manners and his kindness and gentleness and sweetness!—and then he said: 'I'm his badness. I'm him (his grammar is bad) when he's horrid and cross and rude or disobeys his mother or dada—whew!' and he jumped onto his head and made a snook and swallowed the blotting paper. The other day, Christmas Day, he disappeared. I wonder where he was? You must have been very good! Well, I'm glad there are so many good of you in the box and only one bad. Here are such a lot of kisses and hugs from your loving D. A."

George Gibbs Mansfield as Knight Golden Ebony.

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THE LADY SENBTES

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

THE tomb of the Lady Senbtes
Was open to wind and sun;
She had slept—God knows!—three thousand years
And the sleep of her dust was done.

And I said, "Pray pardon us, Lady,
If our insolence does you wrong,"
And I said, "It is not permitted
That the dead sleep over long.

"Stand forth in your withered garments,
The wrappings about your face,
For to-day is asking with pick and spade
Of yesterday's name and race."

Then out of her infinite slumber
She stirred with a dim surprise,
And up from the ancient resin and myrrh
Her voice came, drowsily wise:

"Who speaks of life?" said Senbtes.
"Life was the stars in the sky,
And Life was the solemn lotus flower
And the old Nile sweeping by:

"Life—was Love, I remember,
And a thing that they called Hate;
I forget in this underground peace and dust. . . .
You said it was growing late?

"Late?" said the Lady Senbtes—
"When nothing's to hope or fear
Then late and early are both the same
Is the lesson we learn down here.

"And you are as old as I am
And I am as young as you. . . .
Old?" said the Lady Senbtes—
"But Osiris is aging, too.

"Yet breath and blood have a virtue
And two you may think upon—
And one is the chance to be very kind:
And one, to look long at the sun."

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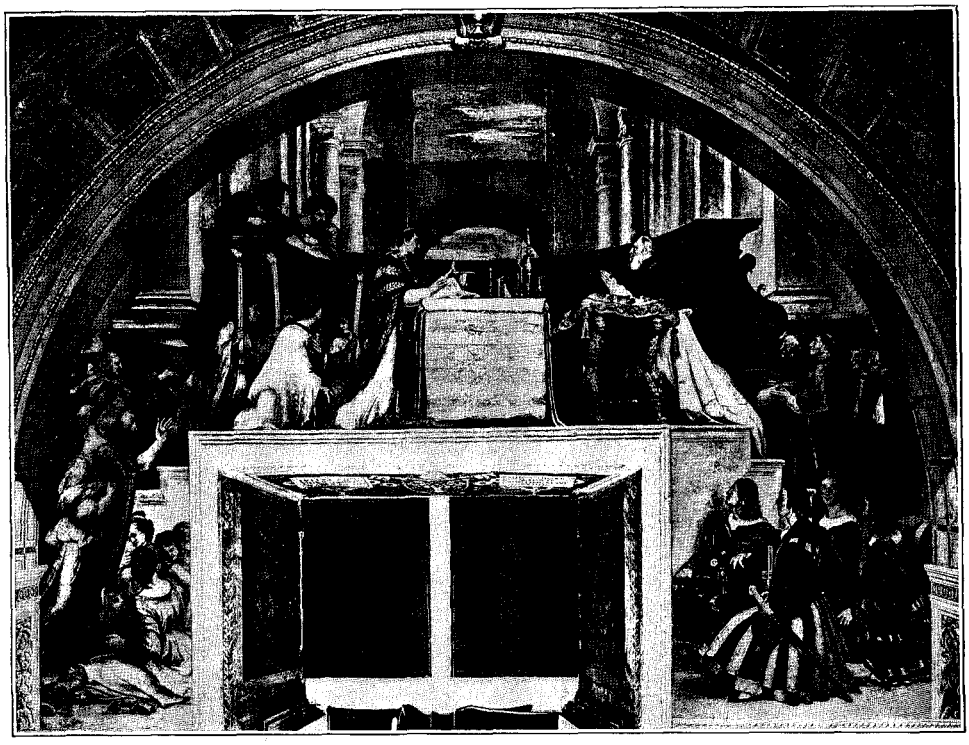

Mass of Bolsena. In the Vatican.

THE GREATNESS OF RAPHAEL

By Kenyon Cox

THERE used to be on the cover of the Portfolio Monographs little medallions of Raphael and Rembrandt, placed there, as the editor, Mr. Hamerton, has somewhere explained, as portraits of the two most widely influential artists that ever lived. In the eighteenth century, one imagines, Rembrandt's presence by the side of Raphael would have been thought little less than a scandal. To-day it is Raphael's place that would be contested, and he would be superseded, likely enough, by Velasquez.

There is no more striking instance of the vicissitudes of critical opinion than the sudden fall of Raphael from his conceded rank as "the prince of painters." Up to the middle of the nineteenth century his right to that title was so uncontested that it alone was a sufficient identification of him—only one man could possibly be meant. That he should ever need defending, or re-explaining, to a generation grown cold to him, would have seemed incredible. Then came the rediscovery of an earlier art that seemed more frank and simple than his; still later the discovery of Rembrandt and Velasquez —the romanticist and the naturalist—and Raphael, as a living influence, almost ceased to exist. It was only the other day that the author of a volume of essays on art was gravely praised by a reviewer for the purely accidental circumstance that that volume contained no essay on Raphael; and the writer of a very recent book on the pictures in Rome "has to confess unutterable boredom" in the presence of the Stanze of the Vatican.

It is not probable that any critic who

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Judgment of Solomon. In the Vatican.

greatly valued his reputation, or who had any serious reputation to value, would take quite this tone; but, leaving out of consideration the impressionistic and ultra-modern criticism which ignores Raphael altogether, it is instructive to note the way in which a critic so steeped in Italian art as Mr. Berenson approaches the fallen prince. The artist who used to be considered the greatest of draughtsmen he will hardly admit to be a draughtsman at all, ranking him far below Pollainolo and, positively, speaking of him as "a poor creature, most docile and patient." As a colorist and a manipulator of paint he places him with Sebastiano del Piombo—that is among the mediocrites. Almost the only serious merit, from his point of view, which he will allow him is a mastery in the rendering of space shared, in nearly equal measure, by Perugino as, to some extent, by nearly all the painters of the Umbrian school. For while he admits that Raphael was the greatest master of composition that Europe has produced, he evidently thinks of composition, as do so many other moderns, as a matter of relatively little importance.

It is not Raphael's popularity that is in question; that is perhaps as great as ever it was. His works, in one form or another of reproduction, from the finest carbon print to the cheapest lithograph, are still to be found, in the humblest homes as in the most splendid, in nearly every quarter of the globe. That popularity was always based on what Berenson calls the "illustrative" qualities of Raphael's work, on the beauty of his women, the majesty of his men; on his ability to tell a story as we like it told and to picture a world that we wish might be real. One may not be prepared to consider these illustrative qualities so

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negligible as do many modern critics, or to echo Mr. Berenson's phrase about "that which in art . . . is so unimportant as what . . . we call beauty." One might point out that the greatest artists, from Pheidias to Rembrandt, have occupied themselves with illustration, and that to formulate the ideals of a race and an epoch is no mean task. But, for the moment, we may neglect all that, our present inquiry being why an artist, once counted the greatest of all, is no longer considered very significant by those who measure by purely artistic standards rather than by that of illustrative success and consequent popularity.

We may also leave out of our present consideration Raphael's achievement in the suggestion of space. It is a very real quality and a high one. It has doubtless always been an important element in the enjoyability of Raphael's art as it is almost the only enjoyable element, for many of us, in the art of Perugino. But it is an element that has only very recently been clearly perceived to exist. If it was enjoyed by the artists and critics, from Raphael's day almost to our own, they were unconscious of the fact, and the probability is that we enjoy it more than they did. It will not account for the estimation in which they held Raphael, and still less will it account for the relative lack of interest in him today.

In truth the reason why many modern critics and painters almost dislike Raphael is the very reason for which he was so greatly revered. Coming in the nick of time, at the close of an epoch of investigation, himself a man of wide culture and quick intellect but of no special originality or emotional power, he learned from all his predecessors what they had to teach and, choosing from the elements of their art those which were suited to his purpose, formed a perfectly balanced and noble style which was immediately accepted as the only style suitable to the expression of lofty ideas in monumental form. He became the lawgiver, the founder of classicism, the formulator of the academic ideal. Not to admire him was to confess oneself a barbarian, and even those who did not really care for his art hardly dared to say so. As long as the academic ideal retained any validity his supremacy endured, and it was only with the definitive turning of modern art into the paths of romanticism and naturalism that revolt became possible.

But when the world became tired of Raphaelism it inevitably became unjust to Raphael. It forgot that it was not he who had made his art the test of that of others—who had erected what, with him, was a spontaneous and original creation into a rigid system of laws. It confounded him with his followers and imitators, and, being bored by them, began to find the master himself a bore.

For, eclectic as he was by nature, and founder as he was of the academic régime, the "grand style" of Raphael was yet a new and personal contribution to art. He drew from many sources, but the principle of combination was his own. His originality was in that mastery of composition which no one has ever denied him but which is very differently rated as a quality of art by different temperaments. Almost everything specifically Raphaelesque in his work is the offspring of that power of design in which he is still the unapproached master. Modern criticism is right in denying that he was a draughtsman, if by draughtsman is meant one deeply preoccupied with form and structure for its own sake. His distinction was to invest the human figure with such forms as should best fit it to play its part in a scheme of monumental composition. The "style" of his draperies, so much and so justly admired, is composition of draperies. He was not a colorist as Titian was a colorist, or a painter as Velasquez was a painter—he was just so much of a colorist and a painter as is compatible with being the greatest of decorative designers. Everything in his finest works is entirely subordinated to the beauty and expressiveness of composition, and nothing is allowed to have too great an individual interest for its predestined part in the final result. Probably he could not have drawn like Michelangelo or painted like Hals—certainly, when he once understood himself, he would not have desired to do so.

Even in his early work he showed his gifts as a composer, and some of the small pictures of his Florentine period are quite perfect in design. Nothing could be better composed within their restricted field than the "Madonna del Cardellino" or the

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"Belle Jardinière." Nearly at the end of the period he made his greatest failure, the "Entombment" of the Borghese Gallery. It was his most ambitious effort up to this time and he wanted to put everything that he had learned into it, to draw like Michelangelo and to express emotion like Mantegna. He made a host of studies for it, tried it this way and that, lost all spontaneity and all grasp of the ensemble. What he finally produced is a thing of fragments, falling far below his models in the qualities he was attempting to rival and redeemed by little or nothing of the quality proper to himself. But, apparently, it answered its purpose. It freed him from preoccupation with the work of others. When his great opportunity came to him, in the commission to decorate the Camera della Segnatura, his painfully acquired knowledge was sufficiently at his command to give him no further trouble. He could concentrate himself on the essential part of his problem, the creation of an entirely appropriate, dignified and beautiful decorative design. It was the work for which he was born, and he succeeded so immediately and so admirably in it that neither he nor anyone else has ever been able to fill such spaces so perfectly again.

There are fourteen important compositions in the room. The decoration of the ceiling had already been begun by Sodoma, and Sodoma's decorative framework Raphael allowed to remain; partly, perhaps, from courtesy, more probably because its general disposition was admirable and not to be improved on. If Sodoma had begun any of the larger paintings which were to fill his frames they were removed to make way for the new work. There has always been a great deal of discussion as to whether Raphael himself invented the admirable scheme of subjects by which the room was made to illustrate the Renaissance ideal of culture with its division into the four great fields of learning: divinity, philosophy (including science), poetry, and law. In reality the question is of little importance. There seems to be at least one bit of internal evidence, to be mentioned presently, that even here the artist did not have a perfectly free hand, as we know he did not later. Whoever thought of the subjects it was Raphael who discovered how to treat them in such a way as to make of this room the most perfectly planned piece of decoration in the world. Sodoma had left, on the vaulting, four circular medallions and four rectangular spaces which were to be filled with figure compositions. In the circles, each directly above one of the great wall spaces, Raphael placed figures personifying Theology, Philosophy, Poetry and Justice; in the rectangles he illustrated these subjects with the stories of "The Fall of Man," "Apollo and Manyas" and "The Judgment of Solomon," and with that figure, leaning over a celestial globe, which must be meant for Science. All of these panels are on curved surfaces and Raphael's decorative instinct led him on this account, and to preserve the supremacy of the great wall spaces below, to suppress all distance, placing his figures against a background of simulated gold mosaic and arranging them, practically, upon one plane. There is, therefore, no possible question of "space-composition" here. These panels depend for their effect entirely upon composition in two dimensions—upon the perfect balancing of filled and empty spaces, the invention of interesting shapes and the arrangement of beautiful lines. It is the pattern that counts, and the pattern is perfect.

The "Poetry" [page 557] is the most beautiful of the medallions, but they are all much alike: a draped female figure in the middle, seated to give it scale, large enough to fill the height of the circle amply but without crowding, and winged *putti*, bearing inscribed tablets, on either side. There are other ways of filling a circle acceptably, as Botticelli had shown and as Raphael was to show again in more than one *tondo*, but for their situation, marking the principal axes of the room, there is no way so adequate as this. As Mr. Blashfield has said, speaking from experience: "When a modern painter has a medallion to fill and has tried one arrangement after another, he inevitably realizes that it is Raphael who has found the best ordering that could be found; and the modern painter builds upon his lines, laid down so distinctly that the greater the practice of the artist the more complete becomes his realization of Raphael's comprehension of essentials in composition." Not only so, but the modern painter finds as inevitably that, accepting this ordering as the best, even then he cannot add another figure to these four. He may, per-

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haps, draw it better in detail or give more character to the head, but he cannot capture that felicity of spacing, that absoluteness of balance, that variety and vivacity combined with monumental repose. The more his nature and training have made him a designer the more certainly he feels, before that single medallion of Poetry, that he is in the presence of the inimitable master of design.

If the composition of the rectangles is less inevitable it is only because the variety of ways in which such simple rectangles may be filled is almost infinite. Composition more masterly than that of the "Judgment of Solomon," [page 552] for instance, you will find nowhere; so much is told in a restricted space, yet with no confusion, the space so admirably filled and its shape so marked by the very lines that enrich and relieve it. It is as if the design had determined the space rather than the space the design. If you had a tracing of the figures in the midst of an immensity of white paper you could not bound them by any other line than that of the actual frame. One of the most remarkable things about it is the way in which the angles, which artists usually avoid and disguise, are here sharply accented. A great part of the dignity and importance given to the king is due to the fact that his head fills one of these angles, and the opposite one contains the hand of the executioner and the foot by which the living child is held aloft, and to this point the longest lines of the picture lead. The dead child and the indifferent mother fill the lower corners. In the middle, herself only half seen and occupying little space, is the true mother, and it seems that her explosive energy, as she rushes to the rescue of her child, has forced all these other figures back to the confines of the picture. Compare this restless yet subtly balanced composition, full of oblique lines and violent movement, with the gracious, placid formality of the "Adam and Eve," and you will have some notion of the meaning of this gift of design.

But it is the frescoes on the four walls of this room which are Raphael's greatest triumphs—the most perfect pieces of monumental decoration in the world. On the two longer walls, nearly unbroken lunettes of something over a semicircle, he painted the two great compositions of Theology and Philosophy known as the "Disputa" and the "School of Athens." The "Disputa," [page 558] the earlier of the two, has the more connection with the art of the past. The use of gilded relief in the upper part recalls the methods of Pintoricchio, and the hint of the whole arrangement was doubtless taken from those semi-domes which existed in many churches. But what an original idea it was to transform the flat wall of a room into the apse of a cathedral, and what a solemnity it imparts to the discussion that is going on. The upper part is formal in the extreme, as it need be for the treatment of such a theme, but even here there is variety as well as stateliness in the attitudes and the spacing. In the lower part the variety becomes almost infinite, yet there is never a jar—not a line or a fold of drapery that mars the supreme order of the whole. Besides the uncounted cherubs which float among the rays of glory or support the cloudy thrones of the saints and prophets, there are between seventy and eighty figures in the picture; yet the hosts of heaven and the church on earth seem gathered about the altar with its sacred wafer—the tiny circle which is the focus of the great composition and the inevitable goal of all regards, as it is the central mystery of Catholic dogma.

Opposite, in the "School of Athens," [page 558] the treatment is different but equally successful. The hieratic majesty of the "Disputa" was here unnecessary, but a tranquil and spacious dignity was to be attained, and it is attained through the use of vertical and horizontal lines—the lines of stability and repose, while the bounding curve is echoed again and again in the diminishing arches of the imagined vaulting. The figures, fewer in number than in the "Disputa" and confined to the lower half of the composition, are ranged in two long lines across the picture; but the nearer line is broken in the centre and the two figures on the steps, serving as connecting links between the two ranks, give to the whole something of that semicircular grouping so noticeable in the companion picture. The bas-reliefs upon the architecture and the great statues of Apollo and Minerva above them draw the eye upward at the sides, and this movement is intensified by the arrangement of the lateral groups of figures. By these means the counter curve to the arch above,

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the one fixed necessity, apparently, of the lunette, is established. It is more evident in the perspective curve of the painted dome. Cover this line with a bit of paper, or substitute for it a straight lintel like that seen beyond, and you will be surprised to find how much of the beauty of the picture has disappeared. The grouping of the figures themselves, the way they are played about into clumps or separated to give greater importance, by isolation, to a particular head, is even more beyond praise than in the "Disputa." The whole design has but one fault, and that is an afterthought. In the cartoon the disproportioned bulk of Heraclitus, thrust into the foreground and writing in an impossible attitude on a desk in impossible perspective, is not to be found. It is such a blot upon the picture that one cannot believe that Raphael added it of his own motion; rather it must have been placed there at the dictation of some meddling cardinal or learned humanist who, knowing nothing of art, could not see why any vacant space should not be filled with any figure whose presence seemed to him historically desirable. One is tempted to suspect even, so clumsy is the figure and so out of scale with its neighbors, that the master refused to disfigure his work himself and left the task to one of his apprentices. If it had been done by one of them, say Giulio Romano, after the picture was entirely completed and at the time of the "Incendio del' Borgo," it could not be more out of keeping.

Each of these walls has a doorway at one end, and the way in which these openings are dissimulated and utilized is most ingenious, particularly in the "Disputa" where the bits of parapet which play an important part at either side of the composition, one pierced, the other solid, were suggested solely by the presence of this door. In the end walls the openings, large windows much higher than the doors, become of such importance that the whole nature of the problem is changed. It is the pierced lunette that is to be dealt with, and Raphael has dealt with it in two entirely different ways. One wall is symmetrical, the window in the middle, and on that wall he painted the "Parnassus," [page 559] Apollo and the Muses in the centre with groups of poets a little lower on either side and other groups filling the spaces to right and left of the window head. At first sight the design seems less symmetrical and formal than the others, with a lyrical freedom befitting the subject, but in reality it is no less perfect in its ponderation. The group of trees above Apollo and the reclining figures either side of him accent the centrality of his position. From this point the line of heads rises in either direction to the figures of Homer and of the Muse whose back is turned to the spectator, and the perpendicularity of these two figures carries upward into the arch the vertical lines of the window. From this point the lateral masses of foliage take up the drooping curve and unite it to the arch, and this curve is strongly reinforced by the building up toward either side of the foreground groups and by the disposition of the arms of Sappho and of the poets immediately behind her, while, to disguise its formality, it is contradicted by the long line of Sappho's body which echoes that of the bearded poet immediately to the right of the window and gives a sweep to the left to the whole lower part of the composition. It is the immediate and absolute solution of the problem, and so small a thing as the scarf of the back-turned Muse plays its necessary part in it, balancing as it does the arm of the Muse who stands highest on the left and establishing one of a number of subsidiary garlands that play through and bind together the wonderful design.

The window in the opposite wall is to one side the middle, and here Raphael meets the new problem with a new solution. He places a separate picture in each of the unequal rectangles, carries a simulated cornice across at the level of the window head, and paints, in the segmental lunette thus left, the so-called "Jurisprudence" [page 561] which seems to many decorators the most perfect piece of decorative design that even Raphael ever created—the most perfect piece of design, therefore, in the world. Its subtlety of spacing, its exquisiteness of line, its monumental simplicity, rippled through with a melody of falling curves from end to end, are beyond description—the reader must study them for himself in the illustration. One thing he might miss were not his attention called to it—the ingenious way in which the whole composition is adjusted to a diagonal axis, that the asymmetry of the wall may be minimized. Draw an

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imaginary straight line from the boss in the soffit of the arch through the middle of the Janus-head of Prudence. It will accurately bisect the central group, composed of this figure and her two attendant genii, will pass through her elevated left knee, the centre of a system of curves, and the other end of it will strike the top of the post or mullion that separates the window opening into two halves.

This single room, the Camera della Segnatura, marks the brief blossoming time of Raphael's art, an art consummate in science yet full of a freshness and spontaneity —the dew still upon it—as wonderful as its learning. The master himself could not duplicate it. He tried for Venetian warmth of color in the "Mass of Bolsena" [page 551] and experimented with tricks of illumination in the "Deliverance of Peter," [page 559] and in these two compositions struck out new and admirable ways of filling pierced lunettes. The balancing, in the one, of the solitary figure of the pope against the compact group of seven figures—a group that has to be carried up above the curved screen in order to counteract the importance given to Julius by his isolation and by the greater mass of his supporting group below—is a triumph of arrangement; and here, again, it is notable that the bleeding wafer, the necessary centre of interest, is situated on a straight line drawn diagonally from the keystone of the arch to the centre of the window head, and almost exactly half-way between these two points, while the great curve of the screen leads to it from either side. In the symmetrically pierced lunette opposite the distribution of the space into three distinct but united pictures, the central one seen through the grating of the prison, is a highly ingenious and, on the whole, an acceptable variant on previous inventions. But these two are the last of the Vatican frescoes that show Raphael's infallible instinct as a composer. He grows tired, exaggerates his mannerisms, gives a greater and greater share of the work to his pupils. The later stanze are either pompous or confused, or both, until we reach the higgledy-piggledy of the "Burning of the Borgo" or that inextricable tangle, suggestive of nothing so much as of a dish of macaroni, the "Battle of Constan-

Poetry. In the Vatican.

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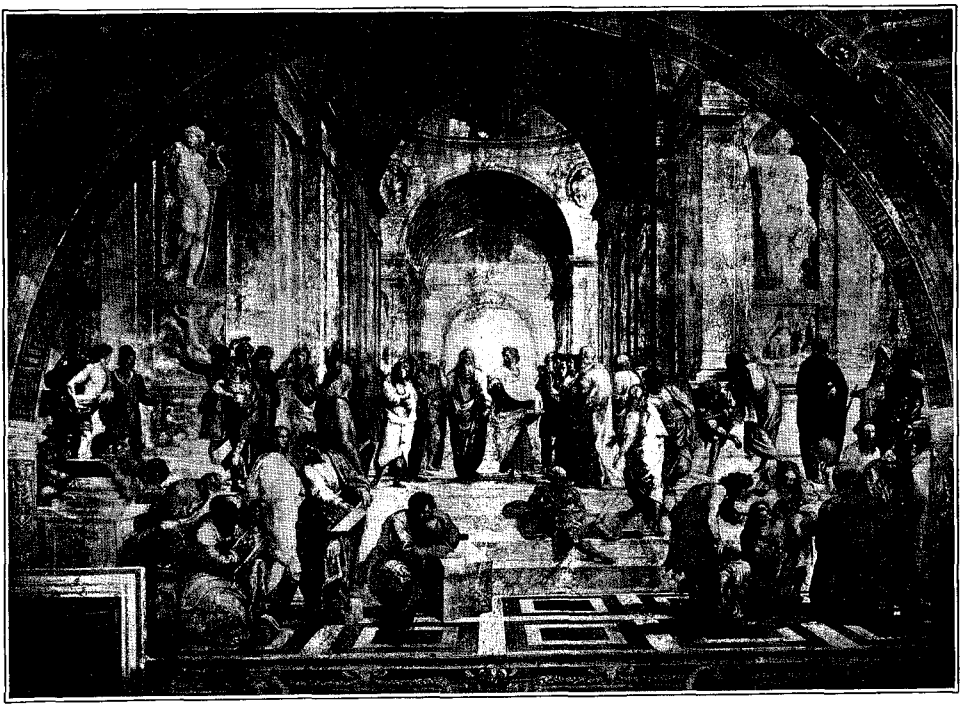
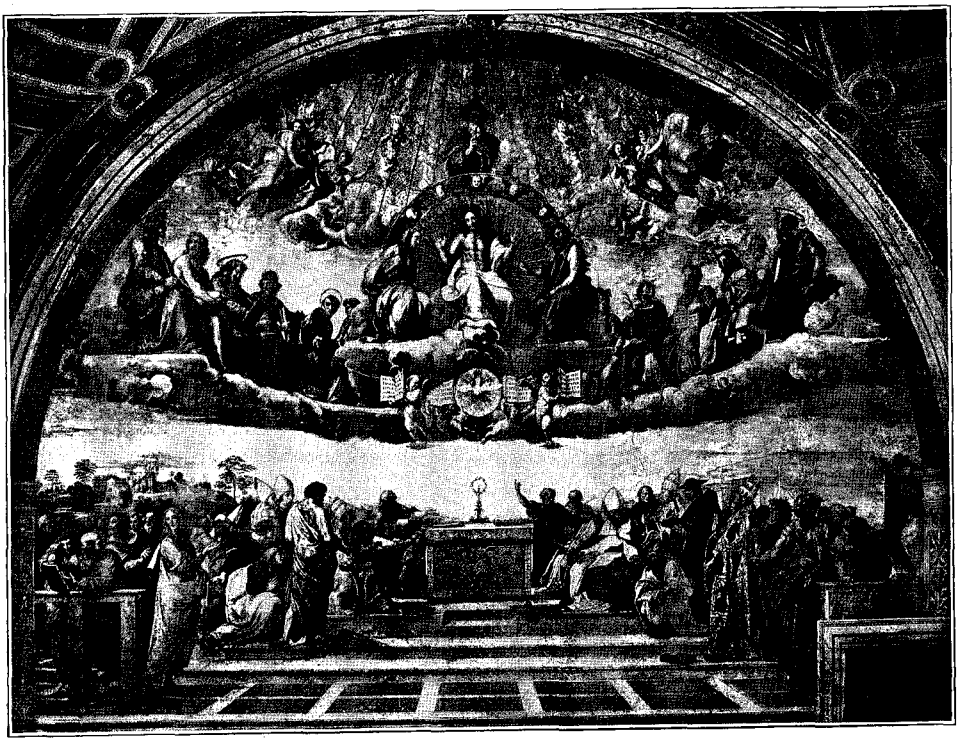


School of Athens. In the Vatican.



Disputa. In the Vatican.

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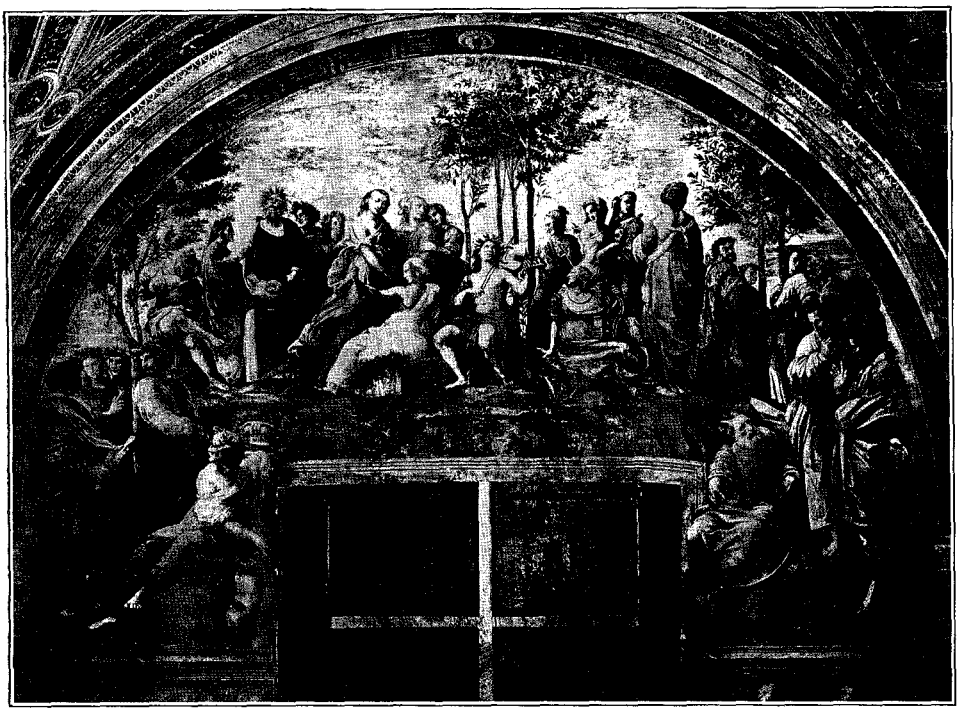

Parnassus. In the Vatican.

The Deliverance of Peter. In the Vatican.

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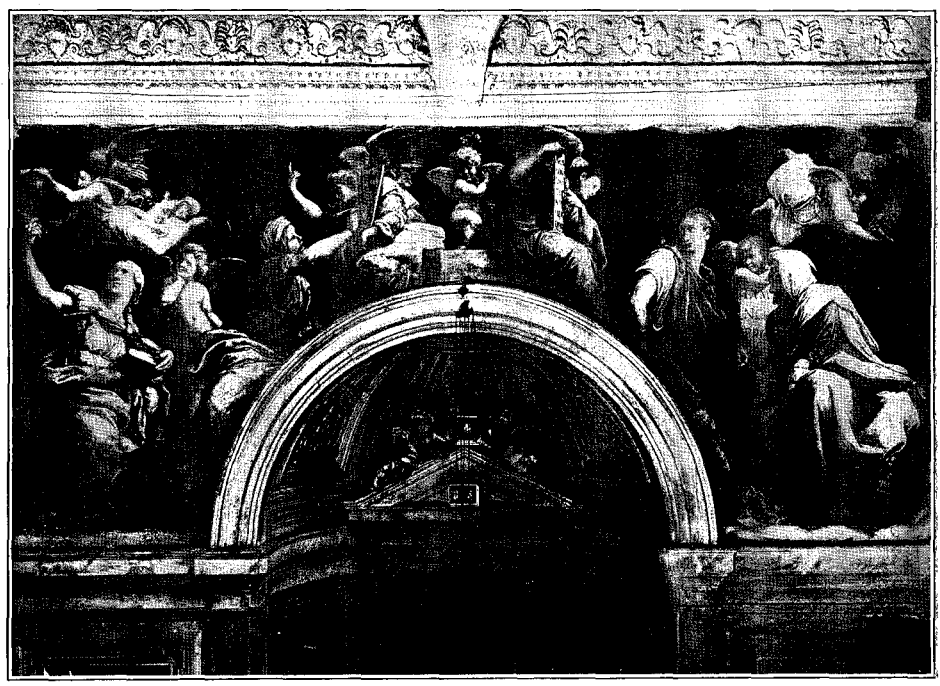
tine"; a picture painted after the master's death, but for which he probably left something in the way of sketches.

Yet even in what seems this decadence of his talent Raphael only needed a new problem to revive his admirable powers in their full splendor. In 1514 he painted the "Sibyls" of Santa Maria della Pace, in a frieze-shaped panel cut by a semicircular arch, and the new shape given him to fill inspired a composition as perfect in itself and as indisputably the only right one for the architectural throne. It was reserved for Raphael to take a step that no earlier painter could have dreamed of, and to fill these triangular spaces with free groups relieved against a clear sky which is the continuous background of the whole series. One may easily think the earlier system more architecturally fitting, but the skill with which these groups are composed, their perfect naturalness, their exhaustless variety, the perfection with which they fill these awkward shapes as it were inevita-



The Four Sibyls. Santa Maria della Pace.

place as anything he ever did. Among his latest works were the pendentives of the Farnesina, with the story of Cupid and Psyche [page 564]—works painted and even drawn by his pupils, coarse in types and heavy in color, but altogether astonishing in freedom and variety of design. The earlier painters covered their vaulting with ornamental patterns in which spaces were reserved for independent pictures, like the rectangles of the stanza della Segnatura. It was a bold innovation when Michelangelo discarded this system and placed in the pendentives of the Sistine his colossal figures of the Prophets and the Sibyls, each on its

bly and without effort, is nothing short of amazing. It is decoration of a festal and informal order—the decoration of a kind of summer house, fitted for pleasure, rather than of a stately chamber—but it is decoration the most consummate, the fitting last word of the greatest master of decorative design that the world has seen.

It is this master designer that is the real Raphael, and, but for the element of design always present in the least of his works, the charming illustrator, the mere "painter of Madonnas," might be allowed to sink comfortably into artistic oblivion without cause for protest. But there is another

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Jurisprudence. In the Vatican.

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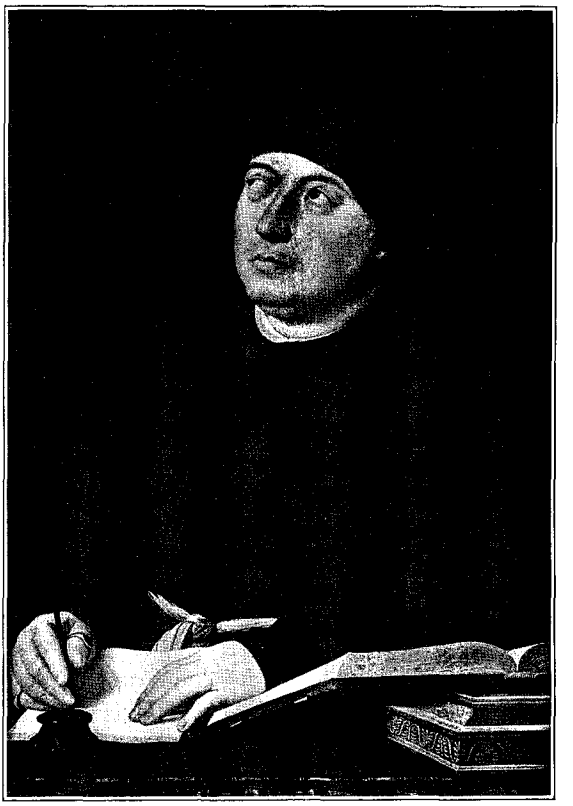
Raphael we could spare less easily, Raphael the protrait painter. The great decorators have nearly always been great portrait painters as well, although—perhaps because—there is little resemblance between the manner of feeling and working necessary for success in the two arts. The decorator, constantly occupied with relations of line and space which have little to do with imitation, finds in the submissive attention to external fact necessary to success in portraiture a source of refreshment and of that renewed contact with nature which is constantly necessary to art if it is not to become too arid an abstraction. Certainly it was so with Raphael, and the master of design has left us a series of portraits comparable only to those of that other great designer whose fate was to leave little but portraits behind him, Hans Holbein. Allowing for the necessary variation of type and costume in their models and for the difference between an Italian and a northern education, their methods are singularly alike. Raphael has greater elegance and feeling for style, Holbein a richer color sense and, above all, a finer craftsmanship, an unapproachable material perfection. They have the same quiet, intense observation, the same impeccable accuracy, the same preoccupation with the person before them and with nothing else—an individuality to be presented with all it contains, neither more nor less—to be rendered entirely, and without flattery as without caricature. There have been portrait painters who were greater painters, in the more limited sense of the word, than these two, and there has been at least one painter whose imaginative sympathy gave an inner life to his portraits absent from theirs, but in the essential qualities of portraiture, as distinguished from all other forms of art, perhaps no one else has quite equalled them. One can



Tomasso Inghirami. In the collection of Mrs. Gardner.

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give no greater praise to the "Castiglione" or the "Donna Velata" than to say that they are fit to hang beside the "Georg Gyze" or the "Christina of Milan"; and at least one portrait by Raphael, the "Tommaso Inghirami" in the collection of Mrs. Gardner—the original of which the picture in the Pitti Palace is a replica—has a

Balthasar Castiglione. In the Louvre.

beauty of surface and of workmanship almost worthy of Holbein himself.

Raphael's portraits alone, had he done nothing else, would justify a great reputation, but they form so relatively small a part of his work that they may almost be neglected in examining his claims to the rank that used to be assigned him among the world's greatest artists. It is, after all, his unique mastery of composition that is his chief title to fame, and his glory must always be in proportion to the estimation in which that quality is held. It was because composition was to him a comparatively unimportant part of painting that Velasquez thought little of Raphael. It is because, for them, composition, as a distinct element of art, has almost ceased to exist that so many modern painters and critics decry Raphael altogether. The decorators have always known that design is the essence of their art and therefore they have always appreciated the greatest of designers. That is why Paul Baudry, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, idolized Raphael and based his own art upon that of the great Umbrian. To-day, in our own country, mural decoration is again becoming a living art, and the desire for the appropriate decoration of important buldings with monumental works of painting is more widespread, perhaps, than it has been anywhere at any time since the Italian Renaissance. So surely as the interest in decorative painting and the knowledge of its true principles becomes more

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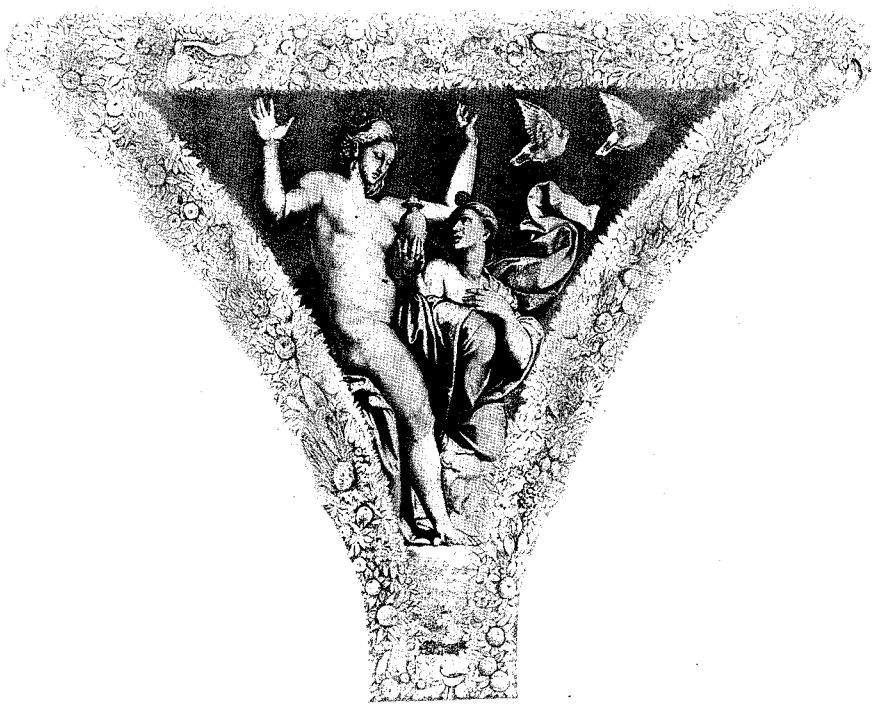
widely spread, so surely will the name of Raphael begin to shine again with something of its ancient splendor.

But design is something more than the essential quality of mural decoration—it is the common basis of all the arts, the essential thing in art itself. Each of the arts has its qualities proper to it alone, and it may be right to estimate the painter, the sculptor, the architect or the musician according to his eminence in those qualities which are distinctive of his particular art and which separate it most sharply from the other arts. In that sense we are right to call Frans Hals a greater painter than Raphael. But if we estimate a man's artistry by the same standard, whatever the form of art in which it expresses itself, rating him by his power of coördinating and composing notes or forms or colors into a harmonious and beautiful unity, then must we place Raphael pretty near where he used to be placed, admitting but a choice few of the very greatest to any equality with him. If we no longer call him "the prince of painters" we must call him one of the greatest artists among those who have practised the art of painting.



Psyche Bringing the Vase to Venus. Villa Farnesina.

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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

XXXIII

CLOUDS were gathering as Hale rode up the river after telling old Hon and Uncle Billy good-by. He had meant not to go to the cabin in Lonesome Cove, but when he reached the forks of the road he stopped his horse and sat in indecision with his hands folded on the pommel of his saddle and his eyes on the smokeless chimney. The memories tugging at his heart drew him irresistibly on, for it was the last time. At a slow walk he went noiselessly through the deep sand around the clump of rhododendron. The creek was clear as crystal once more, but no geese cackled and no dog barked. The door of the spring-house gaped wide, the barn-door sagged on its hinges, the yard-fence swayed drunkenly, and the cabin was still as a gravestone. But the garden was alive and he swung from his horse at the gate, and with his hands clasped behind his back walked slowly through it. June's garden! The garden he had planned and planted for June—that they had tended together and apart and that, thanks to the old miller's care, was the one thing, save the sky above, left in spirit unchanged. The periwinkles, pink and white, were almost gone. The flags were at half-mast and sinking fast. The annunciation lilies were bending their white foreheads to the near kiss of death, but the pinks were fragrant, the poppies were poised on slender stalks like brilliant butterflies at rest, the hollyhocks shook soundless pink bells to the wind, roses as scarlet as June's lips bloomed everywhere and the richness of mid-summer was at hand.

Quietly Hale walked the paths, taking a last farewell of plant and flower, and only the sudden patter of raindrops made him lift his eyes to the angry sky. The storm was coming now in earnest and he had hardly time to lead his horse to the barn and dash to the porch when the very heavens, with a crash of thunder, broke loose. Sheet after sheet swept down the mountains like wind-driven clouds of mist thickening into water as they came. The shingles rattled as though with the heavy slapping of hands, the pines creaked and the sudden dusk outside made the cabin, when he pushed the door open, as dark as night. Kindling a fire, he lit his pipe and waited. The room was damp and musty, but the presence of June almost smothered him. Once he turned his face. June's door was ajar and the key was in the lock. He rose to go to it and look within and then dropped heavily back into his chair. He was anxious to get away now—to get to work. Several times he rose restlessly and looked out the window. Once he went outside and crept along the wall of the cabin to the east and the west, but there was no break of light in the murky sky and he went back to pipe and fire. By and by the wind died and the rain steadied into a dogged downpour. He knew what that meant—there would be no letting up now in the storm, and for another night he was a prisoner. So he went to his saddle-pockets and pulled out a cake of chocolate, a can of potted ham and some crackers, munched his supper, went to bed, and lay there with sleepless eyes, while the lights and shadows from the wind-swayed fire flicked about him. After a while his body dozed but his racked brain went seething on in an endless march of fantastic dreams in which June was the central figure always, until of a sudden young Dave leaped into the centre of the stage in the dream-tragedy forming in his brain. They were meeting face to face at last—and the place was the big Pine. Dave's pistol flashed and his own

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stuck in the holster as he tried to draw. There was a crashing report and he sprang upright in bed—but it was a crash of thunder that wakened him and that in that swift instant, perhaps, had caused his dream. The wind had come again and was driving the rain like soft bullets against the wall of the cabin next which he lay. He got up, threw another stick of wood on the fire and sat before the leaping blaze, curiously disturbed but not by the dream. Somehow he was again in doubt—was he going to stick it out in the mountains after all, and if he should, was not the reason, deep down in his soul, the foolish hope that June would come back again? No, he thought, searching himself fiercely, that was not the reason. He honestly did not know what his duty to her was—what even was his inmost wish, and almost with a groan he paced the floor to and fro. Meantime the storm raged. A tree crashed on the mountain side and the lightning that smote it winked into the cabin so like a mocking, malignant eye that he stopped in his tracks, threw open the door and stepped outside as though to face an enemy. The storm was majestic and his soul went into the mighty conflict of earth and air, whose beginning and end were in eternity. The very mountain tops were rimmed with zigzag fire, which shot upward splitting a sky that was as black as a nether world, and under it the great trees swayed like willows under rolling clouds of gray rain. One fiery streak lit up for an instant the big Pine and seemed to dart straight down upon its proud, tossing crest. For a moment the beat of the watcher's heart and the flight of his soul stopped still. A thunderous crash came slowly to his waiting ears, another flash came, and Hale stumbled, with a sob, back into the cabin. God's finger was pointing the way now—the big Pine was no more.

XXXIV

THE big Pine was gone. He had seen it first, one morning at daybreak, when the valley on the other side was a sea of mist that threw soft, clinging mist spray to the very mountain tops—for even above the mists, that morning, its mighty head arose, sole visible proof that the earth still slept beneath. He had seen it at noon—but little less majestic, among the oaks that stood about it; had seen it catching the last light at sunset, clean-cut against the after-glow, and like a dark, silent, mysterious sentinel guarding the mountain pass under the moon. He had seen it giving place with sombre dignity to the passing burst of Spring, had seen it green among dying Autumn leaves, green in the gray of winter trees and still green in a shroud of snow—a changeless promise that the earth must wake to life again. It had been the beacon that led him into Lonesome Cove—the beacon that led June into the outer world. From it her flying feet had carried her into his life—past it, the same feet had carried her out again. It had been their trysting place—had kept their secrets like a faithful friend and had stood to him as the changeless symbol of their love. It had stood a mute but sympathetic witness of his hopes, his despairs and the struggles that lay between them. In dark hours it had been a silent comforter, and in the last year it had almost come to symbolize his better self as to that self he came slowly back. And in the darkest hour it was the last friend to whom he had meant to say good-by. Now it was gone. Always he had lifted his eyes to it every morning when he rose, but now, next morning, he hung back consciously as one might shrink from looking at the face of a dead friend, and when at last he raised his head to look upward to it, an impenetrable shroud of mist lay between them—and he was glad.

And still he could not leave. The little creek was a lashing yellow torrent, and his horse heavily laden as he must be, could hardly swim with his weight, too, across so swift a stream. But mountain streams were like June's temper—up quickly and quickly down—so it was noon before he plunged into the tide with his saddle-pockets over one shoulder and his heavy transit under one arm. Even then his snorting horse had to swim a few yards, and he reached the other bank soaked to his waist line. But the warm sun came out just as he entered the woods, and as he climbed the mists broke about him and scudded upward like white sails before a driving wind. Once he looked back from a "fire-scald" in the woods at the lonely cabin in the Cove but it gave him so keen a pain that he would not look again. The trail was

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slippery and several times he had to stop to let his horse rest and to slow the beating of his own heart. But the sunlight leaped gladly from wet leaf to wet leaf until the trees looked decked out for unseen fairies, and the birds sang as though there was nothing on earth but joy for all its creatures, and the blue sky smiled above as though it had never bred a lightning flash or a storm. Hale dreaded the last spur before the little gap was visible, but he hurried up the steep, and when he lifted his apprehensive eyes, the gladness of the earth was as nothing to the sudden joy in his own heart. The big Pine stood majestic still, unscathed, as full of divinity and hope to him as a rainbow in an eastern sky. Hale dropped his reins, lifted his hands to his dizzy head and started for it on a run. Across the path lay a great oak with a white wound running the length of its mighty body, from crest to shattered trunk, and over it he leaped, and like a child caught his old friend in both arms. After all, he was not alone. One friend would be with him till death on that border-line between the world in which he was born and the world he had tried to make his own, and he could face now the old one again with a stouter heart. There it lay before him with its smoke and fire and noise and slumbering activities just awakening to life again. He lifted his clenched fists toward it:

"You got *me* once," he muttered, "but this time I'll get *you*." He turned quickly and decisively—there would be no more delay. And he went back and climbed over the big oak that, instead of his friend, had fallen victim to the lightning's kindly whim and led his horse out into the underbrush. As he approached within ten yards of the path, a metallic note rang faintly on the still air the other side of the Pine and down the mountain. Something was coming up the path, so he swiftly knotted his bridle-reins around a sapling, stepped noiselessly into the trail and noiselessly slipped past the big tree where he dropped to his knees, crawled forward and lay flat, peering over the cliff and down the winding trail. He had not long to wait. A riderless horse filled the opening in the covert of leaves that swallowed up the path. It was gray and he knew it as he knew the saddle to be his old enemy's—Dave. Dave had kept his promise—he had come back. The dream was coming true, and they were to meet at last face to face. One of them was to strike a trail more lonesome than the Trail of the Lonesome Pine, and that man would not be John Hale. One detail of the dream was going to be left out, he thought grimly, and very quietly he drew his pistol, cocked it, sighted it on the opening—it was an easy shot—and waited. He would give that enemy no more chance than he would a mad dog—or would he? The horse stopped to browse. He waited so long that he began to suspect a trap. He withdrew his head and looked about him on either side and behind—listening intently for the cracking of a twig or a footfall. He was about to push backward to avoid attack from the rear, when a shadow shot from the opening. His face paled and looked sick of a sudden, his clenched fingers relaxed about the handle of his pistol and he drew it back, still cocked, turned on his knees, walked past the Pine, and by the fallen oak stood upright, waiting. He heard a low whistle calling to the horse below and a shudder ran through him. He heard the horse coming up the path, he clenched his pistol convulsively, and his eyes lit by an unearthly fire and fixed on the edge of the bowlder around which they must come, burned an instant later on—June. At the cry she gave he flashed a hunted look, right and left, stepped swiftly to one side and stared past her—still at the bowlder. She had dropped the reins and started toward him but at the Pine she stopped short.

"Where is he?"

Her lips opened, but no sound came. Hale pointed at the horse behind her.

"That's his. He sent me word. He left that horse in the valley, to ride over here, when he came back, to kill me. Are *you* with him?" For a moment she thought from his wild face that he had gone crazy and she stared silently. Then she seemed to understand, and with a moan she covered her face with her hands and sank weeping in a heap at the foot of the Pine.

The forgotten pistol dropped, full-cocked to the soft earth, and Hale with bewildered eyes went slowly to her.

"Don't cry"—he said gently, starting to call her name. "Don't cry," he repeated, and he waited helplessly.

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"He's dead. Dave was shot—out—West," she sobbed. "I told him I was coming back. He gave me his horse. Oh, how could you?"

"Why did you come back?" he asked, and she shrank as though he had struck her—but her sobs stopped and she rose to her feet.

"Wait," she said, and she turned from him to wipe her eyes with her handkerchief. Then she faced him.

"When dad died I learned everything. You made him swear never to tell me and he kept his word until he was on his deathbed. *You* did everything for me. It was *your* money. *You* gave me back the old cabin in the cove. It was always you, you, *you* and there was never anybody else but you." She stopped for Hale's face was as though graven from stone.

"And you came back to tell me that?"

"Yes."

"You could have written that."

"Yes," she faltered, "but I had to tell you face to face."

"Is that all?"

Again the tears were in her eyes.

"No," she said tremulously.

"Then I'll say the rest for you. You wanted to come to tell me of the shame you felt when you knew," she nodded violently—"but you could have written that, too, and I could have written that you mustn't feel that way—that" he spoke slowly—"you mustn't rob me of the dearest happiness I ever knew in my whole life."

"I knew you would say that," she said like a submissive child. The sternness left his face and he was smiling now.

"And you wanted to say that the only return you could make was to come back and be my wife."

"Yes," she faltered again, "I did feel that—I did."

"You could have written that too, but you thought you had to *prove* it by coming back yourself."

This time she nodded no assent and her eyes were streaming. He turned away—stretching out his arms to the woods.

"God! Not that—no—no!"

"Listen, Jack!" as suddenly his arms dropped. She had controlled her tears but her lips were quivering.

"No, Jack, not that—thank God. I came because I wanted to come," she said steadily. "I loved you when I went away. I've loved you every minute since—" her arms were stealing about his neck, her face was upturned to his and her eyes, moist with gladness, were looking into his wondering eyes—"and I love you now—Jack."

"June!" The leaves about them caught his cry and quivered with the joy of it, and above their heads the old Pine breathed its blessing with the name—June—June—June.

XXXV

With a mystified smile, but with no question, Hale silently handed his penknife to June and when, smiling but without a word, she walked behind the old Pine, he followed her. There he saw her reach up and dig the point of the knife into the trunk, and when, as he wonderingly watched her, she gave a sudden cry, Hale sprang toward her. In the hole she was digging he saw the gleam of gold and then her trembling fingers brought out before his astonished eyes the little fairy stone that he had given her long ago. She had left it there for him, she said, through tears, and through his own tears, Hale pointed to the stricken oak:

"It saved the Pine," he said.

"And you," said June.

"And me," repeated Hale solemnly, and while he looked long at her, her arms dropped slowly to her sides and he said simply:

"Come!"

. . . . . .

Leading the horses they walked noiselessly through the deep sand around the clump of rhododendron and there sat the little cabin of Lonesome Cove. The holy hush of a cathedral seemed to shut it in from the world, so still it was below the great trees that stood like sentinels on eternal guard. Both stopped, and June laid her head on Hale's shoulder and they simply looked in silence.

"Dear old home," she said, with a little sob, and Hale, still silent, drew her to him.

"You were *never* coming back again?"

"I was never coming back again." She clutched his arm fiercely as though even now something might spirit him away, and

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

June . . . . sank weeping in a heap at the foot of the Pine.—Page 567.

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she clung to him while he hitched his horse and they walked up the path.

"Why, the garden is just as I left it! The very same flowers in the very same places!" Hale smiled.

"Why not? Uncle Billy did that."

"Oh, you dear—you dear!"

Her little room was shuttered tight as it always had been when she was away, and, as usual, the front door was simply chained on the outside. The girl turned with a happy sigh and looked about at the nodding flowers and the woods and the gleaming pool of the river below and up the shimmering mountain to the big Pine topping it with sombre majesty.

"Dear old Pine," she murmured and almost unconsciously she unchained the door as she had so often done before, stepped into the dark room, pulling Hale with one hand after her, and almost unconsciously reaching upward with the other to the right of the door. Then she cried aloud:

"My key—my key is there!"

"That was in case you should come back some day."

"Oh, I might—I might! and think if I had come too late—think if I hadn't come *now!*" Again her voice broke and still holding Hale's arm, she moved to her own door. She had to use both hands there, but before she let go, she said almost hysterically:

"It's so dark! You won't leave me, dear, if I let you go?"

For answer Hale locked his arms around her, and when the door opened he went in ahead of her and pushed open the shutters. The low sun flooded the room and when Hale turned, June was looking with wild eyes from one thing to another in the room—her rocking-chair at a window, her sewing close by, a book on the table, her bed made up in the corner, her washstand of curly maple—the pitcher full of water and clean towels hanging from the rack. Hale had gotten out the things she had packed away and the room was just as she had always kept it. She rushed to him, weeping.

"It would have killed me," she sobbed. "It would have killed me." She strained him tightly to her—her wet face against his cheek: "Think—*think*—if I hadn't come now!" Then loosening herself she went all about the room with a caressing touch to everything, as though it were alive. The book was the volume of Keats he had given her—which had been loaned to Loretta when June went away.

"Oh, I wrote for it and wrote for it," she said.

"I found it in the Post Office," said Hale, "and I understood."

She went over to the bed.

"Oh," she said with a happy laugh. "You've got one slip inside out," and she whipped the pillow from its place, changed it, and turned down the edge of the covers in a triangle.

"That's the way I used to leave it," she said shyly. Hale smiled.

"I never noticed that!" She turned to the bureau and pulled open a drawer. In there were white things with frills and blue ribbons—and she flushed.

"Oh," she said, "these haven't even been touched." Again Hale smiled but he said nothing. One glance, long ago, had told him there were things in that drawer too sacred for his big hands.

"Have you kept things this way *all* the time?"

"All the time," said Hale.

"I'm so happy—*so* happy."

Suddenly she looked him over from head to foot—his rough riding boots, old riding breeches and blue flannel shirt.

"I am pretty rough," he said. She flushed, shook her head and looked down at her smart cloth suit of black.

"Oh, *you* are all right—but you must go out now, just for a little while."

"What are you up to, little girl?"

"How I love to hear that again!"

"Aren't you afraid I'll run away?" he said at the door.

"I'm not afraid of anything else in this world any more."

"Well, I won't."

He heard her moving around as he sat planning in the porch.

"To-morrow," he thought and then an idea struck him that made him dizzy. From within June cried:

"Here I am," and out she ran in the last crimson gown of her young girlhood—her sleeves rolled up and her hair braided down her back as she used to wear it.

"You've made up my bed and I'm going to make yours—and I'm going to cook your supper—why, what's the matter?"

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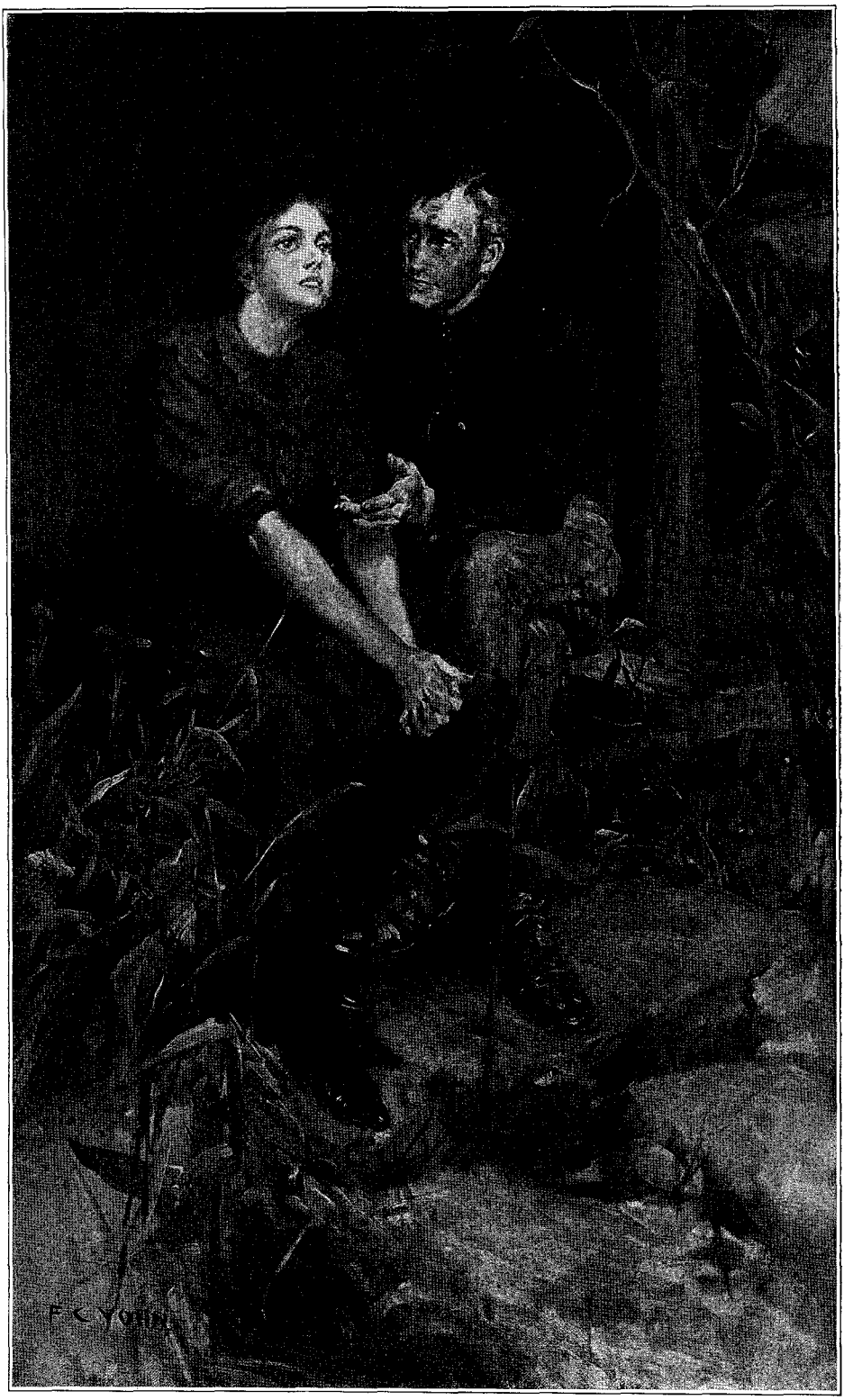

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

She made him tell of everything that had happened.—Page 573.

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Hale's face was radiant with the heaven-born idea that lighted it and he seemed hardly to notice the change she had made. He came over and took her in his arms:

"Ah, sweetheart, *my* sweetheart!" A spasm of anxiety tightened her throat, but Hale laughed from sheer delight.

"Never you mind. It's a secret," and he stood back to look at her. She blushed as his eyes went downward to her perfect ankles.

"It *is* too short," she said.

"No, no, no! Not for me! You're mine now, little girl, *mine*—do you understand that?"

"Yes," she whispered, her mouth trembling. Again he laughed joyously.

"Come on!" he cried, and he went into the kitchen and brought out an axe:

"I'll cut wood for you." She followed him out to the wood-pile and then she turned and went into the house. Presently the sound of his axe rang through the woods, and as he stooped to gather up the wood he heard a creaking sound. June was drawing water at the well, and he rushed toward her:

"Here, you mustn't do that."

She flashed a happy smile at him.

"You just go back and get that wood. I reckon," she used the word purposely, "I've done this afore." Her strong bare arms were pulling the leaking moss-covered old bucket swiftly up, hand under hand—so he got the wood while she emptied the bucket into a pail, and together they went laughing into the kitchen, and while he built the fire, June got out the coffee-grinder and the meal to mix, and settled herself with the grinder in her lap.

"Oh, isn't it fun?" she stopped grinding suddenly.

"What would the neighbors say?"

"We haven't any."

"But if we had!"

"Terrible!" said Hale with mock solemnity.

"I wonder if Uncle Billy is at home." Hale trembled at his luck. "That's a good idea. I'll ride down for him while you're getting supper."

"No, you won't," said June, "I can't spare you. Is that old horn here yet?"

Hale brought it out from behind the cupboard.

"I can get him—if he is at home."

Hale followed her out to the porch where she put her red mouth to the old trumpet. One long, mellow hoot rang down the river—and up the hills. Then there were three short ones and a single long blast again.

"That's the old signal," she said. "And he'll know I want him *bad*." Then she laughed.

"He may think he's dreaming, so I'll blow for him again." And she did.

"There, now," she said. "He'll come."

It was well she did blow again, for the old miller was not at home and "Ole Hon," down at the cabin, dropped her iron when she heard the horn and walked to the door, dazed and listening. Even when it came again she could hardly believe her ears, and but for her rheumatism, she would herself have started at once for Lonesome Cove. As it was, she ironed no more, but sat in the doorway almost beside herself with anxiety and bewilderment, looking down the road for the old miller to come home.

Back the two went into the kitchen and Hale sat at the door watching June as she fixed the table and made the coffee and cornbread. Once only he disappeared and that was when suddenly a hen cackled, and with a shout of laughter, he ran out to come back with a fresh egg.

"Now, my lord!" said June, her hair falling over her eyes and her face flushed from the heat.

"No," said Hale. "I'm going to wait on you."

"For the last time," she pleaded, and to please her he did sit down, and every time she came to his side with something he bent to kiss the hand that served him.

"You're nothing but a big, nice boy," she said. Hale held out a lock of his hair near the temples and with one finger silently followed the track of wrinkles in his face.

"It's premature," she said, "and I love every one of them." And she stooped to kiss him on the hair. "And those are nothing but troubles. I'm going to smooth every one of *them* away."

"If they're troubles, they'll go—now," said Hale.

All the time they talked of what they would do with Lonesome Cove.

"Even if we do go away, we'll come back once a year," said Hale.

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"Yes," nodded June, "once a year."

"I'll tear down those mining shacks, float them down the river and sell them as lumber."

"Yes."

"And I'll stock the river with bass again."

"Yes."

"And I'll plant young poplars to cover the sight of every bit of uptorn earth along the mountain there. I'll bury every bottle and tin can in the Cove. I'll take away every sign of civilization, every sign of the outside world."

"And leave old Mother Nature to cover up the scars," said June.

"So that Lonesome Cove will be just as it was."

"Just as it was in the beginning," echoed June.

"And shall be to the end," said Hale.

"And there will never be anybody here but you."

"And you," said June.

While she cleared the table and washed the dishes Hale fed his horse and cut more wood, and it was dusk when he came to the porch.

Through the door he saw that she had made his bed in one corner. And through her door he saw one of the white things, that had lain untouched in her drawer, now stretched out on her bed.

The stars were peeping through the blue spaces of a white-clouded sky and the moon would be coming by and by. In the garden the flowers were dim, quiet and restful. A kingfisher screamed from the river. An owl hooted in the woods and crickets chirped about them, but every passing sound seemed only to accentuate the stillness in which they were engulfed. Close together they sat on the old porch and she made him tell of everything that had happened since she left the mountains, and she told him of her flight from the mountains and her life in the West—of her father's death and the homesickness of the ones who still were there.

"Bub is a cowboy and wouldn't come back for the world, but I could never have been happy there," she said, "even if it hadn't been for you—here."

"I'm just a plain civil engineer now," said Hale, "an engineer without even a job and—" his face darkened.

"It's a shame, sweetheart, for you—" She put one hand over his lips and with the other turned his face so that she could look into his eyes. In the mood of bitterness they did show worn, hollow and sad, and around them the wrinkles were deep.

"Silly," she said, tracing them gently with her finger tips, "I love every one of them, too," and she leaned over and kissed them.

"We're going to be happy each and every day, and all-day-long! We'll live at the Gap in winter and I'll teach."

"No, you won't."

"Then I'll teach *you* to be patient and how little I care for anything else in the world while I've got you, and I'll teach you to care for nothing else while you've got me. And you'll have me, dear, forever and ever——"

"Amen," said Hale.

Something rang out in the darkness far down the river, and both sprang to their feet. "It's Uncle Billy!" cried June, and she lifted the old horn to her lips. With the first blare of it, a cheery halloo answered, and a moment later they could see a gray horse coming up the road—coming at a gallop, and they went down to the gate and waited.

"Hello, Uncle Billy!" cried June. The old man answered with a fox-hunting yell, and Hale stepped behind a bush.

"Jumping Jehosophat!—is that you, June? Air ye all right?"

"Yes, Uncle Billy!" The old man climbed off his horse with a groan.

"Lordy, Lordy, Lordy, but I was skeered!" He had his hands on June's shoulders and was looking at her with a bewildered face.

"What air ye doin' here alone, baby?"

June's eyes shone: "Nothin', Uncle Billy." Hale stepped into sight.

"Oh, ho! I see! You back an' he ain't gone! Well, bless my soul, if this ain't the beatenest—" he looked from the one to the other and his kind old face beamed with a joy that was but little less than their own.

"You come back to stay?"

June nodded.

"My—where's that horn? I want it right now. Ole Hon down thar is a-thinkin' she's gone crazy and I thought she shorely was when she said she heard you blow that horn. An' she tol' me the min-

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ute I got here, if hit wus you—to blow three times." And straightway three blasts rang down the river.

"Now she's all right, if she don't die o' curiosity afore I git back and tell her why you come. Why did you come back, baby? Gimme a drink o' water, son. I reckon me an' that ole hoss hain't travelled sech a gait in five year."

June was whispering something to the old man when Hale came back and what it was the old man's face told plainly.

"Yes, Uncle Billy—right away," said Hale.

"Just as soon as you can git your license?" Hale nodded.

"An' June says I'm goin' to do it."

"Yes," said Hale, "right away."

Again June had to tell the story to Uncle Billy that she had told to Hale and to answer his questions, and it was an hour before the old miller rose to go. Hale called him then into June's room and showed him a piece of paper.

"Is it good now?" he asked.

The old man put on his spectacles, looked at it and chuckled:

"Just as good as the day you got hit."

"Well, can't you——"

"Right now! Does June know?"

"Not yet. I'm going to tell her now. June!" he called.

"Yes, dear." Uncle Billy moved hurriedly to the door.

"You just wait till I git out o' here." He met June in the outer room.

"Where are you going, Uncle Billy?"

"Go on, baby," he said, hurrying by her, "I'll be back in a minute."

She stopped in the doorway—her eyes wide again with sudden anxiety, but Hale was smiling.

"You remember what you said at the Pine, dear?" The girl nodded and she was smiling now, when with sweet seriousness she said again: "Your least wish is now law to me, my lord."

"Well, I'm going to test it now. I've laid a trap for you." She shook her head.

"And you've walked right into it."

"I'm glad." She noticed now the crumpled piece of paper in his hand and she thought it was some matter of business.

"Oh," she said, reproachfully. "You aren't going to bother with anything of that kind *now?*"

"Yes," he said. "I want you to sign this."

"Very well," she said resignedly. He was holding the paper out to her and she took it and held it to the light of the candle. Her face flamed and she turned remorseful eyes upon him.

"And you've kept that, too, you had it when I——"

"When you were wiser maybe than you are now."

"God save me from ever being such a fool again." Tears started in her eyes.

"You haven't forgiven me!" she cried.

"Uncle Billy says it is as good now as it was then."

He was looking at her queerly now and his smile was gone. Slowly his meaning came to her like the flush that spread over her face and throat. She drew in one long quivering breath and with parted lips and her great shining eyes wide she looked at him.

"Now?" she whispered.

"Now!" he said.

Her eyes dropped to the coarse gown, she lifted both hands for a moment to her hair and unconsciously she began to roll one crimson sleeve down her round, white arm.

"No," said Hale, "just as you are."

She went to him then, put her arms about his neck and with head thrown back she looked at him long with steady eyes.

"Yes," she breathed out—"just as you are—and now."

Uncle Billy was waiting for them on the porch and when they came out he rose to his feet and they faced him, hand in hand. The moon had risen. The big Pine stood guard on high against the outer world. Nature was their church and stars were their candles. And as if to give them even a better light, the moon had sent a luminous sheen down the dark mountain side to the very garden in which the flowers whispered like waiting happy friends; Uncle Billy lifted his hand and a hush of expectancy seemed to come even from the farthest star.

THE END.

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DIVERSIONS IN PICTURESQUE GAME-LANDS

GOLDEN DAYS IN THE SHOSHONE MOUNTAINS

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. HUFFMAN

IN an ideal hunting-trip—which must be in grand country, and in quest of grand game,—the death of the coveted prize is only an incident. To a true sportsman, one fine elk, mountain sheep, goat or bear is a sufficient reward for a rough trip into remote wilds, involving many sacrifices, and hundreds of dollars in money.

The ideal hunting trips are those that are made chiefly for the sake of camping out in a wilderness, with both feet upon virgin soil; for the sake of roaming the untouched forests and the unspoiled pastures of the wild flocks, breathing pure air and looking far; for the sake of tiring the body, resting the mind, and luxuriating in Nature's own domain.

If you put one point of a pair of dividers on the town of Buffalo Bill, Wyoming—called "Cody" on the maps—and with the other draw a circle with a twenty-mile radius, it will contain the finest assortment of wild and weird country that can be found in many a long day's search. It will embrace a genuine desert, a magnificent labyrinth of saw-tooth bad-lands, an isolated mountain of monumental proportions, a grand mountain range, a beautiful mountain valley, sundry poisonous hot springs, and a roaring river boiling through a gorgeous black canyon which no man has yet dared to navigate.

All these superb sceneries and stage-settings were unrolled and utilized in regular order for the delectation of a hunting party made up and led out by Lieut. C. S. Robertson during a certain memorable November, not so very long ago. It was a military party, and I was the only civilian among those present. On the receipt of a telegraphic invitation from the leader to go as his guest, I had fled from the East on short notice, with only my Maynard rifle for heavy baggage, and caught up with the outfit at the camp of Crow Chief Plenty-Coups, in Pryor's Gap.

It was a great party. Lieutenant Robertson, then of the First U. S. Cavalry and stationed at Fort Custer, was a gallant soldier, a true sportsman, a Virginia gentleman of the first water, and a generous and faithful friend. Few have mourned his untimely death more than have I. His special comrade-in-arms, Lieutenant Barber, was also of the First Cavalry, and because of his many lovable qualities, I, like everyone else, soon became greatly attached to him. "Win" Brisbrin, the third habitant of "the officer's tent," was the young-man son of the General in command of Fort Custer, and his boyish delight in every feature of the trip was a constant source of pleasure to the whole party. In these blasé days, the enthusiasm of an unspoiled American boy, with red blood in his veins, is a refreshing thing to see.

In "the men's tent" there was Fleming, the packer, a sergeant, various troopers and teamsters from the First, and a fine cook. We had no guides, but there were two Crow Indian scouts, named Poor-Face and Forked-Gun. They loved a hunt for big game, and had they been "turned loose" would blithely have slaughtered every wild thing in Wyoming.

We had two four-mule wagons, eight saddle-horses, two Sibley tents and a cook's tent. It was the first trip a-field that I ever made when I was not Chief Worrier, and responsible for everything, good and bad. What a rest it was! The management of that outfit was absolute perfection, and I love to recall our enjoyment of it all. Incidentally, it was no less a man than General A. L. Mills (then a First Lieutenant in the First Cavalry) who loaned me his camp

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bed, while Mrs. Mills prepared an ideal basket of luncheon to cheer and sustain Lieutenant Barber and me on our two days' swift chase in an ambulance after the outfit, from Fort Custer to Pryor's Gap.

From Pryor's Gap we gaily trekked southward along Sage Creek No. 13 for a sufficient distance, then turned a right angle and headed southwestwardly across the Forty-Mile Desert, toward the stage station on the Stinking Water River, near Heart Mountain, Wyoming. The trip across the desert was easily accomplished in two days. In a blinding snowstorm we plunged down the steep bluff road to Green's ranch and stage station, which is called Corbett, and camped in the willows of the river bottom just below it. Mrs. Green, the ranchman's wife, told us that she had not seen a white woman in two-and-one-half years. But it is different now. The town of Cody is only a few miles above.

It was there that our hunt for big game began. Southeastward of Corbett, but quite near at hand, there stretches away an immense tract of bad-lands. It is more miles in diameter than I could estimate, and while not so deeply cut nor so grand as those of Snow Creek, Montana, they are amazingly intricate. They consist of ten thousand little saw-tooth peaks and cones of bare earth, so closely set together, so uniform in height and size, and so utterly devoid of landmarks that to get lost in them seems not only easy of accomplishment but certain to befall whoever dares to set foot in them.

The older hands of our party hunted along the edge of this labyrinth, but young Brisbrin, who ventured into it, promptly lost himself on the first day, and black darkness caught him there. In response to his signal shots, Poor-Face and Forked-Gun went out into the night; but even when they were so near him that he could give them, *viva voce*, the grand hailing signal of distress, they could not find him. At last Forked-Gun cried out, in desperation,

"*You no shoot, me no find you!*"

Thus exhorted, the lost one began to expend cartridges, and kept it up until the scouts reached him.

Bright and early on the day after we camped at Corbett, we went out toward the bad-lands in quest of mule-deer. It chanced that Lieutenant Barber and I were drawn as companions, and he made haste to admit that having had practically no opportunities for hunting big game, he knew very little about the troubles it involved.

"But I *do hope*," he said, anxiously, "that we can find a good buck. The other fellows will be very likely to kill something, and we simply *can't* go in empty-handed. Now, if you see anything worth shooting, *don't wait for me!* Just kill it, quick!"

This was a contingency I had not counted upon; but we solemnly agreed that we would bag a buck, or perish in the attempt. Looking all about from a high point, we selected a particularly bad-looking bunch of buttes on the edge of the bad-lands, and thither went.

We hunted until high noon, but found no other game than prairie hares. On the top of a rocky ridge we sat down, ate our luncheon, and ardently wished for a deer. No one ever will know how we longed for a buck—a big, wide-horned buck, with a swollen neck and a bad eye, and dangerous to "meet-him-alone-in-the-woods!" Finally, we came down to wishing for even a small buck—a three-pointer better than none.

About three o'clock Lieutenant Barber said, despairingly,

"I declare, we *must* take back *something!* I've a great mind to shoot some of these jack rabbits. They would be better than no game at all."

"No," I said, "Not yet. This surely is mule-deer country, and we must have a deer, or nothing."

At last we neared the end of our hunting-ground, and our hopes fell to a fearfully low point. Barber was inconsolable at the prospect of being beaten in the chase by "those other fellows"; and being the senior wrangler, I felt as if I had stolen a sheep.

As I led the way, slowly and disconsolately, northward along the side of our ridge, but in really good form for spying over the crest into a very likely valley that ran alongside on the west, a gap in the rocks suddenly revealed a full-grown, fully-antlered *mule-deer buck*, briskly and jauntily walking northward along the level floor of the little valley! He was a hundred yards down, and a hundred and fifty yards ahead of our position. At that moment he

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was to us the finest wild animal in all the world!

Halting just long enough to show the game to Lieutenant Barber, I hopped down below the summit, then rushed forward as fast as I could put feet to the ground. I knew that, in order to get a fair shot, I must overtake the deer, and I ran as if the whole United States Army had been looking on.

There was no fall, no noise not down on the programme—nothing unlucky. After I had reeled off what I believed to be two hundred yards, good measure, I shut off steam, and quickly sheered up to a bunch of rocks on the summit that gave me a safe view down into the valley.

There was our buck, precisely where I had hoped to see him, still briskly stepping northward! It was the work of but five seconds to stop breathing, aim and fire once,—and the buck was ours.

"Hooray for the First!" cried Lieutenant Barber from far back, joyfully swinging his hat. Like a true sportsman, he had stood fast in order not to double the chances of alarming the game by a premature advance. I never saw a hunter more pleased than he. In the secret solitude of those bad-lands, we gloated many gloats over our good luck, over the fact that it was a full-grown buck, that we could go in heavily loaded with spoil, and further, that "the other fellows" would have to do right well to beat our prize.

After we dressed the carcass, we went to work with all the confidence in the world to load it upon one of our horses. But the animal was big, fat, and very limp; and although we were strong men, we found it utterly impossible to place the entire animal upon a horse! Had it been rigid, it would have been easy; but the awful limpness of it could not be overcome. In a great rage over our failure, we fell to work and cut the animal into sections which were transportable. On reaching camp we found that our rivals had killed three mule-deer (two young bucks and a doe), but our specimen was really the prize of the day.

The next morning a very exciting incident arrived—sandy-haired, square-jawed, armed with Winchester and six-shooter, riding a tough little cow-pony and leading a pack-horse with bed and board. It was J. W. Sharrock, official and effective game warden for the Northern Wyoming Game Protective Association. We had no licenses, and we were caught red-handed, with four deer on us.

Fortunately, our leader had received a hint that the warden was coming; but he came upon us well ahead of schedule time. We all greeted him civilly, and then solemnly filed into "the officer's tent," to sit down and talk it over. Sharrock and Robertson were as cold as ice; and the talk started as slowly as molasses in January. The case was so serious that on our side no one save our leader uttered a word. We knew that under certain conditions trouble might easily be precipitated.

"Now, Mr. Sharrock," said Lieutenant Robertson, as soon as the ice had been cracked a little at the edges, "to people in the army, it's like this: We are out here in a wild, God-forsaken country, with few pleasures in it, and not any too much that's interesting. We're doing time here to keep the Indians from shooting up the settlers, and to give your people a chance to get the country in shape. We have mighty few diversions, and it seems to us that we ought to have the right to do a little hunting once in a while, when we can get a chance—which is very seldom. So far as I know, in all wild countries, army men are allowed to hunt without the regulation license."

"You see, Lieutenant," said Sharrock, slowly, "things have changed a whole lot in Wyoming during the last few years. The game is a-goin', mighty fast. The Indians have killed an awful lot of it, the market hunters from Montana have killed all they could, and the settlers were just wipin' out the rest of it when the Association got in its work, and had some laws passed, to save *something!* The time was when nobody cared how much game was shot, and everybody shot all he pleased. But that's all changed. Instead of finding four or five good bucks yesterday, you found only one. You can see for yourself that if the officers and soldiers at Fort Custer were allowed to come in here whenever they pleased, and kill all the game they could, the Association might just as well go out of business. *You* know that before now the soldiers used to go out from the Army posts in Wyoming and Montana, and kill game by the wagon-load."

"I know," said Robertson. "That was

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done, up to a few years ago; but it's not done now. The game is too far from the posts. This is the first party that has gone out from Fort Custer in two years, or about that time. We are not wanting to make a big killing. We've got plenty of meat to eat, so far as that is concerned. We're here as four sportsmen, and we had planned to shoot only a very few head of game."

"But ain't your men going to shoot, too?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I had expected that they *would* shoot, some; though not much. I don't believe in game slaughter. None of us do. I've already written to Colonel Pickett, your President, told him all about the party, and asked him to square it with your Association."

"Well, that's good. And ye haven't heard from him yet?"

"No; but I'll send a man over to-day if you like, and get his answer."

"Well," said the warden, "I'll tell you how I think we'd better fix this thing. *You* know that as long as I'm a paid game warden I *couldn't* agree to have all the men of this outfit kill all the game they could. But I don't want to spoil your hunt, either. Colonel Pickett will probably tell you that he is willing for you three officers, and this man from the East, to have a hunt, *provided* you won't let your enlisted men and your two Crow scouts shoot up everything they see. Now, if you'll agree to that, I'll not have another word to say."

"Of course I'll agree to it!" said Lieutenant Robertson, heartily. "That's as fair as can be. And I invite you to join us as our guest. Come on up to the Forks with us, and stay to the finish."

"Oh, that ain't at all necessary," said the warden, pleasantly. "Your word is enough for me."

"Well, then, *come on jor company*, and help us to have a good time!"

"Well, since you put it that way, I'm tempted to do it. It's none too lively in here,—and it might be that I *can show you where to get one or two good shots!*"

And thus ended an incident that at first was like the loose end of a live wire. Warden Sharrock did go with us, and was *persona grata* throughout. He was a good fellow, as well as a good game warden. When we parted, two weeks later, he gave the four of us a first-rate dinner at the Corbett stage station, and we parted with mutual admiration and regret. May his cattle cover a thousand hills!

On this trip I wore for the first time, and with outrageous pride, a very good elk-skin hunting-shirt, which was generously bedecked with fringe. Before we left Corbett, my acquaintance with Forked-Gun had progressed far enough that one morning he flung decorum to the mountain breeze, and took the sleeve of my shirt gently but firmly between his dusky thumb and finger.

"*Heap* good!" he exclaimed: and his eyes beamed it.

"Cheyenne," I answered, affably, as became the proud possessor of a thing desired by some one else.

"Me like 'um, heap!" said Forked-Gun, earnestly. "*Me buy 'um!*"

"You like 'um—have Crow squaw make 'um."

"Huh! *Squaw no good!* You sell 'um, me! How much?"

"Me no sell 'em," said I, "Keep 'em."

"Yes! Me buy 'um—Fort Custer. *You sell 'um—me!* How much?"

For a third time, like Cæsar, I put the offer aside, undecided whether to be annoyed or amused. The idea of a lazy Crow Indian, with a voice like a bull buffalo, wanting to buy a buck-skin shirt literally "off of" a white man seemed rather droll. While I puzzled over it, Robertson exclaimed hilariously:

"The old coffee-cooler thinks that a white man will sell even the shirt off his back for money—*and to an Indian!*"

I sat down on a bed-roll, to turn it over in my mind, and presently discovered that I had been insulted; but by the time I found it out, Forked-Gun had rung off, and I had lost my chance to resent it.

At Corbett a very strange thing occurred. On the second day of our camping there Poor-Face shot a big mountain-sheep ram *in the bad-lands*. The surprising thing was that an old and experienced animal of that species should have been in such shallow bad-lands, and at least ten miles from the nearest mountains, with open country between. The ram was very old, and his horns had a dead and weathered appearance, as if they had lain on the roof of a wagon-shed for about three years. His hair, also, showed great age and lack of vigor, and was very unlike the splendid

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coat of the ram that—well, the ram that we saw later on.

Robertson was much provoked that the Indian had shot a mountain sheep, and the first one, besides; but when he learned that the head had been given to Fleming, the chief packer, who intended to give it to the post surgeon, he decided that Poor-Face need not be killed on the spot for his perfidy.

Without undue loss of time we pulled westward up the Stinking Water (now the Shoshone) to "the Forks," and there in the gnarled cottonwoods of the South Fork, a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the impassable canyon, we made our permanent camp. Quite near by, up on the level floor of the valley, was the cabin of William Whitworth, an old-time hunter and trapper, and a human document dating back to pioneer days. I paid him several visits, and always found his cabin neat and clean, his earthen floor swept and garnished. He spoke in a low, even voice, and told me many interesting things. I realized with a feeling of sadness that he represented a fast vanishing type, which soon will totally disappear, and be known no more save in the history of the wild West.

At the earliest possible moment, Lieutenant Robertson and I took his camera and tripod, and silently stole away to the mouth of the canyon. The two branches of the river came together a few rods above a great wall of bare brown rock, a hundred feet high, which really is a part of the southern side of Rattlesnake Mountain. Through a crack in the mountain about as wide as Nassau Street, between perpendicular walls of bare rock, the river swirls and roars down eight miles of black mystery never penetrated by living man. It is said that logs which enter the mouth of the canyon unscarred come out kindling-wood below.

It is idle to believe or to say that the water has cut that canyon, for it has done nothing of the kind. An earthquake did it; my word for it. Had it been left for the river to erode, on its own hook, long before the pent-up waters had started a cutting through that flinty carboniferous limestone, the river would blithely have gone southward around the mountain, where the wagon trail runs, and found easy flowing, with no rock to excavate.

We went into the dark and gloomy mouth of the canyon, as far as any man may go, and soon were stopped by the lack of footing. Fifty feet farther on, the rift turned sharply to the left, taking the foaming waters along with it, and the view ended against a blank wall. Quite near the ultimate point we smelled a strong odor of sulphureted hydrogen and other disagreeable gases, and looked about. Close at hand, under the foot of the overhanging wall of smooth rock, lay a little, innocent-looking pool in a basin no larger than a bath-tub, which was the cause of the bad odors. Close beside it lay a dead porcupine and a dead magpie, both poisoned by those noxious gases. Elsewhere they would have been eaten long ago by coyote or fox; but there beside that deadly spring they lay, untouched.

As we viewed the remains, we remembered the story of the man who went bathing in the pool of a warm spring near the lower end of the canyon, and was killed in his bath by the poisonous gases of the place. On Alum Creek, in the Yellowstone Park, Mr. W. H. Weed, of the U. S. Geological Survey, once found the fresh remains of a large grizzly bear who had been killed by deadly gases while passing up the narrow valley on a lawful errand.

After the Lieutenant had photographed the mouth of the chasm, we returned to camp and held an indignation meeting. Despite the incident of the sulphur spring and its victims, we all voted unanimously that it was a burning shame that an unsullied mountain stream with waters cleaner and clearer than the water supply of any city in the world, and absolutely odorless, should longer remain under the libellous handicap of such a name as "Stinking Water." We decided that that name must go. After a long preamble, we resolved that the stream should be renamed and called the Shoshone. To this moment, I can hear the very tone in which Lieutenant Robertson closed the discussion by saying with emphasis:

"Well, gentlemen, '*Shoshone' goes!*"

When again in Washington, I went to Mr. Henry Gannett, of the U. S. Board of Geographic Names, and filed the protest of the party. He said, "Any change of that kind should be asked for by the residents of the region affected." And I said, "Well, they want it" (we had spoken to the Greens

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and Marston and Sharrock about it), "and they ask it now, through me, as their personal representative."

Mr. Gannett said that he would see what could be done. To this hour, I do not know how much or how little our action had to do with the result; but at all events, it has come about that the name was changed, and the Stinking Water River of that day is now called the Shoshone.

Every hunter of big game will tell you that there are certain experiences which come but once in a lifetime. The glow and exaltation of the day wherein he hunted and killed his first tiger, his first grizzly bear, moose and mountain sheep never can be felt twice over the same species. I have had many opportunities to tell the story of my great first day after mountain sheep, but the impulse to set it down on paper never came to hand until now.

North of our camp, from the river's ice-fringed bank rose Rattlesnake Mountain, 2,000 feet high (so we guessed) and as steep as the roof of a house. Along its base grew quaking-asps and birches, and above that, lodge-pole pines climbed up the gulches, and straggled thinly along the steep slopes. Along the crest of the mountain, which above the Forks was about four miles long, there ran a precipitous wall of light gray rock two hundred feet high, of the form known throughout the West as rim-rock.

As we sat on our horses in front of Charlie Marston's comfortable log cabin, and looked for the first time up that steeply-towering height, some one remarked:

"Well, gentlemen, here's hoping that we won't have to climb up *there!*"

The next moment Lieutenant Robertson said:

"Marston, where shall we go for elk?"

"Right up *there*," said Marston, calmly pointing up the steepest portion of the mountain!

The next morning we went up. Our start was a trifle late, and the way we struggled with that mountain during the next two or three hours was an experience not to be forgotten. Two miles from the river we had to dismount and scramble up on foot. From high living and insufficient exercise, our muscles were soft, and for a little, simple climb, that mountain-side was absurdly difficult.

The real trouble lay in the footing. Nearly the whole mountain-side was covered with clean, angular limestone, broken into pieces the size of egg coal, and lying loose. The action of the weather had brought it down from the rim-rock, and it constituted what is called "slide-rock." Going up over it was like climbing a pile of egg coal fifteen hundred feet high, covered with three inches of light snow. In every step upward, one ploughed back half a step.

Of course we led our horses by their bridles. At first we rested every hundred feet, then every fifty, and at last every twenty-five. Our hearts beat as if they would burst our veins, and our faces turned scarlet. But for a tiny spring that we found half way up, we would have suffered from thirst.

My horse was a gallant and strong bay, who led not wisely but too well. Owing to the horribly bad footing, the fierce upward rushes of the horses often brought him upon my heels, and I had hard work to keep him from laming me. At last his crowding upon me became intolerable, and I decided to let him rush past me to a position at the heels of the next horse in the line.

As he scrambled past, the slide-rock flying downward from his iron-bound hoofs, an inspiration came to me. Why not fling Appearances to the winds of Wyoming? With great presence of mind I reached forward, seized Van by the end of his flowing tail, and shamelessly held on. I made him help me up, and the noble fellow did not resent it in the least. On the contrary, he entered into the arrangement so willingly and so cheerfully I became convinced that it was precisely what he had desired and *advised* from the start, but I was too stupid to understand. I needed one of the modern animal-mind-readers to help me out.

Dear old Van! It is impossible that he should still be in Troop A of the First; but he was a fine horse for a hunter, and I wish him well.

Our first day on Rattlesnake Mountain was a blank. We topped the summit exactly opposite a band of elk that was feeding in the pine timber near by, at the edge of a mountain park. But our slow and noisy struggle upward over the slide-rock, and the wind in their favor, had notified them of our coming, and they fled so promptly and so far we did not even get sight of them.

The long trip up and down in one short

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The mountain-sheep hunter.

day meant a ruinous loss of time. That night, as we gathered around our mess-table, and feasted with outrageous hunger, I said:

"Gentlemen, to-morrow night I sleep on the top of Rattlesnake Mountain."

"You're quite right," exclaimed Robertson, promptly. "I'm with you!"

At daybreak, Robertson, Fleming and I, with one pack-mule, forded the river and started up. We were tenderfeet no longer. Our climb of the previous day had done wonders toward getting us into condition; and we went up in excellent form and fairly quick time. As we paused at the spring to drink, and look back at the beautiful panorama spread out far below, we saw two mule-deer standing like statues on the outermost point of a rocky bracket of the mountain that thrust out into space an eighth of a mile below us, and to the right. They had been interested spectators of our climb aloft, and watched us intently as long as we had time to look at them.

At last we climbed the topmost ten feet, and stood upon the edge of an open glade that spread over eighty acres of the summit plateau. Looking westward, we saw no life. Looking eastward—on the highest point of the plateau's edge were two more wild-animal statues.

"Well, if that don't beat all!" exclaimed Robertson very softly.

Half a mile away, across an expanse of silvery snow, immovable as marble, stood two old mountain-sheep rams, intently regarding us. They, too, had been interested spectators of our toilsome ascent. They did not run, because they knew they were far beyond rifle shot.

Robertson said, "You never have killed a mountain sheep, and I have. They are yours. You go for them, and Fleming and I will take a look off in the other direction. If we don't meet before night, we will camp down yonder, in the edge of those pines. Good luck to you!" And one of the best fellows I ever hunted with quietly headed

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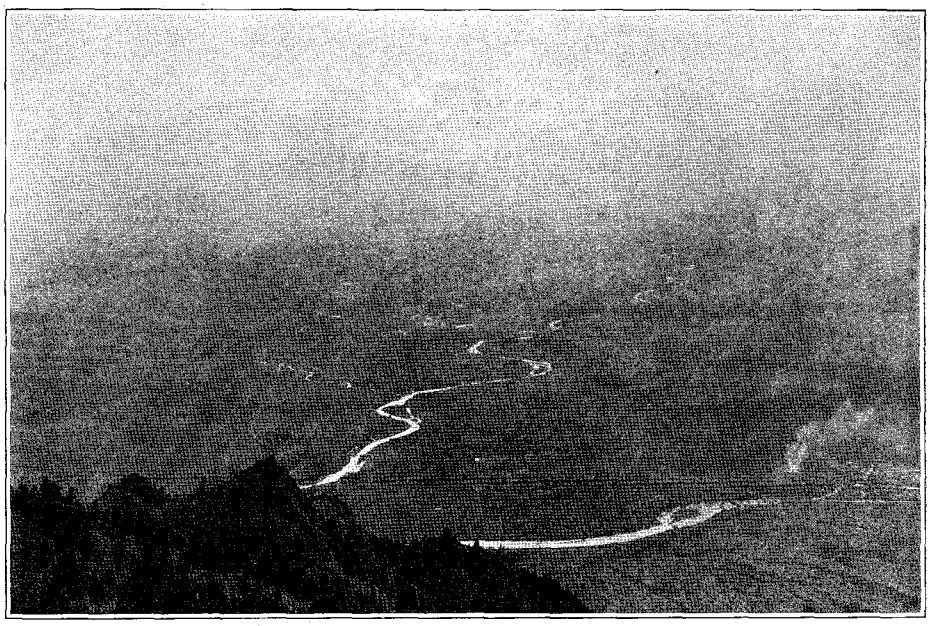
westward, followed by Fleming and the pack-mule.

Left to my own devices, and a chance for a mountain sheep, it took only a moment to plan a course that seemed to lead away from the sheep, a hidden détour in the timber, then a stalk toward the ram-infested point. The snow was about knee deep, but thanks be! there was no crust worth mentioning. When about opposite the Point of Sheep, I tied Van in the timber, and with as little delay as possible stalked



The two forks of the Shoshone River.
As seen from Rattlesnake Mountain through the smoke of forest fires.

forward to a clump of stunted cedars which I had marked down as a possible firing point.

As I expected, the sheep had moved, and were no longer visible. When fully assured of this, I brought Van up to the cedars, tied him in a good situation, then entered seriously upon a hunt for my missing rams.

There are scenes which impress themselves upon the mind of a hunter with a degree of sharpness second only to that of a photographer's negative. That day produced many such. Looking westward from the spot where the mountain sheep had posed for us, there sloped away a field of frosted silver, its immaculate surface criss-crossed by game-trails where many an elk and mountain sheep had ploughed through the snow. The tumbled snow in the furrows caught and reflected the rays of the cold November sun, and the trails glistened on the smooth snow-field like a net of burnished silver laid on a sheet of hoar frost. Near at hand I saw two spots, each ten feet in diameter, where the two mountain sheep of my desire had recently been pawing through the snow to get at the tall spears of bunch-grass that thrust up bravely from below. As a place to dine, that snow-field looked anything but inviting; but of this, more anon.

Of course I set out without delay to follow the trail of my rams. Their trail through the snow was so plain that a blind man could have followed it—provided he could wade or wallow. Naturally, I expected to overtake my game in a short time, for there was no sign that it had been seriously alarmed. The rams had simply grown weary of waiting for me, and strolled off leisurely along the edge of the rim-rock.

After half a mile, the trail suddenly dropped over the edge of the rim-rock, into the head of a terribly steep notch, and went

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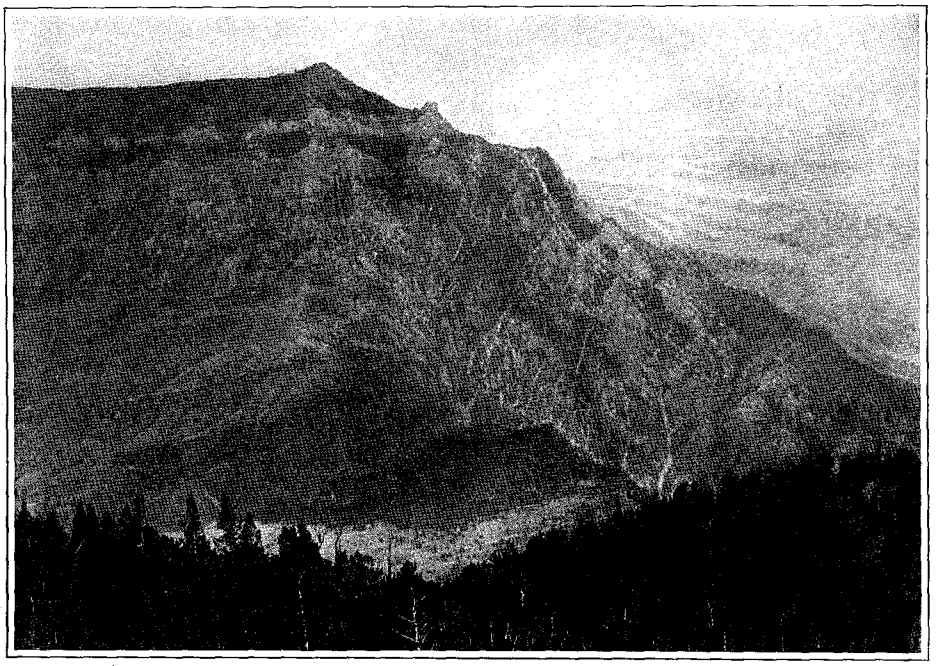
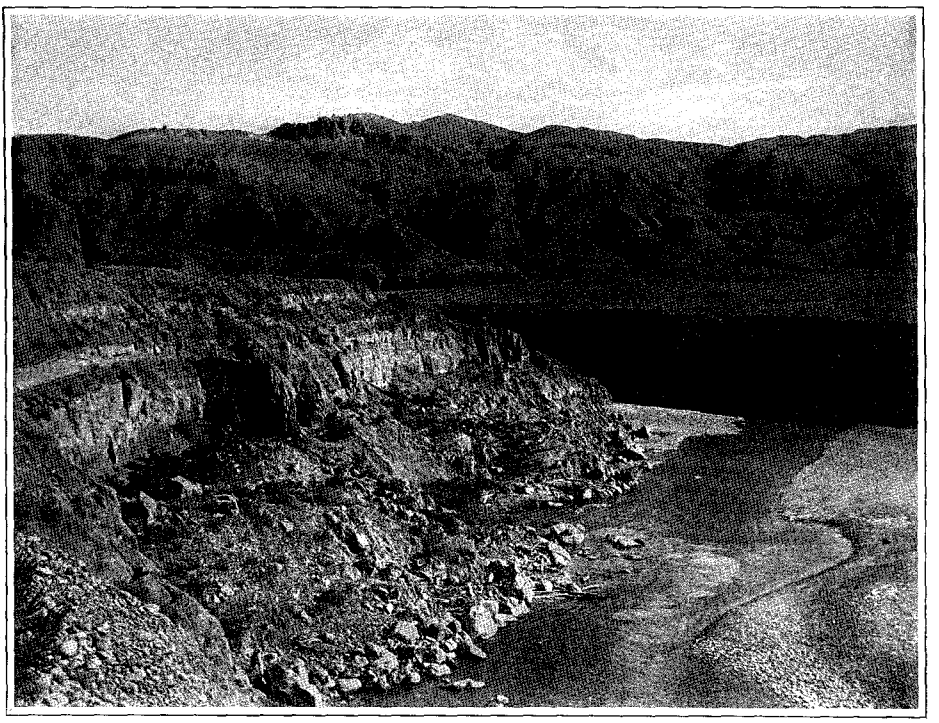


From Rattlesnake summit.



The Shoshone River and Bad-Lands, below Corbett.

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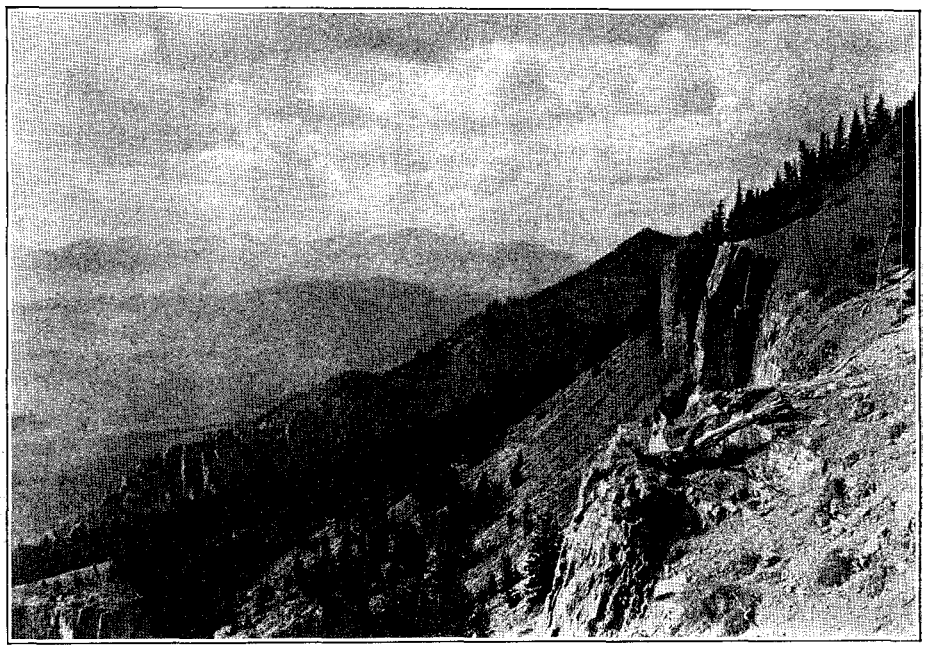

The side of Rattlesnake Mountain up which we climbed.

plunging down. Smothering my regrets, I followed it, and in course of time scrambled down to the base of the precipice. For a short distance it led on eastward along the foot of the wall, then blithely skated off diagonally downward across the loose slide-rock, as if heading for the mouth of the canyon. After a descent of three hundred feet or so, I said:

"This will never do! Up or down, they can go ten feet to my one. I must find them by head-work, or not at all."

Turning abruptly, I headed upward into another notch, and presently stood once more, breathless and perspiring, upon the summit of the rim-rock. Then I set out to find my game farther on, somewhere at the foot of the rim-rock wall, two or three hundred feet below.

Of that fine fringe of rockwork I inspected every yard. Where the plateau thrust ragged, wedge-like points far out into space I cautiously stalked out upon them, knelt, and peered over the edges in both directions, as far as it was possible to see.

Hours passed thus; but no sheep. All along, I had stolen glances at the scenery, but at noon I sat down upon a dizzy point, to revel in it, and incidentally to rest. There are times when it is good to be absolutely alone; and that was one of them.

"This," I said, "is truly the home of the Big-Horn, the gallant mountaineer of the Rockies."

Two yards beyond my feet, the perpendicular wall of rock dropped to the head of the first slope. From that, the finely-broken slide-rock sloped down so steeply it seemed from above as if nothing could stand upon it. Far below, the narrow valley of the Shoshone lay like a map, with a ragged gray line of naked trees and bushes marking the windings of the river. Across the valley another mountain rose, seemingly very near at hand. Beyond that lay another valley—that of the South Fork—backed by a distance which was quite filled with snowy mountain-tops. With my glasses I could make out the two Sibley tents of our camp, because I knew where to look for them; but the sod roof of Marston's log cabin was quite invisible. Two miles away toward the left yawned the narrow black mouth of the Shoshone Canyon, hemmed in by rugged mountains of solid rock.

Behind me, on the plateau side, there rolled away for a dozen miles a glorious succession of rounded hills and hollows, and patches of dark-green pines alternating

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with open glades of frosted silver snow. That was indeed a "mountain park," and it is small wonder that the bands of elk love such spots. Even in winter the glades offer delicious grass, and in times of danger the whispering pines stretch forth their sheltering arms. At all times the wild, uncommon beauty of it all must appeal even to the heart of an elk. A perfect mountain park, in the most beautiful portion of the Rockies, must indeed be seen to be appreciated; and when seen even once, it never can be forgotten.

The scene was so inspiring that its main features then and there demanded rhythmic expression, on the back of an envelope; and this verse was dictated to me by my surroundings. All I did was to write it down!

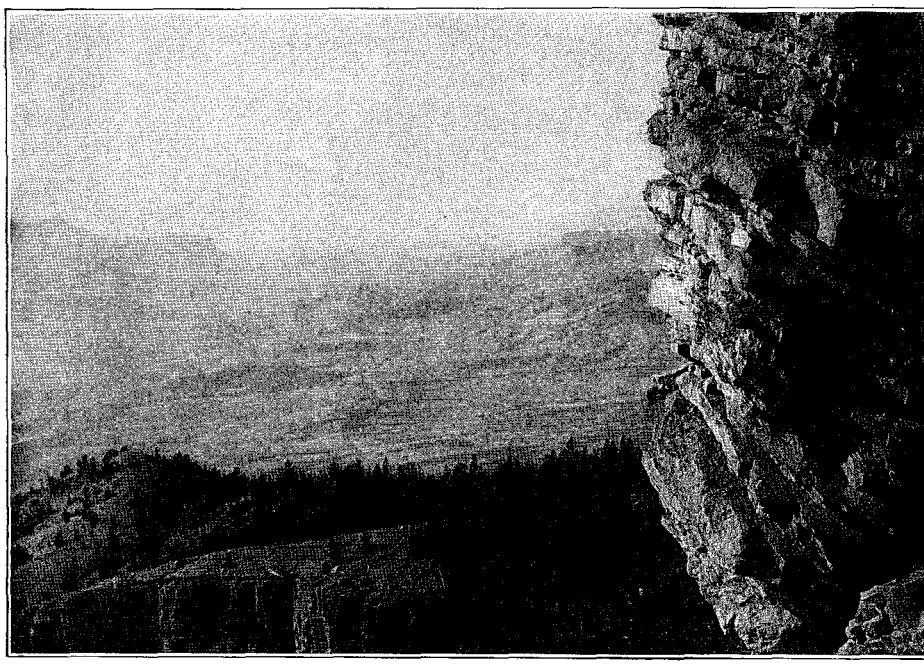
Above the mountain's frowning crest,
Where lines of rugged rock stand forth,
Where Nature bravely bares her breast
To snowy whirlwinds from the north;
High in the clouds and mountain storms,
Where first the autumn snows appear,
Where last the breath of springtime warms,
—There dwells my gallant mountaineer.

But just then the burning question was—Will I find him, or will he continue to dwell? Regretfully recalling to mind what Robertson and the others expected of me, and the reputation which I had to sustain, I pulled myself together, and renewed my hunt along the rim-rock.

Not a square yard of the ground below escaped inspection. *Why* did not those sheep come up again? Surely they would not foolishly rush into the jaws of death by seeking the lower rocks, opposite our camp. It seemed clear that they must and would return.

I worked on eastward until at last the rim-rock ran out altogether; but still no sheep! I was sorely puzzled, and began to feel a horrible fear that after all I might prove myself a bungling sheep-hunter. Think of the disgrace that a failure would bring down upon me, after Lieutenant Robertson had so graciously made me *a present* of those sheep! The case was rapidly growing desperate.

Looking off northward across the top of the pine timber, I saw a mass of smooth rock rising above the trees, like an islet coming up out of an evergreen sea. It was perhaps a hundred feet high by a quarter of a mile long, and by no means an ideal



The valley of the North Fork of the Shoshone.
From the rim-rock of Rattlesnake Mountain.

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haunt for sheep. But, remembering that I am one of those who cannot always tell precisely what wild animals will do, or why, I trudged off through the timber to hunt conscientiously all along those rocks.

By that time, however, I had become thoroughly weary. In addition to climbing the mountain, I had been for several hours steadily wading through sixteen inches of heavy snow—which, after the first two hours, is a serious matter. I knew that, according to the well-known and oft-recorded recipe—"Get above him"—I should climb to the *top* of those rocks, and look down; but I was so dead tired that I said, "What is the use? There are no sheep here!" (And *at that moment* I was right.)

Slowly and wearily I ploughed along to the farther end of the rocks, saw no living thing save a solitary magpie in flight, then turned and waded back again. In the pine timber, the snow was somewhat deeper than in the glades, and by the time I once more reached the western end of the ridge I was well fagged. As I was turning away from the rocks, to strike through the timber back toward the rim-rock, I turned—purely as a matter of hunter's principle—for my *very last look* at the end of that ridge.

"*Carramba!*"

On the highest point of the rocks, with big, circling horns sharply outlined against the sky, there stood at that very moment a grand old mountain ram! He was statue-like, with his front feet braced slightly apart, staring in wide-eyed wonder and curiosity down *at me!* He was not more than three hundred feet distant, and the old fellow's astonishment at suddenly seeing me there, wallowing in the snow, was very great. He had walked up to the summit from the sloping northern side, solely to survey the landscape, and see what he could see.

The deadly gas well in the mouth of the Shoshone Canyon.
Dead pack-rat, muskrat and magpie in sight.

Quickly swinging my shoulders a quarter way round, I flung up my rifle, and with a mighty quick sight on the centre of the ram's breast, let go. It was all done while you would count three. Instantly the big sheep wheeled about, and vanished.

It was clear that I ought to rush forward, triumphantly bound up the nearest notch leading to the top, and in a trice stand on the summit; but I simply couldn't do it! My legs were so dead that I could do no more than wallow forward at the pace of an elephant tortoise, and hope for luck.

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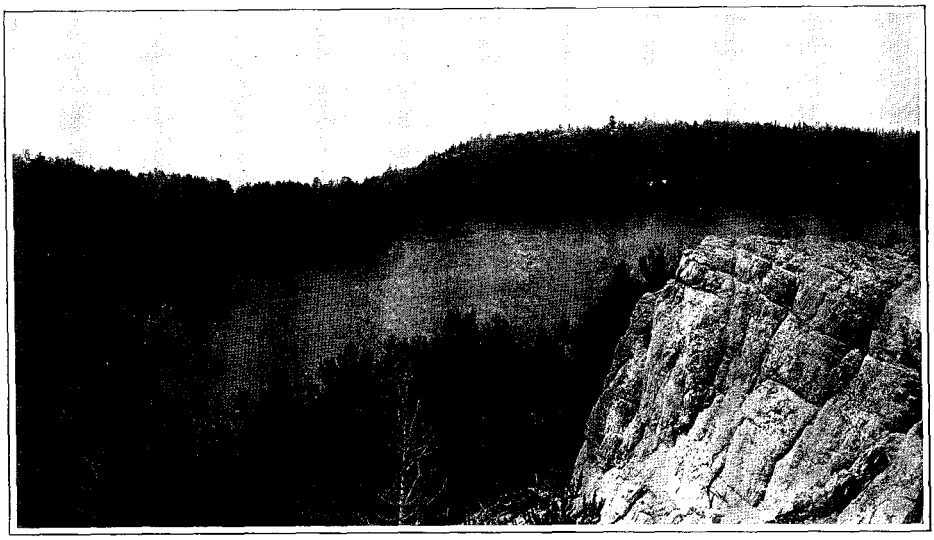

A typical Rocky Mountain park, from my mountain ram's point of view.
Photograph taken from point where my ram stood when he was shot. View looking behind him.

Besides, I thought that hurrying wasn't *really* necessary; for I felt sure that that old ram was mine! Sometimes a hunter feels that way after a shot; and it is a pretty good sign of dead game.

At last I climbed up to the very spot where the sheep had stood when he looked at me. His trail was there, on the snowy rocks, leading forward and back; but nothing more. Not only was he invisible, but there was not even one drop of blood; and he had gone away in great leaps. But still I felt certain of him, and of course set out to trail him.

A hundred feet from where he had stood when he looked at me, the head of a wedge-shaped notch was cut into the rocky hill-top, and drifted half full of snow; and on the brink of that the trail ended. In the head of that notch, thirty feet below, lay my splendid mountain ram—dead, for a ducat. With his last energy he had leaped from the edge, *died in mid-air*, and landed in that soft bed of snow so completely lifeless that he had not moved a hoof. If his dead body had been flung down he could not have landed more perfectly motionless. My bullet had fairly telescoped him. It went through heart, liver and stomach, and lodged in one of his lumbar vertebræ.

Did I think him a grand sight? Truly, I did; and I opine that it was better for me to gloat over him then than for a mountain lion to do so later on. I am no Hindoo, and even yet I have not reached the point where I feel that it is always wrong to kill a wild game animal, especially where wild animals are yet fairly plentiful. I had travelled quite 2,000 miles, spent several hundred dollars for that one shot, and in the Shoshone Mountains sheep were then sufficiently plentiful that the taking of even half a dozen rams would not have threatened the existence of the species. It is very different now.

First I sketched him, just as he lay, then measured him, elaborately. His height at the shoulder was 3 feet 4 inches, his girth 44, and his horns were 14½ inches in basal circumference. Then, and not until then, did I fully appreciate the splendid physique and noble personality of our Big-Horn. How very, very different he was from all the mounted specimens in the museums—as different as a new Rogers locomotive is from a worn-out steam-roller. His pelage had a clean, rich *purplish-blue* tone, and I was astonished at finding from him how much all museum mounted specimens fade out.

His stomach was round and full from good feeding, and his neck and legs were a revelation. I was glad that at last, even though at the price of a little blood and treasure, I had secured a fair and adequate appreciation of the splendid physical quali-

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ties of *Ovis canadensis*, and thereafter could think of this noble species as it really is on its native rocks.

When again I left those rocks, and started for my horse, I had not gone far when I came upon the trail of the two rams of my quest crossing my own tracks, and heading straight for the fatal spot. The old fellows had climbed up to the top of the rim-rock only a *few minutes* after I left its edge, and at very nearly the same point. Seeing that rocky bluff rising above the timber, they had gone straight toward its nearest point—just as I had done! Had that old fellow failed to pose on the summit as he did, in time for the last sigh of the Moor, I would have found their trail five minutes later, and blithely would have followed it to a finish, to the very best of my ability.

In a very cheerful frame of mind, I waded back to Van—who said he was very glad indeed to see me again—and soon found Fleming, already making camp at the appointed spot. He was visibly rejoiced by my good luck, and taking the pack-mule, we hastened back to the sheep. Being strong men, Fleming and I thought we might by good management hoist the ram bodily upon the pack-saddle, and carry it to our bivouac, to show Robertson, and afterward dissect at leisure; but we couldn't do it. The sheep was so heavy and so limp we were utterly unable to lift it upon the mule.

We then skinned the ram, and dressed the carcass neatly, after which we were able to pack both meat and skin upon patient Long-Ears. On opening the stomach we found within it fully half a bushel of half-digested bunch-grass, showing that the efforts of the sheep in pawing through sixteen inches of snow for its food had been entirely successful.

We reached camp just at sunset, and soon made ourselves comfortable for the night, with a deep bed of balsam boughs, laid in a snowy excavation. Robertson did not appear, but we knew there was no cause to worry. Fleming saw him kill a sheep, and go chasing down the mountain after a second one (which he secured), so we felt sure he had waded the icy river and gone on to camp rather than climb back to our lofty lair in the snow.

The night was stinging cold, but beautifully clear. After we had dined on a perfectly scandalous number of mountain-sheep steaks—as fine a dish as ever cheered and comforted a hunter—and given our faithful animals their oats, we crawled in between many army blankets, tied our fur caps over our ears, and were lulled to sleep by the sighing of the cold mountain breeze through the tops of the pines.

THE GUESTS OF SLEEP

By Theodosia Garrison

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

SLEEP at the Inn o' Dreams—
A kindly host he waits,
And all night long a goodly throng
Comes softly through his gates.

A varied company—
Scholar and clown and king,
Or prince or priest, or great or least,
He gives them welcoming.

For each he fills the cup
Where poppy petals swim,
Wherefrom each guest at his behest
Drinks deeply, toasting him.

And old men drink of youth,
And sad men of delight,
And weary men drink deep again
The pulsing wine of might.

And poets drink of song,
But best and oh, most sweet,
Above that brim where poppies swim
The lips of lovers meet.

Sleep at the Inn o' Dreams—
A kindly host he waits,
And all night long a goodly throng
Comes softly through his gates.

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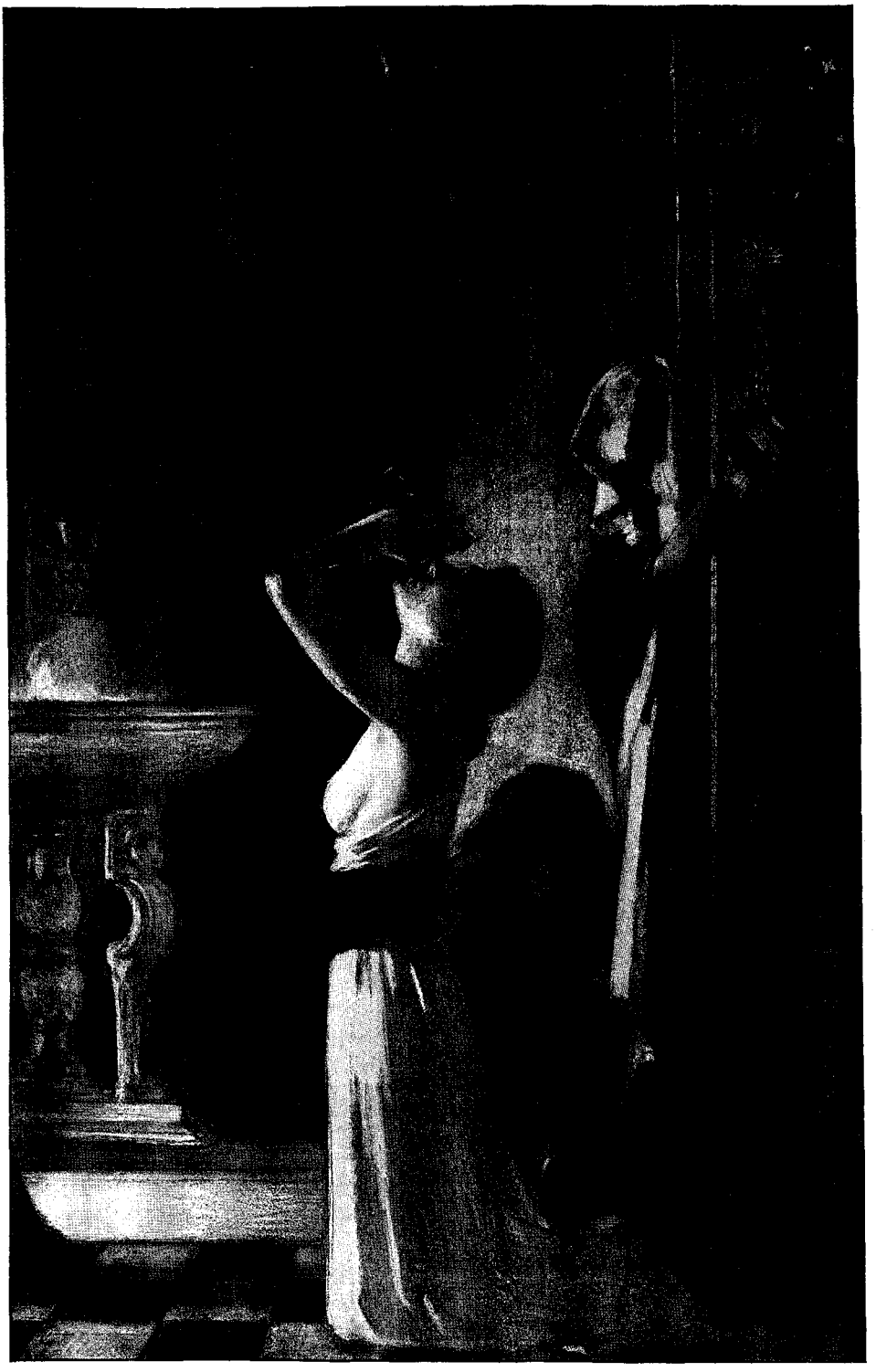

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

For each he fills the cup
Where poppy petals swim.

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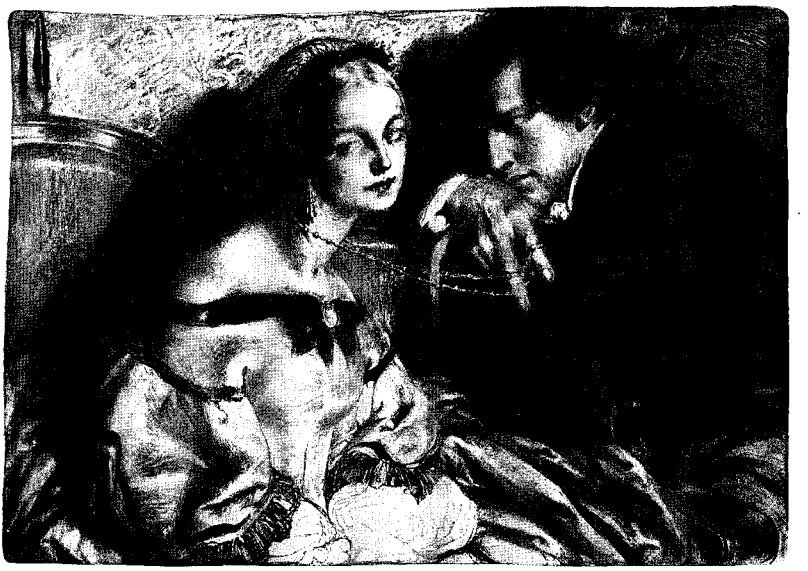

Since '66.

DRYWATER TRESTLE

By Helen Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE O'NEILL WILSON

DRYWATER was seldom concerned with its future. It lay afar—shadowy, unpeopled. An occasional nod, perhaps, to the present, and it drowsed off again into the past—that splendid virile Past—hidden by high, brick walls, centreing the town.

Complacently enough it took the vulgar growth of Point George, the railway terminus, across Drywater Sound to the west; saw unenviously the distant lights of its great hotel reflected in the deep, silent waters.

Drywater needed no hotel, since Miss Alethea Bashe had consented to "receive"; and Drywater had no railway.

"A mile and a half of trestle with a big draw," the chief engineer had reported to the Company building to the Point, "and, once over, *no business*." And had added, a humorous man and observant— "Can't expect much from a town with a cemetery in the middle, and where the male population disports itself in gray cotton gloves."

So the railroad had ended at the Point, a few years after the war, and Drywater breathed again.

Business? Business indeed!!

When a generous George had given, by letters patent to the Dukes of Drywater, an entire county—a long narrow strip, much inletted and bayoued—but a county! When in its county seat still lived their descendants! When in the old court house could still be seen the musty records! Done in fair, old English script, in the days when clerks of court knew how to write.

It was these deeds that differentiated Waterfronters from Backlanders, who came, as Drywater said, from "elsewhere." What if they could boast of ancient lineage! *They had bought their land.*

But, once a year, on the 10th of May, everything—even the Dukes—was forgotten; when, arm in arm, Waterfronter and Backlander, marched to wreathe in flowers their valiant Past—theirs—for, side by side, had they fought in the great blood-letting of the 'sixties.

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True, it was, that the Backlanders had bought. Nearly the entire county now was theirs, and the descendants of the earliest colonists, had, for the price, crowded back into the town.

It was a quaint and quiet place. Wide shell streets, bordered by stunted wind-swept oaks, or Pride of Indias, clipped like green unbrellas, led on three sides to the sound, and north to the rice fields of the Backlanders. Rows of two-storied white houses, with green blinds and two galleries across their fronts, stood back from white-washed picket fences, bristling with Spanish bayonets—back amidst roses and tamarisk trees, and dripped the corallalia vine from one porch to another.

"Dead, and don't know it," was what Miss Bashe's nephew heard a tourist once say. He had come over from the Point, in his yacht's trim launch.

His companion laughed. She was dressed differently from the Drywater women. "Still worse," she said, "they like it."

The Bashe Boy, as Drywater called him, dangling bare legs over his aunt's tiny wharf to watch the motor start, heard these remarks and pondered over them.

For Robert William Edward Bashe and his aunt Alethea were not only Waterfronters, but the last of the Direct Line.

He did not tell his aunt; nor did he speak of it for a long time to their friend, Major Sylvester Crappier, Confederate veteran, rice planter and Backlander—although he saw him every day.

Indeed since '66, the Major had been sailing his "bug-eye" from his plantation to Miss Alethea's wharf. There, as the *Three Samuels* bobbed up and down at its steps, he shed his old cap and outer coat, and produced, from a basket in the bottom, a stiff, high-crowned felt hat and his gray cotton gloves. These adjusted, he rested a moment, his right hand on his left shoulder—painful since Gettysburg—stiff now with the tugging of the rudder.

Drywater—assessing the Major's long-tailed calling suit of black, his white hair and bronzed face under the stiff hat, as

Crept into his arms to hear the war stories.—Page 592.

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he strode across to raise Miss Alethea's knocker, with the Bashe crest cut in its shining surface—Drywater admitted it held nothing more colonial than the Major, at the hour of the call.

As intermarriages between Waterfronters and Backlanders had been occasionally perpetrated, the great Drywater question was—whether a Bashe would? *Could?*

Later years brought the little orphaned nephew, who came in with the Major's toddy, and crept into his arms to hear the war stories.

On Miss Alethea's side—the making of the flag for the Drywater Light Infantry, its presentation, the empty homes, the heart-breaks. On the Major's, the clash of battle, his terrible wound—the capture of the flag.

No later subject than the Civil War was ever discussed, except the Major's losses in rice.

Year after year, these were reported with such discouraging regularity—now ten thousand, now fifteen thousand, once twenty thousand dollars—that the boy's sympathy was moved at last to question.

"He makes a living," admitted his aunt; "more than the men of our family."

The mute, childish eyes spoke relief.

Miss Bashe further explained, "The Major's losses are reckoned by what he *hopes* to make. He is a brave man. He never loses *hope.*"

"Oh," said the Bashe Boy, who was in Profit and Loss under the Rector, but could not recognize the problem.

It was at this same inarticulate age, that he discovered the old records at the Court House, and lived again the lives of the early settlers.

He was with those first ships laden with provisions, and the Dukes' poor relations sent out to reconnoitre. He landed in front of his Aunt Alethea's house. He was the first Robert William Edward Bashe, who, with hand on sword, took possession in the name of God and his King.

But it was the story of one treacherous night that possessed him, when, under cover of the dark, Indian canoes had slipped to shore and the pitiful little settlement was surrounded. His dreams were haunted by the cries of disembowelled patriots, terror-stricken mothers, roasting infants, shrieking virgins, until he awoke to plunge into the cool waters of the sound.

Always, he connected Drywater Sound with the colony's advance—at once its danger, escape, means of hope from afar and livelihood.

Later, it was not its glancing surface, but its depths that interested him. This was when he read of Riparian Rights, and, in trying to find them, had dropped in, stone-weighted. But the result of his investigations, so immediately indicated the primitive hostility of the feminine mind to Science, that he decoyed the Major into the *Three Samuels* for a sail, and put it to him privately. The Major explained.

"Can you sell 'em?" he asked definitely.

The Major looked suspicious, "I reckon so," he said, tacking.

When heads were up, the boy led to his other question, which he had waited for years to ask.

"Why don't real ships come to Drywater now, Major Crappier? They used to."

"That they did," replied the veteran in proud reminiscence. "But Norfolk and Charleston and Jacksonville get it all these days." He sighed.

"Why? It's just as deep as ever. Is it because Drywater's *dead*, Major?"

They had sailed around Fort Bashe, and were heading toward the dunes which stretched miles away to the south.

The Major looked back at the flag flapping over the fort. A thin mist floated before his eyes. In it, he saw another flag, and the dead boy heroes who had fought for it. A catch came in his throat for his lost youth. Then he answered slowly, "Yes, Boy, I reckon we about are."

At the inlet, the tide was rolling in. For a moment nothing was heard, but the bellying leg-o'-mutton sail, the bug-eye's sharp swish through the water.

He shook the spray from his cap, and saw the sober face beside him.

"We will measure Drywater, Boy," he laughed cheerily. "Why not?" He steadied the rudder with his leg, and weighting a fish line, slipped it over the stern. It sped away slanting in the stiff breeze.

"But, Major Crappier," the young watcher expostulated, "you're not allowin' for wind, nor tide, nor anythin'!"

"Pull it in," said the Major sharply, turning the boat's nose for the little home

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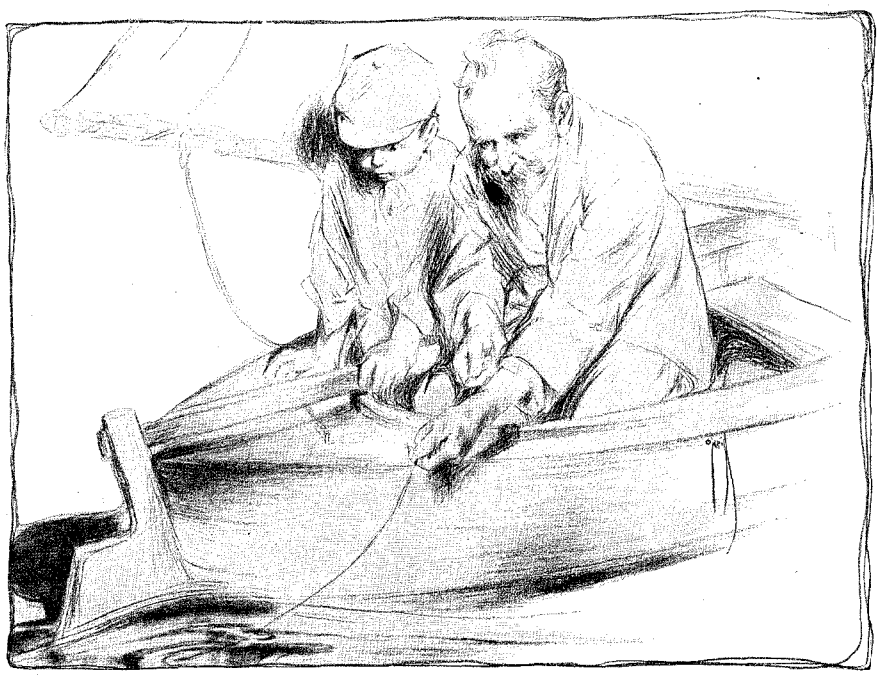

"We will measure Drywater, Boy."—Page 592.

wharf—but under his breath he solemnly drawled, "My God, that boy's got *sense!*"

After this discovery, it was but a step to the Boy's workshop, where the wondering old campaigner saw models of boats and bridges, a boy's crude attempts at the mechanical drawing of working plans.

Drywater's youth usually studied under the Rector, and then read law with Judge Bashe Prideau.

Major Crappier held many communings with the *Three Samuels*, as he sailed up and down the Sound. Then one day at the calling hour, he dispatched the Boy on an errand. "He must go to our University, study engineering," he said positively, after giving his reasons.

"What will the Judge and my other kinsmen think? His progenitors have all been men of law," answered Miss Alethea.

The visitor was silent a moment. "Perhaps," he said a little wistfully, "it is time to change."

Miss Bashe made no reply. She was thinking.

"He may be another Craighill," the Major suggested hopefully. "You remember the engineer who built the road to the Point?"

"Heaven forbid," she exclaimed clasping her hands. "The blood of Drywater is on his hands."

"No doubt," was the cheerful rejoinder. "I myself took *theirs*, thank God. But when I look at that Boy, I begin to think that it was a long time ago."

"Ah! to me it seems yesterday. He is so like—the others."

There was a pause. "Alethea, you could have changed all this. You can now. Make it easy for him to go."

Miss Bashe's cheeks were like the autumn roses in her garden. "Not in the way you mean, Sylvester. A Bashe—a Waterfronter—" she smiled.

"Let me be his best friend, then. Let me send him," he returned, not disconcerted.

"You have ever been our best friend," she replied tremulously. "I cannot, I can do neither."

"Then he can't go?"

Miss Alethea's pause was a long one.

"Since you think best, he shall go."

The Major hesitated. The question seemed too indelicate. "How will you?"

"Hereafter," she interrupted, "I shall receive."

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II

No one knew what Miss Bashe's decision cost the Major. He had gained his point for the Boy by placing the burden upon her. Yet, at his suggestion, she had defied all Drywater, all Bashe precedent. The Major's annual estimate of his rice crop reached twenty-five thousand dollars.

Miss Alethea, preparing for the exigencies of a deteriorated standard—a Bashe unfitted for the law—opened the silent homes of her dead brothers, which adjoined her own, and put a notice in the *Banner*.

Drywater had felt no such upheaval since the capture of the Light Infantry's flag.

Headed by Judge Prideau, her kinsmen rallied. She anticipated them, held them at bay, as it were, behind a bowl of foamy eggnog.

"My niece's reasons for violating the sanctity of her home are doubtless cogent," the mellowed Judge said afterward to the Rector.

"The Doctor suggests the Major's influence."

"You don't know history, suh: my mother was a Bashe. Rarely is a Bashe influenced."

The Rector had married one. He shook his head. "But the Doctor says——"

"Tush, the Doctor! All a Doctor is good foh is to cut off our liquor, suh!"

The Rector looked back. A long line of relatives were following from Miss Bashe's house. He lowered his voice. "But this Boy evidences a fatal lack of interest in the Latin Grammar."

The Judge fumed irascibly. His promising sons had fallen at Fort Bashe, early in the war.

"He also works mathematical problems to which there are no answers in the book. Can you explain that?"

"Can you explain, suh, what any puppy sees when he first gets his eyes open? Keep his nose to his exercises. At least he is a Bashe."

Meanwhile the cause of the disturbance had his own high resolve.

From the day he had heard Drywater considered dead, he knew there was a live world outside.

He would find it and bring it to Drywater.

From the day the Major's losses had been explained to him, he knew that his

"When all we ask is to be let alone; alone with our past."—Page 599.

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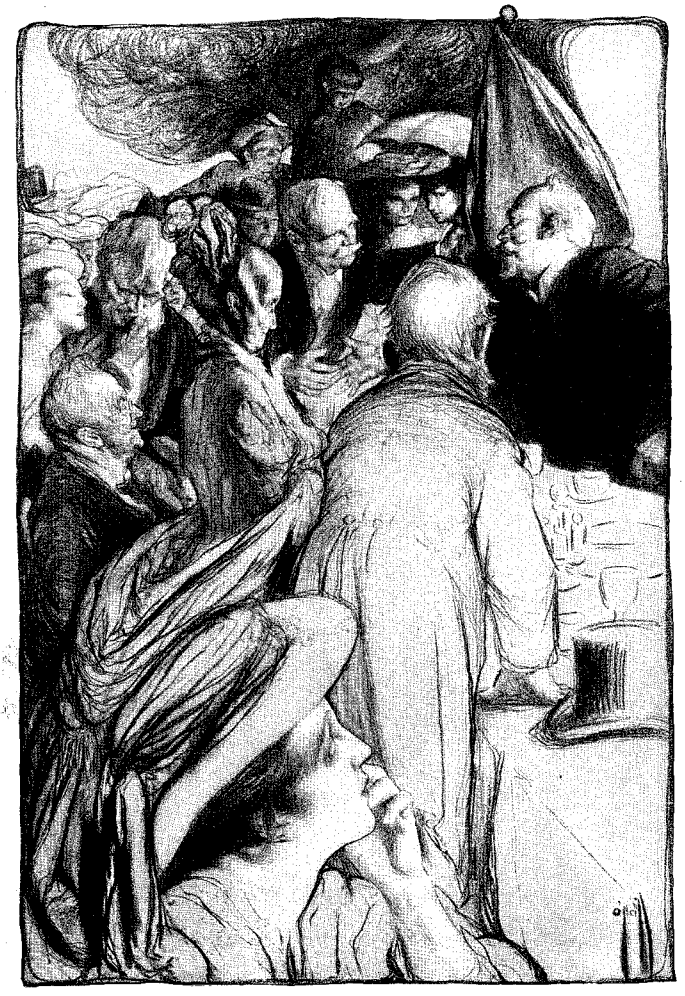

It was the Major's lean, brown hand that was thrust toward him.—Page 600.

protectorate over his two elders had been established.

He must accept the responsibility.

The Sound offered itself as the natural solution. Because of it, Drywater had once been commercially great. Drywater must again be great, with a future forged by strong links to her past.

As Science opened the way, he studied the tides, the currents, the channels of the great Sound. He measured. He took borings. Oh! he knew Drywater's depths now! He knew, too, the habits of the teredo and the creosoted protection of pilings. He knew forests of uncut cypress and long-leaf pine; pile drivers and drawbridges.

It was over, at length, and, with a big roll of blue prints and estimates, and a letter of introduction from one of his professors, he presented himself at James Craighill's home in New York.

"If on some Sunday afternoon, you can catch him over his Reclus making little maps, he will listen," advised the professor, who had been Craighill's classmate at Harvard years before, and still knew his habits.

So Robert found the great engineer in his library hard at work. Occasionally he would consult a volume of "The Earth and Its Inhabitants," spread out before him.

Craighill was crossing a pass in North Baluchistan. He stuck a pin in the pass, and greeted the young man.

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He put his strong, young arms around them both.—Page 601.

Then he reread the professor's note, and glanced again at the card, with the long Bashe name.

At this Robert ventured, "At Drywater, they still call me 'The Bashe Boy.'"

"Drywater? Why, where are your gray cotton gloves?"

Robert laughed, and they were friends.

"Moved the cemetery yet?" The joyousness fled from the youth's face. "No," Craighill answered himself in another tone, "No, I suppose not. Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Bashe?"

The young engineer went into a brief explanation of his plans:—To trestle Drywater Sound from Point George to the town, and utilize the great natural harbor as a port. The coast could boast of no such other deep water, with the ocean only a mile outside.

"Strange," Craighill said. "When I built the railway, I only thought of the town; and of those waters as an obstacle."

"Yet Drywater was once a port."

The older man listened thoughtfully. "It must be fifteen years since I cruised there with my wife, and the place then was as dead as when I built the road."

Robert smiled. "You said so."

"Possibly. Why?"

"I was a small boy watching your motor, and the idea impressed me—a dead town."

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"And you've been thinking of this ever since?"

"Ever since. I reckon it's the only thing I ever have thought about."

"Then I'm sure it's worth while. Just take a look around, until I get my men over this pass." And Craighill took out the pin and returned to his map.

Left to himself, Robert glanced about the spacious room. Tall mahogany cases built into the wall held row after row of serious, technical volumes, written in several languages. Underneath the cases were wide drawers, one or two open, revealing exquisitely drawn maps; for it was Craighill's pastime in his busy, idle moments to bring his Reclus up to date.

Between the book-cases hung engravings of men—the chief actors in the Civil War—Lincoln, Lee, Davis, Grant. Robert wondered, until he recalled that the great engineer had figured then as a gallant colonel.

At length in a revolving book-case, he espied an expensive reference book he had longed to consult, and was soon deep in its contents, moving nearer to a window as the light waned.

Craighill finished the map, lighted his reading lamp, and was soon absorbed in the blue prints.

When Robert could no longer see, he got up and walked about the room. His heart was in a tumult of fear, hope, dread. Would he secure this great man's assistance? Would the trestle be built—an important port eventually be established?

The silence was impressive. His footfall on the thick Persian rug made no sound. He moved quietly about, examining certificates of membership and medals from many engineering societies, indiscriminately placed with souvenirs of the war.

Quite suddenly, in a dim corner, he came upon a slender glass case, containing a flag.

He paused recognizing the familiar Confederate bars, and, seeing in one corner the insignia of his State, bent forward, eagerly curious.

It was the flag of the Drywater Light Infantry—a ragged, blood-stained remnant—but the flag.

Before this emblem of his people's heroism, he lingered motionless. The past surged over him. The Major's arms encircled him. He was listening to the war stories. Opposite sat a little lady dressed in mourning, with her hair smoothly parted and caught high with a large shell comb.

She was telling, in her soft voice, of the making of the flag—here were the painstaking stitches. Now the Major was speaking—here, too, were the blood-stains!

Robert had been taught to look beneath the ashes of defeat for the glow of an ideal that had made great a little band. Its symbol was before him.

Under memory's opiate, Craighill's voice came to him remotely, and, looking up, he saw the room was suffused with light.

"This is all well worked out," he was saying.

Robert returned to the table flushed with his praise.

"Who knows of it?"

"No one."

"Drywater?"

"I've not taken Drywater into my confidence."

"Why did you bring it to me?"

"I knew of you, of course. Knew you had built, and now largely owned the road to Point George. Knew that road's charter held the right to cross those waters. Knew you were a classmate of the professor's——"

"Hold on," interrupted Craighill, laughing; "you've given sufficient reasons for the faith that is in you. The scheme interests me. I want to help you—but a trestle and a draw across a navigable stream can't be built by the grace of God."

Robert smiled. "Another reason for my bringing the papers to you."

Craighill resumed more seriously, "After the backing is secured, then comes the application to the War Department. There it will go to the Chief of Engineers, and then to the Engineer in charge of that district. He will ask in all the papers what the people think."

"And I have scarcely thought of what they will think."

"Yet hostile they can involve endless litigation—your fisheries. Still fishing up the county?"

"Yes, it's a very considerable industry."

"I judged so by our reports. Now, whenever the word 'draw-bridge' is mentioned, the fishermen fly to the protection of their interests."

"If a shad six inches wide," said Robert

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judicially, "can't go between the twenty-foot spans, my draw plans for the industry aren't worth cultivating."

Craighill laughed. "The narrow engineering view," he said. "Then your State's legislature—" he held up his hands— "I know how our earnings have fallen off since they cut our freight rates; why, the most radical members are from your county."

"This trestle doesn't only concern Drywater," replied Robert. "The whole State will benefit by the deep-water proposition. Particularly if the Point George road is extended west to the coal-fields. The State can't help but see that."

"I'm not talking about the project—I pledge myself to it—but how will it strike the people? We haven't spoken, either, of the owners of the water front and the Riparian Rights."

"Oh, I can answer for them."

"How, if they know nothing?"

"Because my aunt and I own about all that we will need."

"Well, I'll be—" Craighill broke off suddenly. "No," he laughed, "Drywater isn't dead—not *yet!* I was warning you, because I know how Drywater can fight."

Robert's glance followed Craighill's to the captive flag.

"It surprised me to see it here. I—we—have never known where it was."

"But a youngster like you! How did you know it?"

"Know it!" cried Robert, his clear voice waking the silent room. "When my aunt made it. When the Major—all of them—fought for it! Why, for Drywater, everything ended when it was taken."

Craighill rose and began to walk up and down the long room. "You are right, Boy, I forgot that."

"And you have had it always?"

"I had drilled our battalion when it was forming. So, after Gettysburg, they—those who were left—sent it to me." He took in the portraits with a broad sweep of the hand. "I guess you wonder why I have them *all* here."

"They're seldom grouped" returned Robert, rising.

"Why not? Since they've made our composite American Patriot to-day. In the lonely vigils every engineer keeps, he learns to know the worth of a man, whether or not he agrees with his opinions."

"You think we need their salient characteristics?"

"Just as they needed those of our pioneers! It has taken nearly fifty years to understand Jefferson Davis, because of that rare quality, his perfect consistency. Grant's tenacity of purpose——"

"At least we understand that!" Robert interposed. He had joined Craighill.

"But to attain it!" said the older man. "And Lee's self-sacrifice to an ideal——"

"He gave up more than all the others."

"Yes, as a West Point man, he would have been *our* Commander-in-Chief——".

The youth paused before Lincoln's portrait, gazing at the rugged outline. "In his martyrdom, beloved," he said.

"Beloved for it, aye! But great, *great* for his infinite charity. 'If I should deliver my body to be burned,'" quoted Craighill, "'and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'"

"'The greatest of these,'" murmured the Boy.

Craighill grasped his hand in good-by.

"I am glad you introduced him to me—our Composite American Patriot," young Bashe said, after an eloquent pause; "and yet"—he looked toward the flag.

"What?"

"And yet, if we believe in him, why do we keep each other's frayed-out standards to mark those fearful victories?"

Craighill stared. "It is a mistake," he said.

III

Warm May breezes tossed the tasselled tamarisks, wooed the roses, flecked Drywater's white house-fronts with swaying tracery.

For months the pile driver's thud had fallen upon unwilling ears. Unwilling noses had sniffed the odor of creosote. Unwilling eyes had been averted from Point George—yet still the trestle crept on.

Point George, trembling for its vanishing prestige, had crawled out on the running boards as far as the draw foundations, only to hear youthful Drywater jeering across the opening.

The draw was placed now, track laid, and testing trains rumbled back and forth across the finished structure.

So the first mutterings of Divine wrath must have troubled Eden.

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Miss Bashe was enjoying her spring respite. The tourists had gone. It was early for weary mothers and teething babies from the hot, interior counties.

Galleries connected the three houses now and the corallalia had rioted across to cover the scars.

Miss Bashe's crisp steps tapped back and forth from house to house. Everything must be in readiness for the 10th of May, when, in honor of its completed additions, the railroad would extend its hospitality to the State.

Since her Boy had grown, and especially since his plans had been adopted by a Northern Syndicate, and were pushing to completion under his direction, Miss Bashe has accustomed herself to all sorts of quick, queer innovations.

Miss Alethea shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out to sea.

Hither had come the first adventurous Bashe: this one would take them all—whither?

Not but that she and the Major realized that Drywater had turned from him, since he had ruthlessly exposed the future in all its naked glitter.

But, deep in her heart, Miss Alethea held a conscious confidence that this resourceful Bashe would find some means to reconcile it with the past.

Craighill had expected a fight; but, throughout, Drywater had maintained an austere aloofness.

"And it is the silences of life that are impressive," thought Miss Alethea. She dropped her gaze to the street below, hearing voices, and saw her uncle Bashe who, with the Doctor and the Rector, was coming to pay a morning call. She tripped softly within to be ready to greet them.

"They say I will benefit by the sale of my property," Judge Prideau was saying, in his high cracked voice. He was a very old man now, muffled always in a gray shawl, and leaning upon a cane. "What is it to me? Both boys gone; the flag gone; soon I—" His voice ended in the cough of feeble age.

"We are not shopkeepers, like those people opposite," said the Rector, who had fought with the Doctor in the Light Infantry. "They will lose business. We will get it——"

"When all we ask is to be let alone; alone with our past," was the old man's querulous interruption.

"Nobody will be satisfied," the Doctor said. He was a Backlander, and but thinly connected.

"You recall my original contention Judge?" asked the Rector. "The applied sciences can never replace a fundamental deficiency in the classics. They must be absorbed with the mother's milk."

The doctor defended the question of assimilation, but was overruled by Judge Prideau.

"The classics are backbone, suh! The healthy infant can survive without the mother, but without the classics! My mother was a Basne of the *old* stock, suh."

The Doctor hastened to agree. "It is sad to note the decadence of a great name! But your grand-nephew, judge Prideau, is what our fishermen call "the last run of shad."

"Environment more than heredity—" began the Rector disclaiming this sweeping assertion, but was interrupted by the choleric old man.

"Suttinly, suh. Had this youth prosecuted his studies with us, as a gentleman's son, this turmoil about the future would have been averted. Not that I wish to criticise my niece. She acted for the best—for the best," he quavered off, his wrath flickering.

In time, with the Judge's shuffle, they reached Miss Bashe's gate.

"There is our friend, Major Crappier," said the Rector, as he lifted the latch. "He seems distraught."

The Major's whole figure, hurrying up the wharf, denoted agitation—unbuttoned coat and gloveless hands grasping a package of documents.

He acknowledged their courteous salutation by a brief nod, and they entered Miss Bashe's house together, quietly seating themselves after her welcome.

"What is it, Major Crappier?" she asked apprehensively, nervous always when her Boy was away.

"Friends," he cried, "I have great news. The flag is coming home!"

There was a vibrant stillness.

"We must have a great meeting to-night and read all these letters."

A spark of fire rekindled in the Judge's old eyes. "I believe suh, you are the old-

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est surviving officer of the Drywater Light Infantry."

"I have that honor, Judge Prideau. There's but a handful of us," he added brokenly.

"Ah! if they only knew," murmured the Rector.

Miss Alethea returned. "They know."

Major Crappier cleared his throat. "It has come about through the Bashe Boy. Something he said, when he first saw the flag in James Craighill's library."

The Doctor rising made a chivalrous bow toward the lady. "Madame, what does Drywater not owe your family?"

"That is the truth; and our nephew, Alethea, is a chip off the old block." The Judge subsided with approving nods.

"*Hoc meminisse*," began the Rector, in an undertone to his aged friend. "Even a *latent* appreciation of the classics! I grounded him very thoroughly."

The Major again took up the thread. Interruptions, in praise of the Boy could never be too long for him.

"It has taken months to bring it about, for the veterans of our New England neighbor are widely scattered. Craighill went with the flag to the last meeting of the association, which brought most of them together, and they voted unanimously to return it."

"How?" asked the Doctor.

"Their Governor, and one of their Senators, and Craighill are coming. They were all members of the battalion that captured it."

"Gentlemen," suggested Miss Alethea, "the 10th of May is almost here."

The Major smiled. "Our Executive also suggests that date as appropriate, not alone for the sentiment, but because the railroad has hospitably——"

"The railroad!" sneered Judge Prideau, with returning vigor, "My dear suhs, my dear Alethea, where is our own hospitality—? The State must come, our comrades must come as the *guests of Drywater*."

"Then, friends," said Miss Bashe, rising hastily to avoid the twinkle in the Major's eye, "we have much to do."

So Drywater spread its welcome at long tables in its sun-swept streets.

Together, early in the day, they crowned the Past, not with the bitterness of defeat, but with the serene acceptance of history that arises from the gracious recognition of our common heroes.

Is it not all in the type-written records at the old Court House?

How Drywater's mayor received the guests, introducing the visiting Governor, who, in behalf of the veteran association of his State, presented the flag. How the Southern Executive accepted it, for Drywater and for the State, a lasting memorial of heroism and magnanimity. How Major Crappier spoke for the surviving members of the Drywater Light Infantry; Judge Bashe Prideau for the maker of the flag; and young Robert William Edward Bashe, who had linked Drywater's past and present with its future, spoke for the *futurum esse* of Drywater.

It was after all this that Craighill arose. His name was not on the programme, but, as he stood at the end of the visitors' table, where George III Street intersects Bashe, people left their seats to crowd toward him. Drywater knew that he would have something to say.

"It may seem strange to you to-day," he began, "with this symbol of our mutual confidence restored, to recall again the scene of strife; the day when it floated as a Company marker in a little corner of the great conflict at Gettysburg. I see a fierce contest over a stone wall. It is a valuable capture. The Union forces have it. The Confederates rally on an old fence row. They maintain their position stubbornly, largely through the efforts and gallantry of one young officer. His removal is imperative. The orders come to shoot him."

There was a slight rustle of women's skirts, a pressing forward of those who stood back, as if they feared to miss a word. Craighill continued:

"Three of my men fired in turn without effect. The last, as he failed, turned to me, saying, 'It is useless! He is under the care of a Higher Power.' I took the gun; I see him now—God help me—as he fell, dragging the flag with him. But that is war."

The speaker's voice ended in a whisper. There was a hushed silence, as he remained standing expectantly, but the eyes into which he looked smiled.

It was the Major's lean, brown hand that was thrust toward him, and the Major's voice that rang, "Then it's to you, James

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Craighill, that I am indebted for this gunshot wound in my left shoulder."

Afterward they remembered it was young Bashe who led the cheering.

"If there has been anything needed to cement the good fellowship, it was Craighill's telling how he tried to kill me," the Major laughed to Miss Alethea, when they were alone in her drawing-room, in the later afternoon.

The Governors were fishing, and the Judge had taken Craighill to look at the station site he wished to donate.

Miss Alethea smiled, as she sat fondling the flag. In a few hours it would be gone to rest forever in the Hall of History at the State's Capital.

"Everything for Drywater will begin again," said the Major hopefully. "I make sure, with these increased facilities for the shipper, my profits, on rice alone, should reach $50,000!"

"I hope so," said Miss Alethea. Her eyes were wet. She went to the table to place the flag in its wrappings.

The Major followed her. "Don't you think, Alethea, we might begin again with Drywater?"

A tear splashed on the faded banner.

The Major came very close. "Alethea," he pleaded, "it will be such a little journey. Can't we finish it together?"

"If it isn't too late, Sylvester," she was saying, as the Boy entered.

He placed her hand in the Major's, and put his strong, young arms around them both.

"Leave it there, Aunt Alethea, where it belongs."

"*Our* Boy, Alethea," said the Major tenderly.

"But what is to become of him?" she reproached them.

"Why I," laughed the Bashe Boy, "am the future of Drywater."

"Then never forget, child," was Miss Bashe's quaint admonition, "you are the last thing in breeches to bear the name."

Drywater's old query was answered. A Bashe *had*.

IN THE PASSAGE

By William Hervey Woods

"MARK you his look," they said,
"How rapt, how fond! Fair on him, still at sea,
Foregleams the haven where he longs to be."
Yet though aright they read
His dying eyes, 't was he alone that saw
The wind-swept curtains down a silent flaw
Slant toward the candle's head.

And when his lips grown chill
Half-shaped a whisper strange, they said, "He greets
Celestial escorts now, and welcome meets
This side the shining Hill";
And he the while, far off along a lane
Of dreams, went whistling home the cows again
By meadows dusk and still.

They thought in that hushed room
Almost they heard the heavenly voices call
As at the last he listened toward the wall;
But outside, in the bloom
Of passing summer, in his passing ear
The cricket-choir sang vespers quaint and clear,
And early piped him home.

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FRIESLAND MEMORIES

By Florence Craig Albrecht

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMIL POOLE ALBRECHT

PRIMARILY, we went to Leeuwarden because of its great cattle-market. We had gone to Buttermarket in Zeeland, Cheesemarket in many a Holland town, Beemarket in Gelderland, and the spell of trade was upon us. In the autumn there was Texel with its great sheep-sale and Tiel where the big, glossy, long-tailed Gueldrian horses were sold by hundreds, but weekly at Leeuwarden there is held a *Veemarkt*, a cattle-market in which seven thousand domestic animals have been sold in a single morning.

Some one has dubbed Friesland a Cow Paradise and, indeed, the rich, green meadows where milady pastures so luxuriously in summer and the dainty stalls where she ruminates at leisure upon winter days, looking out comfortably through the whitest of lace curtains, the shiniest of polished windows upon a frost-bitten landscape, would seem to have earned it.

The same description would serve for North-Holland and, indeed, a bit of that province was for many centuries West-Friesland and still clings to the name. Yet for all the resemblance in landscape and in industries, although in Holland cows labor perpetually for the cheese-presses, and in Friesland for the butter-factory, the two provinces differ radically; to know one is not to be acquainted with the other.

Friesland towns and cities, Friesland people and customs, Friesland language and literature, bear small resemblance to those of Holland. The two little states could not be more dissimilar in thought if the ocean, not the little Zuyder Zee, separated their dikes. Possibly these differences are not so conspicuous to the hurried tourist and, finding no great picture-galleries or showy amusement palaces in Friesland, he takes a brief glance at its meadows, says "Just like Holland!" and scurries southward to the well-beaten trail prescribed for sightseers. Or, perhaps, he does not go at all. Americans are infrequent as brown cows in Friesland; last summer we saw one of each.

Yet it is but seventy minutes ferriage from Holland. Swift little steamers make the trip from Enkhuisen to Stavoren several times each day. The boats are very comfortable, train service good, the journey well worth while; it is strange that the passenger list so rarely includes foreigners.

In spite of its hoary age, its royal honors and its quaint legends, Stavoren cannot be very highly praised. It is a rather shabby present-day ferry-port, trading for respect upon its great past, but Enkhuisen is a charming little gabled town, all red roofs, tall towers, brown-sailed boats and merry bells, where the town-crier yet goes his news-bearing round and has time to chat with the stranger, while the children are friendly without being tormentingly curious. It is very easy, indeed, to wait over a boat or two there, and the Zuyder Zee at the close of a summer day has a color scheme which would pale an opal's mysterious glow.

So, when we go to Friesland it is by Enkhuisen ferry when the sun is setting and the Dromedary's bells are ringing gayly the closing hours of day, but Leeuwarden may also be very pleasantly reached by train, or by automobile over a well-laid *klinker* (hard-brick) road which links the eastern provinces.

These level tree-shaded roads, dustless in summer, mudless in winter, make admirable paths for the automobile, but Friesland has lakes and water-ways which, to boat-lovers, are yet more appealing in summer weather. Given a good *boeier* (the Frisian pleasure-boat) or a roomy motor-boat, and there is little of the province that one need leave unseen.

Properly, one should go to Leeuwarden to see the Oldehove, its ancient Gothic tower, incomplete, bereft of its church, pathetic reminder of what has been, like the stately pile we love at Zierikzee, or the *Kansellarij*, prettiest of small palaces. One

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should also carefully study the coins—the *penningen*—in the museum, for some are most entertaining, and the evolution of the "Frisian Helmet," as foreigners have called the *boerin's* golden head-piece. And after this, and a glance in the shop-windows, a stroll in the pleasant parks by the *singel*, one should note Leeuwarden down in one's diary as the Frisian Paris, or Little Paris of the North (it is always one or the other in every well-regulated tourist's mind), and go away rejoicing to forget all about it.

Personally, I cannot see the slightest resemblance to the City on the Seine in Friesland's capital, although I hesitate to admit it, having against me the signed testimony of a half-dozen eminent travellers. But then those wise people knew, presumably, all there was to know of archæology and architecture, enjoyed innumerable privileges for adding to their information, and had had enormous experience in drawing deductions and making comparisons while we were quite inconspicuous elements in the market-day crowd, sadly ignorant and possibly devoid of artistic taste to begin with, so we could not be expected to see with instructed eyes.

That does not necessarily mean that we snubbed the Oldehove or ignored the Museum, that we refused to look into shop-windows, or to attempt a photograph of the *Kansellarij*. I recall coming in from Franeker on the tram-car one evening at sunset when the Oldehove looked indescribably lovely in the level light, peering over the tree-tops for a glimpse of its deep red reflection mirrored on the quiet waters at its feet. Poor, sombre old tower, leaning heavily as if weary with its years, but imposing still! Its tale is one of disappointed ambitions. It was to have been the tallest, stateliest, finest tower in all the land, but ere it was completed the gold was exhausted, the foundations settled, the architect died, three good reasons of which the first (a not uncommon one but usually told last and reluctantly) was all sufficient to account for its condition.

But the *Kansellarij* is gay as may be with youthful restorations; it has served a curious variety of purposes since first it was built for Philip Second's Chancellor, yet no great amount of sentiment, pathos or history attaches to it; it must be taken, like a pretty woman, for just what it appears to be, an exceedingly good-looking specimen of its kind.

And the rest of Leeuwarden's buildings, her old churches, her almost modern Stadhuis, her inconspicuous palace, her dwellings, hotels and shops, are they in the least like Paris? Not a bit, so far as we could see.

Fancy a city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, guiltless of street-cars and omnibuses (the steam-tram line from Franeker halts discreetly without the town), easily encompassed in an hour, for its *singel*, its old moat which it has not yet greatly overstepped, is not three miles in extent; a city without great noise or confusion save upon market days, and clean, quiet streets lined by low houses with shining windows peopled by rosy-cheeked serving-women, capped with gold and lace, and demurely dressed, grave-faced citizens. Send red-sailed boats to its very heart until masts are jumbled with electric-light poles and church towers; plant densely foliaged trees beside its quays and a few iron-railed flower-beds in its open squares; give it a water-girdle thronged with hundreds of boats, crossed by a few bridges and many little hand-ferries—and perhaps you will see Leeuwarden.

For a capital city it cherishes many simple customs. China markets are held upon the pavement of the busiest bridges, serving-maids daily beat stair-carpet upon racks in the great open market place, rugs and cushions upon the quays whereon her best hotel looks down.

Freshly ironed clothes hang drying in the open-air before many a low doorway in the Oldehove's shadow; the Dutch clothes-horse is an eminently practical affair quite capable of holding itself and its burden upright anywhere even in a stout gale of wind.

The jewellers' windows are very fascinating. Always there are one, two or three rows of what appear to be gold or silver skulls or, perhaps, just mail-coated cheeses. They are the head-coverings worn by the ancient Frisian maid and matron, the helmets whose evolution from a narrow iron circlet, rudely shaped, to restrain rebellious locks through all the changes in metals and widths to the golden cap of to-day one may trace at the Museum.

From that original iron circlet they derive their present name "*oorijzers*" (ear-

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irons literally), but there are not wanting pious tongues which give them a somewhat religious significance nor sharp ones which aver that the fair Frisian first donned the helmet as a protection from the too-heavy hand of a choleric husband. The *Vrije Fries* has never claimed a lamb-like temper, but this is going a bit too far! What the helmet does prove of him is that he was very generous, for he could easily put the price of many cows upon his sweetheart's blonde head.

When of gold, as is frequently the case, the *oorijzer* is quite expensive. It is most carefully made in thin flexible plates of a very pure metal and covers the entire skull except for a very narrow strip on the crown. The hair must be cropped close and covered with a silk cap to wear it comfortably; even so bald spots are soon worn where it presses at the temples.

Over the glistening martial helmet goes a lace cap with heavy frills at the nape of the neck and huge gold bosses, jewelled sometimes and furnished with pendants to clasp it at the temples, while across the forehead at a rakish angle runs an inch-wide band of wrought gold, silver or platinum, jewelled as richly as one's pocket or generosity allows.

As its jewels are frequently diamonds of fair size it may add any sum to the cost of the head-dress which has already demanded several hundred florins (a florin is about forty cents), so, perhaps, the Fries is not too sorry that it is going out of style.

Crossing from one temple this band indicates the matron, from the other the maid; "a mighty good thing at Kermis when a man knew at once to whom he might speak freely," says our informant, "but now the whole thing is going out of fashion."

It is very true. Slowly but surely these metal caps have slipped into disfavor; in a generation or two at most they will have disappeared except from the antiquary's cabinet or a museum's shelves. Most of the women who wear them to-day have at least passed their prime; their daughters refuse to sacrifice their pretty hair to the old custom. The helmets are rich and curious but they are not positively pretty nor, usually, very becoming. Uncovered they give an Amazonian character to the fair, grave face common to Frisian women, lace-draped they hide the graceful shape and carriage of the head which alone could excuse them. When the Hollander tells you that of all the Dutch costumes the Frisian is prettiest he must reckon beauty by cost, for many a simpler one in other provinces is more picturesquely attractive to the artist's eye. The distinctive dress long since vanished from Friesland. There is little to regret in the helmet's passing except that it marks the abandonment of a very ancient custom which gave the province a certain individuality among its brethren.

But it was to see the cattle-market, not the helmets, that we went to Leeuwarden the first time; the gold caps were only an incident in the game. Be at Leeuwarden some Friday when every boat, every road, is bringing in scores of cattle or other farm products to the great market. You will not be up early enough to see the first comers arrive, but at nine they are not yet all in. That is the time to see the Frisian *boer* and the *boerin* at their best, for they come not only to sell in the city's markets, but to buy lavishly in the city's shops and amuse themselves in its cafés. No poor struggling peasants are these, but wealthy cattle-breeders whose huge farm-houses mark the green Frisian meadows where thousands of placid piebald cows and big, woolly sheep roam at pasture.

Although the glossy, long-tailed, high-stepping Frisian horses are famous in Northern Europe, you will find few of them at the regular weekly market; the great horse-sales take place but twice a year. There may be a hundred rather sorry steeds but they make small showing in a market which holds a thousand cows. Every Friday morning there come in bewildering numbers to the great open market-place by the railway station upon the town's edge black and white cattle, sheep, goats and pigs to stock a hundred farms.

The cattle are gathered in stalls ranged along wide avenues. None suffer from lack of space or light and many trees temper the sun's heat on summer days. They all seem very healthy, thoroughly comfortable, but the unusual scenes, the excitement of numbers have their effect upon the gentlest beast and when a fractious bull or rebellious pig threatens to break loose from his guardians there is noise and commotion indescribable.

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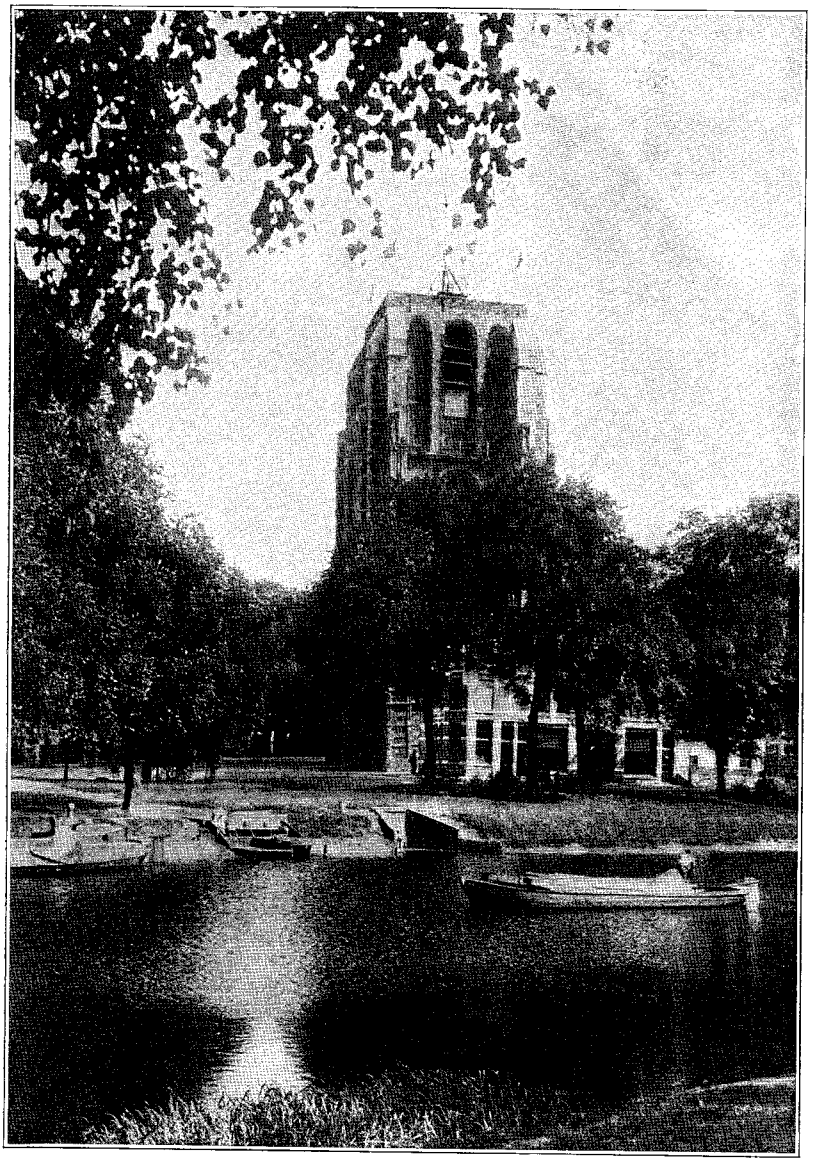

The Oldehove, Leeuwarden.

Peering over the tree-tops for a glimpse of its deep red reflection, mirrored on the quiet waters at its feet.—Page 603.

It is surely no place for a timid woman. Through one gate pass and repass, continually, huge, placid, mild-eyed cows, scarcely able to walk so heavy with milk are their udders, but dehorning is not in fashion in Friesland and they look formidable enough to encourage lurking disbelief in their amiability. Through another gateway go the bulls, willingly enough sometimes, very sulkily at others; occasionally one balks and plunges viciously and there is a great scamper to aid or to evade the battle. I have always been firmly convinced that I can help best by getting out of the way. Not that I am afraid! Oh, no! But a woman is never any good at tying cattle.

You have seen these big fellows often on Paul Potter's canvases; one or two are picturesque but a hundred seem rather

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A tall, lanky farmer with two small cow-babies.

A Friesian shepherdess.

appalling. It is not really the big fellows that make the most trouble, however, or give us the greatest joy.

For pure mirth-provoking (on one side), profanity-inviting (on the other) gyrations the calf has no equal. He comes to market by hundreds; sometimes by boat upon which he has been forced under silent but stubborn protest, yet when the moment comes to leave it he has begun to enjoy the voyage, or is disinclined to change or to exertion, or to swapping masters, or to being amiable, and he elects to remain where he is. In the ensuing struggle ropes are twisted and broken, tempers irretrievably lost, feelings upon both sides severely wounded and patience exhausted, but the disinterested (?) bystander has had fun enough for a dozen mornings.

The goats are less numerous.—Page 608.

Ears and tail may make fair handles.
—Page 608.

Down the street comes a tall lanky farmer with two small, foolish cow-babies. Plainly, they are all from the country and unused to the city's noise. One moment the scared little beasts plant their four stiff legs at impossible angles and refuse to budge an inch, indifferent alike to threats or coaxing, prods, punches, slaps or bunches of sweet grass; the next both are off with a jump in opposite directions, and the poor *boer's* arms are almost pulled from their sockets in his endeavor to prevent them from seeing city life separately.

Then with a whirl they double about him and there in the midst of the street he stands wound up helplessly in the guid-

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In the heart of Leeuwarden.

ing strings, a picture of despair, while the piebald mischief-makers kick, butt and otherwise maltreat him and each other in their desire to go home.

The "little pigs that went to market," long ago all came to Leeuwarden.

Fancy trying to carry two little squealing, squirming porkers, under each arm, and feeling their frantic wriggles which threaten trouble at every step. No wonder the man grips his elbows closer, or that piggy consequently squirms and squeals the more frantically. Eels—slippery, shiny eels—are not in the question with active, wiggly, wobbly, shiny little pigs.

And pigs are at Leeuwarden by scores. Rows and rows of straw-filled stalls where grunt and sleep dozens of wee white piglets, rows and rows of pens where their parents await purchasers. Up and down the lanes go the buyers, punching, prodding, hefting until piggy's sides must be

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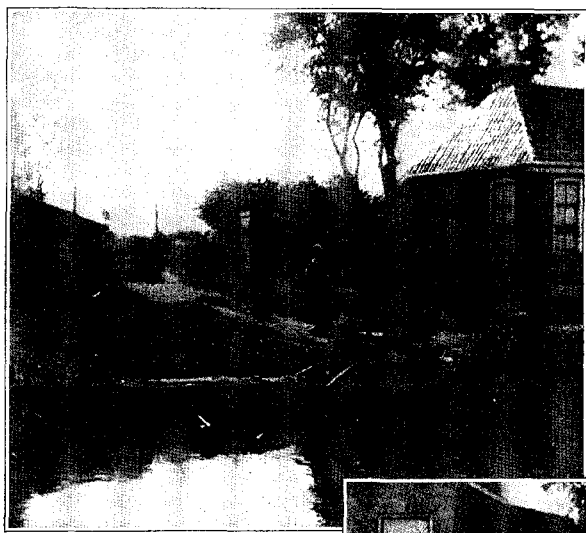
sore, piggy's tail all out of curl; everywhere there is chaffering and bargaining, slapping of hands to bind sales, exchanges of notes and coin. Everywhere there are squeals, grunts, and yells of disapproval, the clatter of little hard hoofs, of hobnailed boots or wooden shoes as some new owner takes possession and endeavors to persuade or to force his heavy beastie into the way he would have it go. Ears and tail may make fair handles, but piggy does not think so, and raises his voice in shrill, if unavailing, protest.

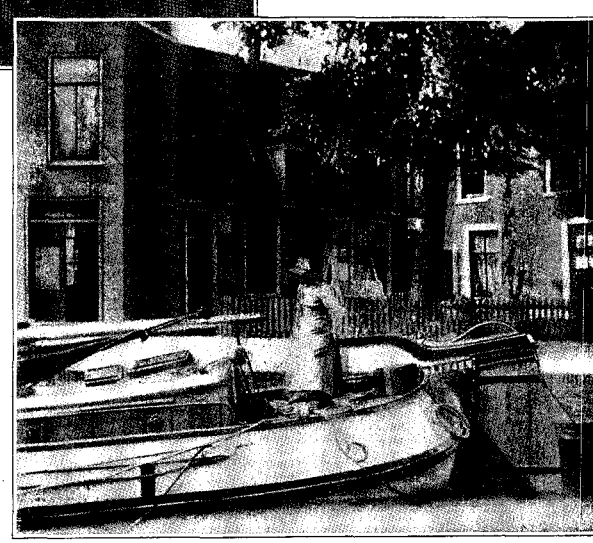


On the Dokkumer Canal.

Small boats come out from little landings to bring new passengers.—Page 613.

Over in the sheep-market it is much quieter. There is sometimes a plaintive bleating, occasionally an ominous silence when some big ram declines to move. He may be quite gentle but his eyes belie it and obstinate he certainly is; neither threats nor persuasions avail, nothing but superior strength and numbers. The men, busy and keen for trade as they are, appear pleased enough to see strangers. The "finest sheep in the market" will be trotted out proudly for your inspection and all the bystanders will gather about approvingly while you take its picture. The sheep watches you solemnly with big topaz eyes, neither elated nor depressed by the doubtful honor.

The goats are less numerous, less pretty, perhaps, although some goats *are* pretty and vastly more stylish in carriage (or is it self-consciousness?), than sheep. They are also much funnier, more vivacious, may we say? They threaten each other with their sharp little horns, they eye the stranger suspiciously, keeping him very watchful lest they make sudden and open objection to his camera, they prance joyfully when their hitching strap is loosened, they do all the unexpected and undesired things when they are being shown off and are as gentle as lambs after everyone has prepared for a fracas.



Dokkumer Canal.

While mother swings the tiller.—Page 611.

There are far more sheep and pigs than goats and as many calves of all ages as both sheep and pigs together. The market accommodates eight thousand head of cattle; its sales average two hundred and twenty-five thousand per year, the market tax amounts to twenty-five or thirty thousand florins annually. So much for statistics which, after all, are very dry things in-

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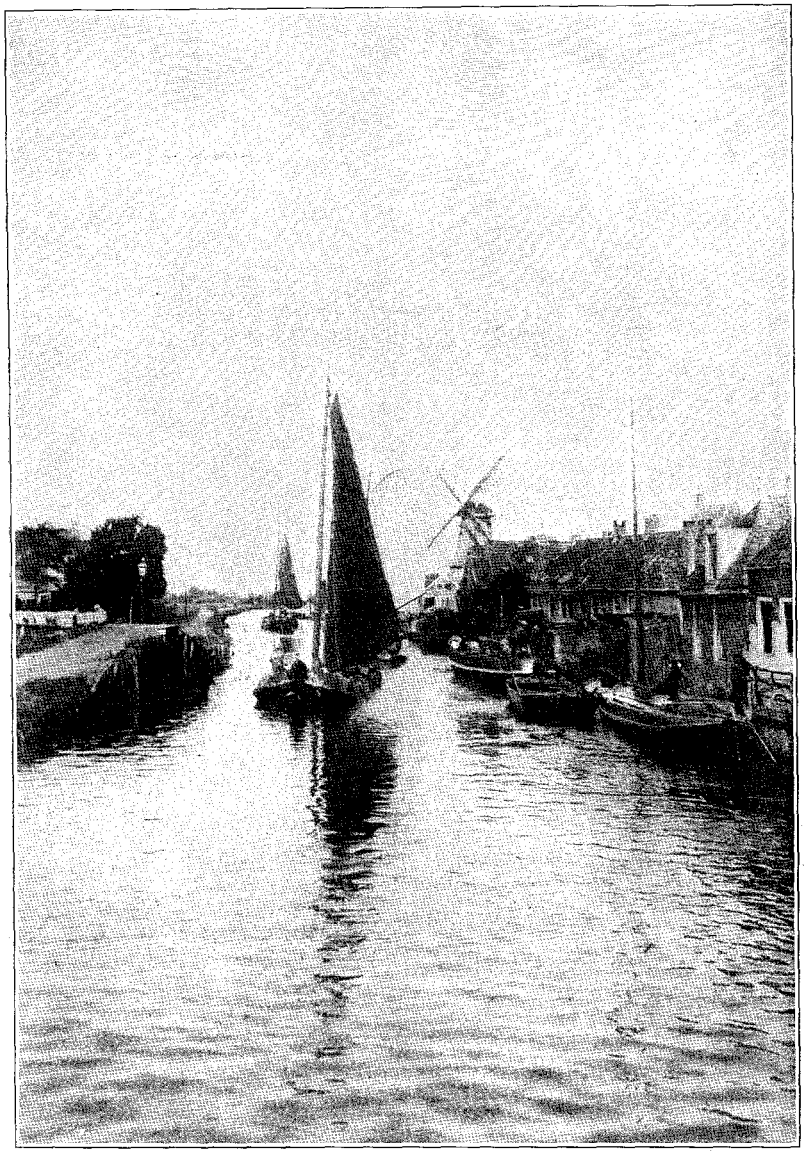

On the Dokkumer Canal.

Brown-sailed *tjalcks*, heavy laden, are floating slowly in or out of town.—Page 611.

deed without any of the market's picturesqueness.

Up in the town by the old weigh-house are the chickens and hares in their round wicker baskets, and all about them stalls with fresh vegetables and fruit. Everywhere in the busy streets, spread upon the clean pavements, are miscellaneous stacks of crockery, dry-goods, shoes, baskets, and all the novelties likely to tempt the farmer-folk to open their well-lined purses. It is here that you find the women, here and in the shops, while the men are busy at the market or settling up their sales over many long cigars and little glasses of gin and bitters in the smoke-filled rooms of the surrounding cafés.

If you are lucky enough to be at Leeuwarden when there is a horse show you may find them again in the afternoon at the track outside the town critically watching the various teams, scanning horse, harness

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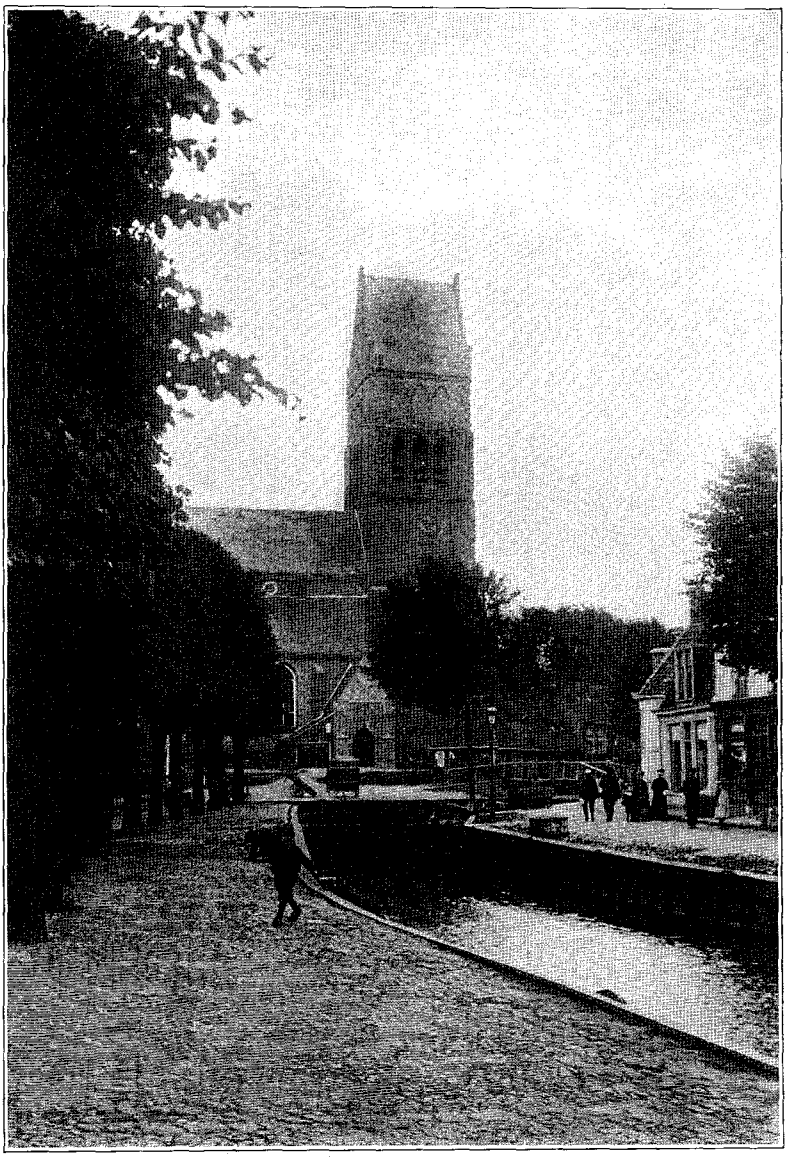

St. Martin's Church, Bolsward.

Rising above the roofs and trees it has a dignity quite impressive.—Page 614.

and driver, or, perhaps, themselves exhibiting the big glossy animals of which they are so proud.

If this fails you, and you want to know the Friesland *boer* better, his home, tastes, comforts, needs and luxuries, take one of the little boats leaving Leeuwarden quays for the smaller towns, heavy laden with a miscellaneous cargo which they will distribute along their watery route.

A favorite little boat of ours runs to Dokkum—to Dokkum where everyone ought to go once out of respect to St. Bonifacius. There is no happier way of spending a summer afternoon than on this voyage and, without any unfriendliness to Dokkum, which has always treated us kindly, there is nothing much pleasanter in the little town than the waterway which leads thither.

The boat leaves from a very busy little quay where other small boats are also loading the market sales, and picturesque pas-

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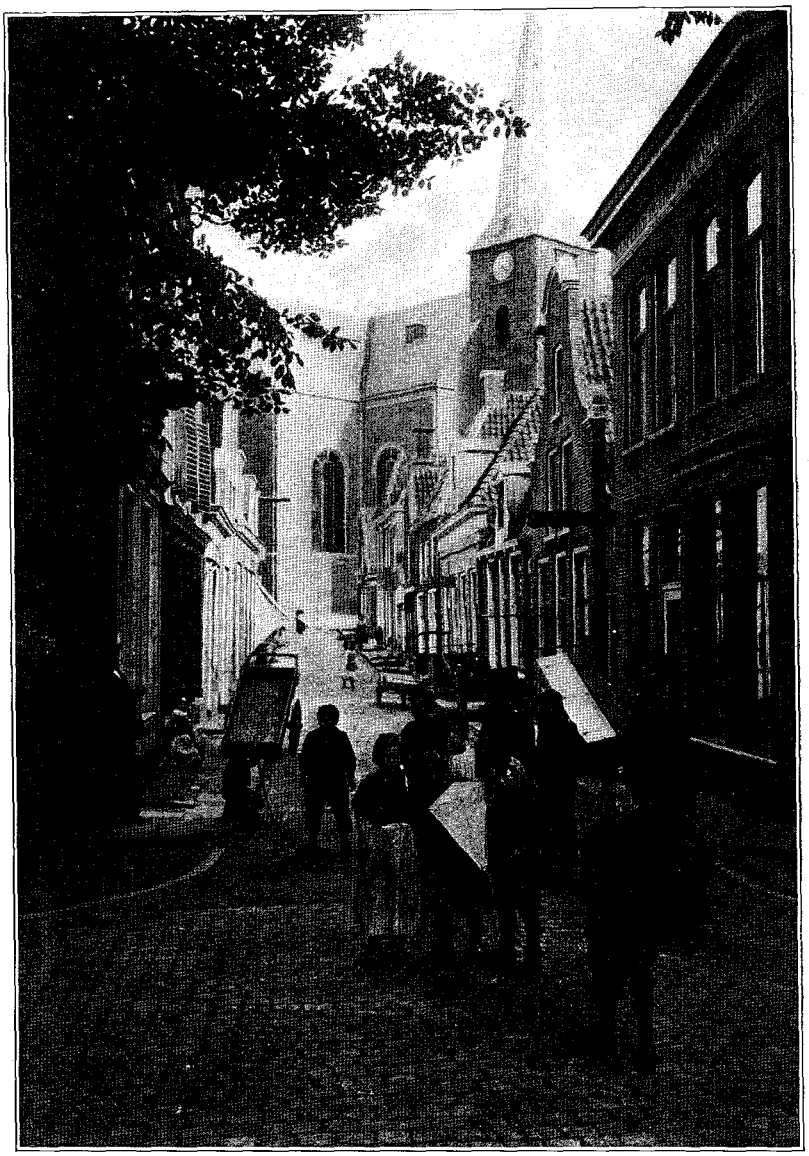

In Harlingen.—Page 614.

sengers are awaiting the moment of departure. Brown-sailed *tjalcks*, heavy laden with bricks, with peat, with flour-sacks, grain, lumber or oil, are floating slowly in or out of the town; scarcely one passes you but some fussy dog barks at you for daring to even look at his charge, some chubby baby waves a dimpled hand while mother swings the tiller or turns the huge steering-wheel and father poles the heavy boat safely through the draw. The boats which you saw by Haarlem's quays or in Leyden's haven last month may sail past you to-day upon Dokkumer canal. The family who call one of these freighters home know cities only as ports of call and houses only from outside observation. The little cabin, neat —*netje*, our Dutch friends would say—as any dwelling, has often its lace-curtained windows, its flowers, its singing bird; the *huisvrouw* who keeps it so daintily may also be all of the crew, taking a hand at set-

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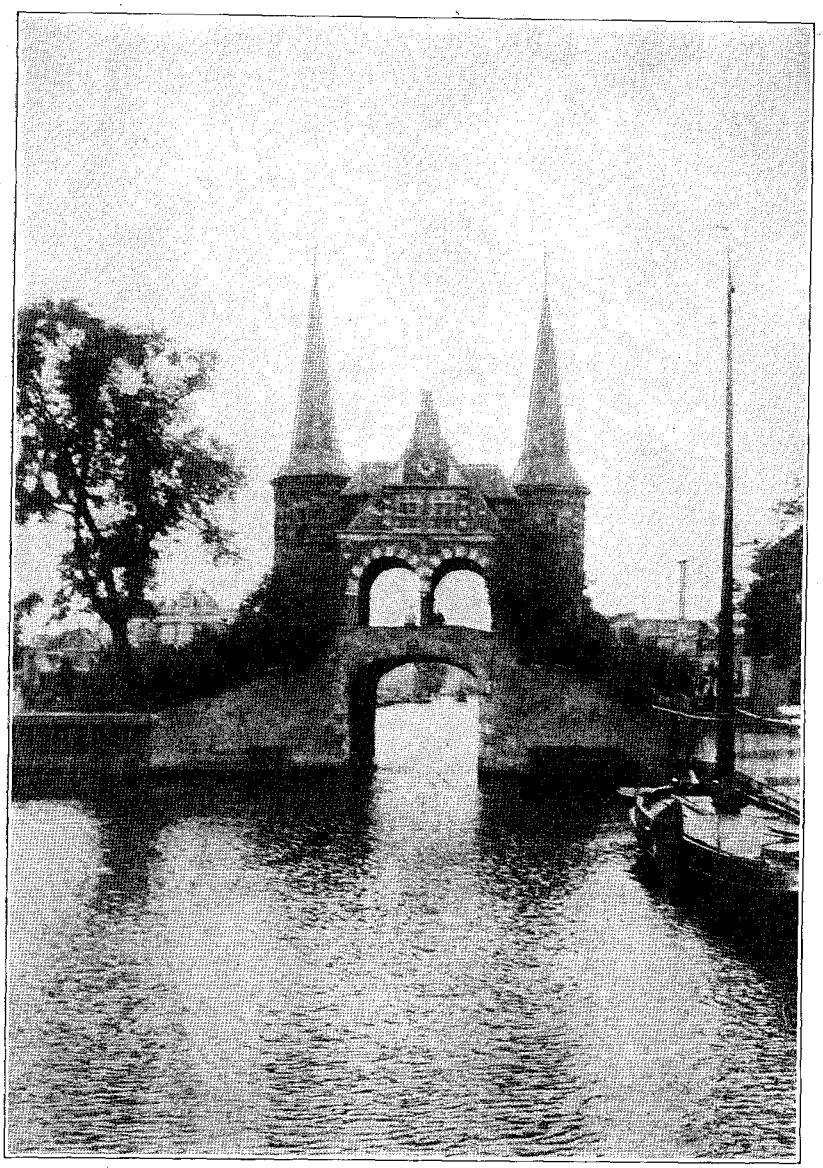

The Waterpoort at Sneek.—Page 615.

ting sail, poling or steering, until her son grows big enough to help his father, perhaps for long after. That any children do grow into adults seems surprising. The chances of their being drowned in babyhood are enormous but apparently ineffective. One small Dutch youth of my acquaintance has already fallen overboard thirteen times in a life which does not yet count five years and he is not an exception; drowning does not seem to be reckoned among infantile ills, however, and fatalities are rare if duckings frequent.

The distance from Leeuwarden to Dokkum is perhaps twelve miles, which the boat covers in something more than two hours. It is needless to add that the "motion" is not strongly apparent, and that snap-shots may readily be taken by the way. The canal runs northward through the rich, green meadows, flat as billard-tables and almost as smooth, cropped perpetually by

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sheep and cattle. Here and there the huge tiled roof of a *boerderij* (farm-house), glistening through a clump of sheltering trees, here and there a church-spire or tall windmill breaks the level horizon, beside the water's edge a tiny village straggles, a farmhouse sits beneath its trees, or cattle stand looking at their own reflections and the passing boats.

Along with us upon the boat is a curious assortment of freight and passengers, but the latter leave the upper deck to the cargo and to us, preferring the stuffy cabin and interminable games of dominoes made yet more soothing for the men by many black cigars.

Our captain greeted us with "Two, Fussclass, Dokkum?" a fellow passenger with "Goot-pye! I spik Inglis," and thereby both exhausted their whole supply, our further conversation being carried on exclusively in Dutch or *Hollandsch* as Frisia properly calls it. Frisia's own language is too awful for my utterance. We had been told that it bore a very close resemblance to English; it may, but it is the English of Bonifacius's time, not ours.

As to English, there are a few people at Leeuwarden who use it fluently; outside of that city there may be some whose knowledge equals that of a certain Middleburger, of whom we asked "Do you speak English?" After a moment's hesitation he stammered thoughtfully, "A—a few!" and the rest of our discourse was in Dutch. In most Frisian villages such a question brings a smiling shake of the head and a counter-question: "Don't you speak Hollandsch?"

So on our way to Dokkum we hear no English but our own. The little boat creeps leisurely along between its emerald-green banks, it slips up to a brick-yard wharf to drop a passenger or a package, it halts a moment by a tiny quay to disembark its sheep; small boats come out now and then from little landings to take their freight or bring a new passenger, flags signal us from afar that some helmetted dame is waiting to join us. Now and then the boat ties up for a few minutes at a tiny village and halfway upon its voyage it stops for quite some time while its crew leisurely drink scalding-hot coffee or tea and exchange the latest city news for rural confidences.

This long stop is made at a quaint little place where a huge windmill is softly mirrored in a drowsy canal, and rows of close-clipped lindens make a thick screen before shining little houses where all the throng of busily knitting children who come down to watch the boat must find their homes. No one objects to the delay, not even the restless Americans who go ashore to look about them and take pictures, while their Frisian companions placidly drink chocolate and wonder what they can see in that place to photograph.

All the slow way boats sail gayly toward us, their red or white sails gleaming in the sunshine, or scurry past with reflections trailing afar over the smooth water. All the way flocks of tern keep us company, eying us sharply with their keen, round eyes, turning the smooth head swiftly from side to side, never losing sight of their unending occupation of fishing even in their curiosity.

The scarlet bills are very sharp, very greedy; the yellow eye certain of its prey; how many little shining fish pay it tribute in an afternoon? Yet the tern never seems content. In spite of his soft unruffled plumage, his sleek, plump body, his strong wings, sure eye, graceful flight, the tern is a pessimist, he invariably has a grievance in his speech. But, perhaps, his constant, petulant cry, that bespeaks illimitable dissatisfaction, means indigestion; who knows? He invites it, for he will eat anything.

You will find much of Dokkum's youthful population waiting for you upon her quays and bridges. They will give you smiling welcome, yet poor Dokkum has been many centuries trying to live down her evil reputation for inhospitality to strangers.

When she earned it, she was a wild Frisian village perched upon a small hillock above the tides and floods, roughly walled and rudely tenanted, for the *Vrije Fries* was ever prouder of his strength and prowess in battle, of his pagan faith and ancestry, than of fine dwellings or gentle manners, and very harshly he handled those who fain would have convinced him of the error of his heathenish ways. So it happened that when the gentle Bonifacius came to Dokkum some twelve centuries ago (in 755, if one must have the date), to preach the gentle Christ once more, the wild Dokkumers promptly slew him.

But the pious missionary bishop was a protégé of Pepin, path-breaker for Charlemagne, converter of pagans, and the war-

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rior-king speedily and thoroughly took vengeance upon the hot-headed Frisians for his martyred priest. He overwhelmed them within their own city, razed its houses and walls, and the inhabitants whom his soldiers could not slay fled into the morass.

Not even in exile could they escape punishment. The God whose servant they had slain branded the living in perpetuity. From generation to generation each male Dokkumer bore one white lock upon his brown head, each woman had a bald-spot; a *Friesche Kaalkop* (Frisian baldhead) for centuries meant a maid of Dokkum.

So runs the legend whose foundation is truth. The stigma is lifted, the white lock is no more frequent at Dokkum than elsewhere to-day; as to the bald-spot who would dare ask about it? But the Dokkumer will yet point out the place without the town where Bonifacius was done to death, knowing that it has long since made amends for its cruelties.

Christianized at the point of the sword, forced into church-building, priest-supporting habits, Dokkum acquired a very genuine esteem for the good bishop whom it had made saint and martyr, erected a church to his honor and paid reverence to his bones. In return for this tardy recognition of his beneficent, qualities Bonifacius took the town under his heavenly protection and procured for it the inestimable benefit of health. When its neighbors suffered fearfully from plague and fevers Dokkum enjoyed immunity. That it was perched somewhat higher above tide-water and possessed an inexhaustible spring of excellent water may have contributed something to its freedom from pestilence, but then—was not the spring itself also a gift of the good bishop?

When his horse thirsted from the long hot journey, did not Bonifacius stretch forth his blessing-bestowing hand and at the stroke of his steed's hoof did not this spring gush forth purely, freely, abundantly, as it flows even to-day?

Any child will tell you that story, and go with you across the bridge by the tram-station where the old *Woudpoort* once stood to the fields just beyond the town. And there, upon the edge of the meadows, you will find a huge pump and a procession of men and women with yokes and pails, drawing water for their cattle or their households from St. Bonifacius's well. The pump is a very new installation above the old pool or cistern; its model stands beside the market-place in the town's heart. One finds there, also, a few quaint houses and old churches, a huge cattle market where grass grows between the paving-stones, clean little inns where people treat you kindly, and give of their best to the strangers, an imposing Stadhuis with its S. P. Q. D.—the Senate and the People of Dokkum, curious reminder in this far northern village—as in so many Dutch towns—of pride in an infant Republic which was to exceed mighty Rome—and pretty promenades where once were its walls.

But there are many quaint, attractive towns and villages in Friesland, many legends and bits of old folk or ecclesiastical lore floating upon its winds. He who drifts upon the violet waters of its *meres* at twilight hears beneath the bittern's melancholy deep-throated cry the bells of sunken villages ringing their vesper call below the waves which long since swallowed them.

By boat and by tram, along the *klinker* highroads, upon the high dike fencing the shore, from town to town, and port to port, one may wander, coming back each night to Leeuwarden if one desires its luxuries, tarrying very comfortably, if one will, in the plainer inns of its smaller towns.

There is, indeed, scarcely one without its interests, its history or legend, for Frisia is eldest daughter of all these Netherland provinces, and her beginnings lay far in a dusky past, when *saga* and romance thrived as it never did upon Holland's sunlit *polders*. There is work here for the archæologist and the poet—and for the artist, too, for who yet has caught the nuances of her wonderful summer skies?

Bolsward is well worth a visit for its charming Stadhuis if not for its huge church to St. Martin, with the many curiously carved gravestones, beautiful specimens of the workmanship of their era, but rudely treated by the passage of feet and time.

And Harlingen—I am not sure whether or not to recommend Harlingen. It is trying so hard to be a thoroughly modern port, but its efforts are a bit pathetic beside that shallow sea. It is not unpicturesque, no town is where many red-sailed boats come and go, and lumber floats in many inner *havens*, but its *Steenen Man* upon the huge dike is

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not lovely except in intent testifying Harlingen's belated gratitude to a once-hated Spanish governor, who forced the building of that great, indispensable sea-wall.

Frisia's rich meadows, like Holland's, would often lie beneath water were it not for the rim of dikes which withstands the Zuyder Zee. When the wind is not too strong they make admirable pathways for good pedestrians exploring the coast towns, and fine concert halls for listening to the music of a thousand larks.

Between Harlingen and Bolsward, on the tram-line, lies Witmarsum, birthplace of that Menno Simonszoon, whose religious tenets are yet cherished by a large sect in our own Pennsylvania. It is a dear, little, clean, sleepy village, and so, too, is Dronrijp, where was born Alma Tadema, whom all the world knows, and a century earlier Eisa Eisinga of whom few have heard.

No one who has visited Franeker escapes some information regarding the humble wool-carder who became mechanician, astronomer and mathematician and has left to the town a "Planetarium," which she insists that her visitors must see.

Eisinga lived before the days of giant telescopes and photographic plates; Saturn is his outermost planet, and is not equipped with full complement of moons, but the apparatus is cleverly built and fairly accurate after a hundred and twenty-five years of use, and the questions which country visitors ask of the rather blasé young woman who explains its intricacies are alone worth the price of admission.

Visitors to Franeker really ought not to miss it, but much more attractive to us is the pretty Stadhuis across the way, or the Post Office, which certainly ought to be a hospital, for, high in the gable, the head of Hippocrates looks down and three biblical scenes in the façade suggest the conquest of ills: Moses and the Serpent with *Vulnera sic sanat Christus*, Sampson and the Lion, David and Goliath, inscribed *Sic tartara victrix progenies jesse domuit*. What would that have to do with letters? Yet, perhaps, it is not so inappropriate after all.

Poor Franeker still regrets her lost university. Napoleon suppressed it, and its site is now occupied by an Asylum for the Insane. In spite of her "great past," and her sorrows, she is a cheerful little city, glad to entertain the stranger, especially if he come at the time of the annual *Kaatspartij*, which is not such a fearful thing as it sounds but merely a Tennis Tournament.

And if we go to Franeker for tennis—the wonder is there is not more of that game in this land of beautiful flat meadows—we must go to Sneek in August for the sailing parties.

Sneek lies upon one of that chain of lakes which cross Friesland diagonally from the southwest, and which are so inviting to idlers possessed of a broad, shallow, swift-sailing boat. But, really, Sneek deserves more attention than that earned by its boat-races or its winter ice-carnivals. It has a charmingly pretty water-gate, remnant of its old fortifications, and the tomb of that picturesque, piratical soldier of fortune, Groote Pier, whose name is to the small Frisian urchin what to the American lad might be Jack the Giant-Killer, Robinson Crusoe and Paul Jones, all rolled in one.

A Frisian by birth—although the Groningen Kimswert sometimes claims him—Peter van Heemstra by name, this haughty freebooter took to himself high-sounding titles: King of Friesland, Duke of Sneek, Count of Sloten, *Vrijheer* (Lord) of Hindeloopen, Captain-General of the Zuyder Zee, but, in spite of rights or pretensions, to friend and to enemy through almost four centuries he has been known simply, from his huge bulk, as "Big Pete."

To Holland he was a fierce, lawless pirate, keeping her coast towns in constant terror of his sudden coming, in wrath and anguish on his retreat.

To Frisia he is the gallant soldier-sailor who drove her enemies far from her outer borders and carried her name with his prowess far beyond the seas. In Amsterdam Groote Pier was the bugbear to scare naughty children into instant subjection, in Stavoren and Sneek and Bolsward he was the model of the war-loving boy.

But it is very quiet in Sneek's great lonely church, for such a restless, devil-may-care sailor. Does he yawn and stretch a bit upon moonlight nights or perhaps take a stroll around its walls? No doubt; there are fine corners for ghosts in its shadows.

It is the little places that tell the best ghost-stories, however, not the cities. A small pamphlet issued by *De Vereeniging tot Bevordering van het Vreemdelingen Verkeer te Leeuwarden*, that patriotic society of

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tongue-twisting name, which has organizations in almost every Dutch town and for avowed purpose the Promotion of Visits from Strangers, gives bird's-eye glimpses of some of them; but it has, at present, no English edition, and is consequently only recommendable to those who read Hollandsch.

It relates the story of the Boompoel where two centuries ago a coach, four horses and six men suddenly disappeared, although occasionally one hears their voices wailing to this day. They were exorcists upon their way to lay a particularly fiendish ghost, but the ghost met them more than half-way and drew them down into the pool.

And the legend of the white bindweed which, as every Frisian lass knows, is but the ghost of Juffer Lysse, who did not keep her promise to her dying father to erect a chapel in his memory and consequently must trail over the earth through the dark forests forevermore.

It has something to say of Wartena, a thriving town which went down beneath the waters in a storm so great that it is immortalized in a country saying: "It is a tempest like that of Wartena"—"*It is in waer as in Wartena*," than which nothing can be worse. And he who has sensitive ears may yet hear in the twilight the bells of Wartena ringing beneath the smooth surface of the lake their patient vesper-call.

But the book tells some very "human" tales as well. Of Harlingen's two quarrelling knights, one of whom slew the other at the church-door because the gift brought by him to the altar was finer than the jealous one's own; of the Prince of Nassau who fell through a bridge at Franeker and was *nearly* drowned (in water certainly not three feet deep, you feel swindled when you trace the story), wherefore the grateful city erected a memorial stone, and of the same city's brave maidens who bluffed a besieging army into thinking the town had bread to spare by tossing into the camp its last two loaves, "since which time on Franeker's shield the lions were replaced by virgins"; of Leeuwarden's proud noble, Gemme van Burmania, who took his oath of allegiance standing, saying majestically, "The Fries kneels before God alone" (*De Frizen knibbelje alline for God*).

And Frisia's folk-lore, however fantastic, usually conceals some germ of bitter truth. She is practical as well as imaginative, she has her brilliant noonday as well as her long subtle twilight.

Dawn and twilight are nowhere more charming than in this far northern land of most transparent sky. A province where proverb and folk-lore linger so persistently, where legend and romance are cherished and intensest loyalty to language, race and land endures so faithfully, cannot be uninteresting even were not its canals and lakes so clear, its meadows so green, its villages so neat, so dainty and so quaint. It is almost an undiscovered country to the American, even to him who knows Amsterdam exceedingly well, yet it is but a few hours distant from this "Venice of the North," and as interesting in widely different ways.

As yet it is unspoiled by tourist-travel; that it will ever be popular with the "personally conducted party," we very much doubt, but to the appreciative seeker for untrodden ground and simple pleasures we can recommend Friesland strongly, for we found it charming.

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PIC

By Wolcott Le Clear Beard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

PIC'S introduction to his friends was not fortunate in its method.

It was one evening when Vaughan, the chief engineer, sat at dinner, and with him his sister and young Headley.

Vaughan had remarked that of late, since Alice had come from the United States to keep house for him, Headley would cheerfully ride the many hot miles to head-quarters, at which he formerly would have grumbled, to see his chief about business which could quite as well have been transacted from San Antonio, where he belonged, and then, without too much urging, would stop to dinner. Headley pointed out that the dinners were far better than they had formerly been. Which, indeed, was true.

They had nearly finished; were just about to adjourn for their coffee to the veranda, where the evening breeze, rustling through the palms, brought a grateful coolness and drove away the fierce South American mosquitoes. Suddenly there came a shrill squeal as of triumph; the sound of heavy boots at a run pounding a garden path and a man's voice, raised, but inarticulate.

"What's that? Do you hear?" cried Alice.

"From the sound I should say that it was Sullivan, very much out of breath, vainly trying to say severe things to someone," responded Vaughan, fanning himself with his napkin. "But really I couldn't say for certain."

He had hardly finished speaking when there was a crash from the thatched roof, the painted ceiling-cloth bulged and split, and a small Indian boy shot downward through the rent and landed on the middle of the table.

Headley jumped to his feet, swinging Alice behind him. Vaughan disgustedly shoved his chair from the table as the glass and crockery flew, brushed a few fragments from his riding breeches, and said, "Really."

Then he added, "We've finished dinner, I think."

It would certainly seem as though dinner were at an end. At all events, what had been on the table was now scattered over it; and like a huge frog squatted the boy, quite unhurt, a grotesque centre-piece in place of the one crushed under him.

The heavy boots had been pounding with frantic haste up the steps, and now their owner, Sullivan, the corral boss, appeared, framed in the doorway. He could just get through it without stooping; his shoulders nearly filled it from side to side. "Gud avenin', mem. Gud avenin', sorrs," said he, wiping his heated face.

"Good evening, John," replied Vaughan. "Does this belong to you? Because, if it does, I wish you'd remove it."

"It does not, sorr," said John gravely; but, nevertheless, he caught the boy by the collar of his ragged shirt, and lifting him as he would lift a kitten, deposited him in a corner of the room, where he instantly squatted as before, motionless save for his eyes.

"I was a-bringin' him here, sorr," said Sullivan, vainly trying to collect his scattered ideas. "That is, I didn't bring him, but he wriggled out o' me hand an' he come——"

"He did," agreed Vaughan.

"I do be findin' him all the time 'roun' the corral against arrders, sorr. I puts him out, an' three times I licks him. But it don't do no good, sorr. So I says I'll be bringin' him to you."

"A thief?" asked the chief engineer quickly.

"No, sorr. He steals nothin' that I know of."

"What else would he be hanging around the corral for? Take him over and have him put in the *carcel*. We'll look into it in the morning."

The boy caught the one Spanish word, which means "jail," and looked despairingly around him.

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"Oh, don't send him to jail, Jack! What has he done? John says that he isn't a thief," said Alice impulsively, leaning forward and looking at the boy. And as the boy's dog-like eyes looked straight into hers the expression on his brown face was not at all unlike that of an adoring dog.

"What does he hang around the corral for, then?" asked her brother testily. "We've been bothered half to death with the petty thieving there."

"I don't know why he goes there, but neither do you. Why don't you ask him? Do, Jack! Please do," entreated the girl, looking at Headley in a way that demanded support.

"I say, Vaughan," struck in the person thus appealed to, rising to the occasion. "Really we don't know what the little beggar was doing in the corral. It wouldn't hurt to ask him a question or two—eh?"

"Oh, all right. I'm clearly in a minority," said Vaughan, his ill temper vanishing. It seldom lasted long. "See here, young man," he went on in Spanish, "what's your name?"

"Aurelio Isabelo Ramón Santiago José Maria Palarón, Señor," answered the boy, rising.

"Good gracious!" gasped Alice.

"We that's down to the corral can't say all that convanient, sorr," began Sullivan.

"It doesn't surprise me," interrupted Vaughan.

"So we giner'ly calls him Pic, sorr. Short fer Picaninny."

"I see. Well, Pic, what were you doing in that corral against orders?"

The boy helped by an occasional question from Vaughan, spoke at some length. "You don't understand Spanish, do you?" said the chief at last to the others. "He says that he doesn't live anywhere and doesn't eat anywhere—at least he hasn't for some time. He says that he goes into the corral because the mules are company for him; especially one, a she-mule of unamiable disposition named Katherine. I know her. He says she reminds him of his mother—odd sort of lady, his mother—because she has such beautiful eyes and is so kind. Kind! Um! You heard, didn't you, Headley, how this gentle creature kicked one of the corral hands through a door though the door was shut? No? Well, she did. Also she is like his mother, he says, because she is so wise and good. His mother's dead, poor little chap!" He wagged his head. "Really I don't see what we're to do with him," he concluded

"I do," replied Alice, decidedly. "And we're going to do it now!" She grasped Pic's wrist and went quickly out, toward the kitchen, he trotting contentedly by her side. When she was quite out of sight, her brother nodded approvingly.

"Beggin' yer pardon," said Sullivan impressively, "I was thinkin'."

"Yes? Hope you're not going to get the habit, John," replied Vaughan. John chuckled appreciatively.

"I fear not, sorr. You was a-wantin' a mule fer single harness, an' I was thinkin' that the Kath'rine mule wud be a gud wan fer you to take."

"I was thinking otherwise. Why should I die so young?"

"But she's all right when wance she's harnessed, sorr. She's a good trav'ler, too, an' the only mule we've got that'll go single."

"Where is the maniac so weary of life as to harness her?"

"That Pic boy, sorr. She's gentle as a —a angel wid him. She is that. Indeed, she is."

"H'm. Doubt it. She'd waft him to a higher sphere, probably, body and all. But that would solve the problem of what is to be done with the youth. We'll think about it, John. Good-night."

"Good-night, sorr." And John stumped down the steps and was gone.

"He's curled up on the floor in a corner out there, Jack, just like a poor little tired animal, fast asleep," said Alice, entering. "You mustn't send him away. I'm sure he could be made most useful here, around the house. Don't you think so, Mr. Headley?"

"Why——" commenced Headley, rising.

"You think he could. That's what you were going to say, Headley. We know that. Of course the boy will stay. I saw that coming all along."

So Pic stayed. The next morning, when he appeared at breakfast, standing behind Alice's chair, one would hardly have believed that he was the boy who had appeared through the ceiling of that same room the evening before, except that the hole in the cloth was there to vouch for it.

He was scrubbed until he shone; Sullivan

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had attended to that, and now, dressed in spotless white, his black hair smoothed and his white teeth showing in an expansive smile at his promotion, it would be hard to find a more contented or domesticated little Indian.

Then came a prouder moment still. That was when he led his friend Katherine from the big corral to the private stable, near the house, where only saddle-horses, the aristocrats of their kind, had thus far been allowed.

Pic was right in part at least of his estimate of Katherine. She certainly was a beauty of her kind—an enormous, dark bay mule, one of many imported from the United States to South America for the heavy work of the company. Her wisdom, too, was undisputed. This wisdom, guiding her natural disposition, was what had made her practically useless, up to that time.

Pic led her to the stable only in the sense that she was following him. He was explaining in a sibilant language, neither Spanish nor his native Aymará, which those Indians use in talking with animals, and which they claim the animals can understand, what was expected of her. She listened with her long ears cocked forward, and answered by gently mumbling his ear with her soft lips and by energetic twitchings of her tail.

As John had predicted, no mule could have submitted to the harness more gracefully than did Katherine when Pic was putting it on her. More, she even helped him as well as she could by poking out her head for the collar and opening her mouth for the bit. The operation, however, was a long one for Pic's unaccustomed hands and Katherine would allow no one to assist him, as she demonstrated promptly and unmistakably. Harnessed at last, she did not wait for the big gates to be opened, but grasping a knob with her teeth, she drew them toward her, then sent them wide apart with a sidewise shove of her head to each and gaily trotted through with a playful fling of her heels, just to show how little she felt the light wagon in which it was her new mission to bring some of the daily supplies, with Pic proudly enthroned on the box. But this last, it is true, did not add much to the sum total of the weight.

Pic's lines, indeed, were cast in pleasant places. High in Alice's favor, one could hardly have met her, riding, driving, or on foot, without seeing him close by, generally trying to compose his features from a grin to an expression of dignity which he deemed more fitting in one who was her guardian attendant.

His dignity yielded to the grin, however, when Headley, the next time he dropped in to dinner, spoke a few kindly words in his broken Spanish. Pic greatly esteemed Headley, whom he considered a person of profound understanding. For to Pic, his señorita, as he called her, was the most radiant being ever put on earth, and the discerning youth was not long in finding out that Headley wholly agreed with him. Moreover, though Alice tried hard to conceal it, after the inscrutable manner of señoritas, Pic was almost sure that she thought very highly of Headley. Headley, therefore, shone in a halo of reflected glory.

During this dinner no small boys shot through the conspicuously new ceiling-cloth. Pic's spirits sank with mortification each time anyone glanced at it; only to rise again when Alice smiled at him, as each time she made it a point to do. At last the evening waxed late, as all evenings must, and Headley started to go. He had been talking to Alice in a corner of the veranda, and came in alone to say good-night to Vaughan, who was reading within.

"Going, Headley?" asked Vaughan. "Well, so long, old man. We'll see you soon again. My prophetic soul tells me that we will."

Headley laughed a little sheepishly. "Try and restrain your joy," he said. "I'd try to 'break it easy' only I know good news never kills. Your prophecy wins. You see I have to ride over to San Jacinto tomorrow to see about that lumber. It will keep me until near evening, and it's just as well not to sleep there. It's only three hours' hard riding from here. So, if you'll let me, I'll come over and stop till morning. You don't mind?"

As Headley was speaking, the laughter died out of Vaughan's face. "Are you joking, Headley, or only crazy?" he asked shortly. "Pray, when do you propose to start on this trip?"

"Oh, about noon, I suppose. I've got some things to do at home that will keep me till then."

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"You're crazy; that's all. You know perfectly well that San Jacinto is nothing but a den of thieves, and now that this man Morales is hanging around there, with a lot of that outlaw gang of his, it's worse than ever. You haven't men enough for a safe escort without stopping all your work—not men that you could trust. In the name of common sense, whom did you think of taking with you?"

They had been walking as they were speaking to the step where Headley's horse waited. Headley spoke with his foot in the stirrup.

"I shan't take anybody," said he. "There's no use. It's all talk about Morales. I've had information that——"

"That you're a blazing idiot!" snapped Vaughan wrathfully. "And you have the information again now. You stop at home until I send word, do you hear?"

But Headley only laughed and galloped away. Shaking his head dubiously, Vaughan returned to the house. It was very foolish of Headley. He had been in the country but a short time and could not be expected to know. Still——

"Jack!" Alice had come in from the veranda and stood before him. He gave a look at her white face and groaned inwardly.

"The fat's in the fire now, for a fact," he said to himself.

"Jack, what was that you were saying to Mr. Headley?"

"Saying?" Jack repeated idiotically.

"Yes, saying."

"Why—ah—he was thinking of riding over to San Jacinto, and I advised him not to go. There isn't any real reason why he should."

"Why shouldn't he go? Tell me, Jack. I heard you saying something about a man named Morales. Who is he?"

"Morales? General Morales he calls himself. He's very well and most unfavorably known in these parts. He was one of the leaders in this last revolution. When it was put down he didn't come in with the others. I understand that he said his patriotism demanded that he should fight to the last against the tyrant, and that sort of thing; but the real fact is that the tyrant would have hanged him and not wasted any time about it if he could have been caught, for the man's a murderer a hundred times over. But as it is, he's got a gang he calls an army, and carries on what he calls war and levies what he calls taxes. Other people call them a gang of robbers working at their trade, which is the exact truth." Vaughan had hoped to lead his sister off the subject, but his hope was vain.

"Where is this man now?" she asked sharply.

"I don't know."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know, I say. He's not on my visiting list. One hears all sorts of things, but they're mostly not true."

"And you let him go! How *could* you?"

"Let him go! Really, Alice, Morales rarely asks my per——"

"You know what I mean. How *can* you try to joke like that? Mr. Headley—you let him go. Go right among those horrible men, and they'll—Oh Jack, you know they'll kill him."

Vanghan tried to laugh as he patted her shoulder. "Nonsense. Why, your face is as white as a sheet," he said. "You seem to take a lot of interest in Headley, little girl."

If her face had been white, it was so no longer. "Don't you suppose I'd feel like that about anyone who had been sitting here and talking to us only a few minutes ago? Only a few minutes ago, and just think what may happen. Send after him, Jack, and stop him! Send after him now. Please do. If you don't I'll go myself. I will. Not that I care——" And by way of showing that she did not care Alice sank in a heap on the floor, hid her face in her hands, and cried as though her heart would break.

"Oh, I say, Alice, come. Don't, now. Come," cried her brother, distressed. "Headley's all right, you goose. He's gone home and he isn't going to start for San Jacinto to-night. Not until to-morrow noon—likely later. And I'll send over to-morrow at daybreak. I'll send written orders. Now don't cry—don't." Vaughan stopped and would have lifted her, but she sprang up of her own accord, and evading him, fled to her own room and shut the door. Jack stuck both hands deep in the pockets of his riding-breeches, shook his head solemnly, and whistled.

Pic, who had been a witness to it all, was unhappy beyond words. Her grief infected him until he could bear it no longer; so he squatted in the farthest corner of the

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No mule could have submitted to the harness more gracefully than did Katherine.—Page 619.

room, his face against the wall and his fingers stopping his ears—a pathetic little heap of misery. Then it struck him that this stopping of his ears was a very foolish sort of proceeding, so he took his fingers out again and listened with all his might. The conversation being in English, he could not, of course, understand it, but he caught the names of Headley, Morales, and San Jacinto, and putting them together, came to a conclusion that was not far from the truth.

Vaughan had thrown himself into a chair and was occupied in staring at nothing when he became conscious that Pic was standing before him. "Well?" he asked curtly.

"Pardon, señor, but is it true that Mr. Headley to-morrow goes to San Jacinto?"

"Yes," assented Vaughan, looking hard at his small questioner.

"Will he have money with him?"

"Yes. What, then?" asked the chief engineer, but found that he spoke to empty space, for Pic had vanished. Vaughan wondered for a moment; then dismissed the matter from his mind and took to staring at the floor by way of variety, for he, too, was troubled about Headley.

"Señor," said a voice. Vaughan looked up impatiently and saw that Pic again was standing before him.

"Well, what is it now?"

"Señor, to-night Mr. Headley is to be dead," answered Pic quite calmly. Within he was trembling with excitement, but it would disgrace him in his own eyes to have shown it.

"What!" cried Vaughan, leaping from his chair. "Say that again."

Pic repeated what he had said. "All the Indians who work in the corrals know it," he added. "I have just been to see."

"Why didn't they warn him, then?" demanded Vaughan.

"Morales would kill them."

Vaughan sprang to a window, and drawing a whistle from his pocket, sounded six shrill blasts. Then a pause and six more until they were repeated from the corral and the engine of the big pumps answered him. It was the signal of the general alarm. Vaughan began hurriedly to equip himself, yet found time to ask,

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"Well, won't Morales try and kill you for telling?"

"Of course, Señor," Pic replied. He spoke with some impatience, as though the question was foolish and wasted time; so he went on to speak of more important things. The fact that Headley was to purchase lumber at San Jacinto and would bring money from head-quarters for that purpose had become known, it seems, so he was to be waylaid as he returned that night to his own house.

While Pic had been speaking there came from time to time the rush of galloping hoofs and of voices as men gathered in front of the house in response to the signal. By the time he had finished all had arrived, and the chief engineer was armed and spurred, ready to mount and lead them.

Before he started, Vaughan knocked softly at Alice's door. There was no answer, so he opened it and looked in, then tiptoed away, for Alice was asleep.

"Do not disturb the señorita; she is sleeping," he said in Spanish as he went out. "See that no harm comes to her, Pic. You're in charge, remember," and clattered down the steps.

"No harm shall come, señor. Here there is none that can come," Pic called after him; then shut the massive doors and fastened them carefully with the iron bars.

Pic's pride was aroused by being left in charge, it is true, but it was largely tempered with disappointment. No harm could come to his señorita while she was there, in the house, as Pic knew perfectly well. And if she wanted anything, all the other servants were close at hand. In fact, Pic had hoped against hope that he might have been taken along, even though his reason had told him that it was out of the question. So he hung out of the front window with fierce desire in his heart, and watched by the light that came from the room the men that had gathered.

Grim enough they looked. Nearly to a man they were of white blood, though here and there there was one, especially trusted of his class, who had a dash of the Indian. All foremen and mechanics, well mounted and heavily armed, they had seen and taken part in much fighting in that turbulent little republic. Without orders, each man as he came fell into his allotted place, and save for the occasional squeak of a saddle or stamp of an impatient horse, the silence was unbroken.

Vaughan rode out and took his place at the head of the column, which immediately began to move. First at a walk it went, then trotted, and finally, galloping, it disappeared into the night with a dull drumming of hoofs on the road.

Pic turned away from the window, thinking hard. First he mentally followed the column, then in his imagination flew to Headley.

Pic saw him riding along the dark road; then he could almost hear the quick hoof-beats as they rang along a stratum of flat rock over which the road ran just before it passed a thicket of bamboo. It was behind this thicket that some of the men of Morales would be placed, where the hoofs on the rock would give them warning. A few yards farther on the road crossed a stream, and on the far bank of the stream there was another thicket. Pic knew the place well. He knew, too, the customs of the bandits who used it; had gathered his knowledge from the mysterious sources which all Indians have in South America, which are said to have come down from the Incas, and which are so unavailable, and indeed almost unknown to all white men, even those who have employed the Indians and have spent their lives among them.

So he knew that while the men stealthily closed the road to front and rear, their chief, Morales, would undoubtedly ride forward in simulated friendliness to meet Headley as he was fording the stream. The men would not shoot; they would fear the consequences that the noise might bring. Up to this point Pic's mental image was as clear as though the scene had been before his eyes, but after that he was doubtful. Would Señor Headley be deceived into allowing Morales to come within striking distance, thinking him merely a traveller? Pic thought not. But what, then, would he do? Before and behind him the road would be closed. To the right the stream fell in a cascade some twenty-five feet in height; but to the left—that would be open.

To the left, then, Señor Headley would turn—first shooting Morales, Pic devoutly hoped—and his horse would splash and stumble up the rough bed of the stream, while the pursuers would trail cautiously along behind and spread out on both sides,

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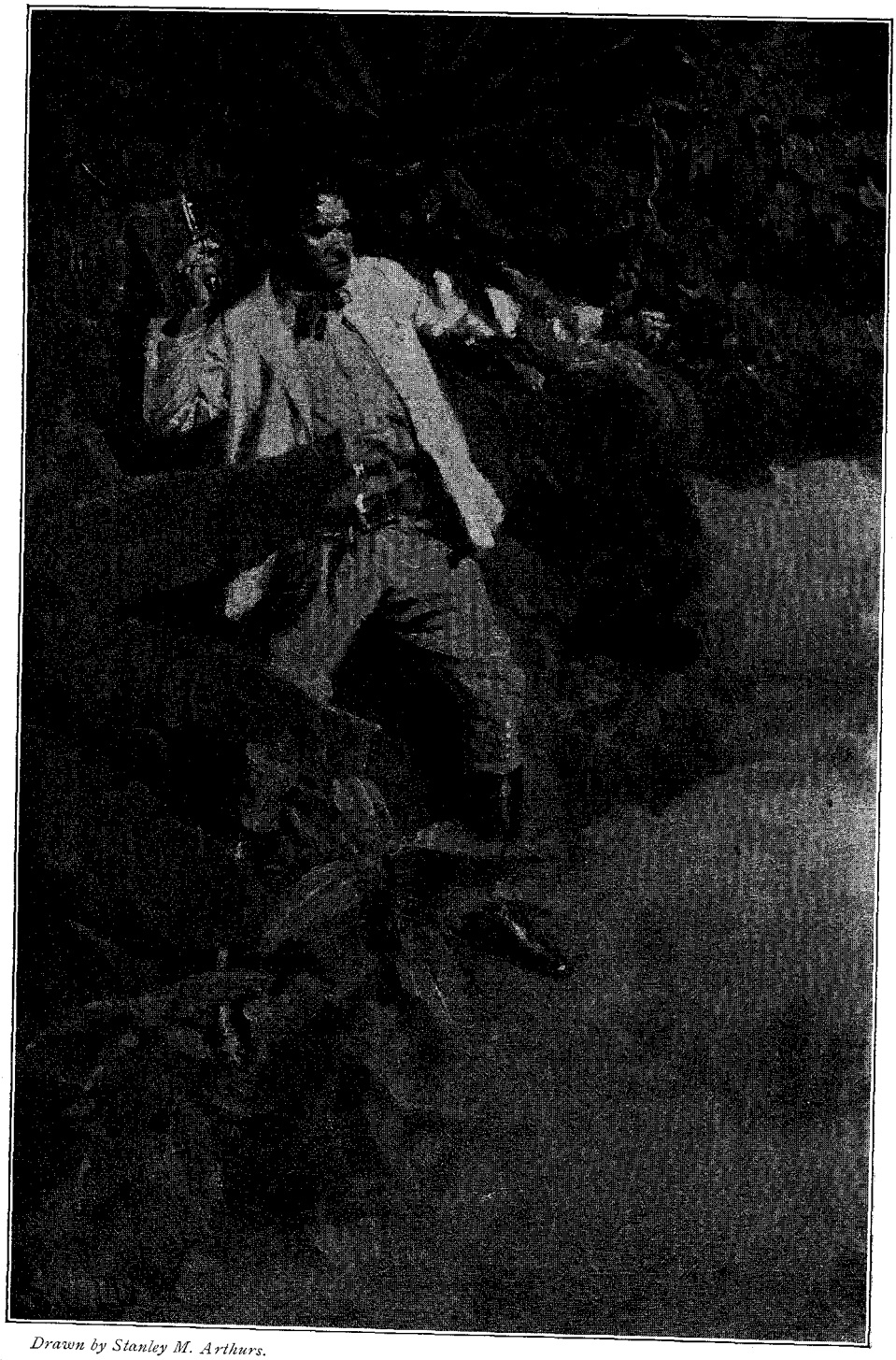

Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

On a narrow ledge of rock stood Headley.—Page 625.

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that there might be no escape by the banks, still firing no shot if it could be helped, and taking prudent care not to come too close, for they would be in no hurry; then shortly he would come to the old Inca quarry, over one edge of which the stream fell.

Here Headley would have to dismount, and it was here the pinch would come. He would have to dismount because he could go no farther, and it would be suicide to turn and try to cut his way out. Surely Señor Headley would see that. In the meantime the party that had just started would not know that he had turned aside, for along the much-used highway nor in running water can tracks be distinguished, especially in the dark. The party, therefore, would ride straight ahead, on the road that Headley had taken, as they would suppose. So there was no hope from them, that was sure.

No, Señor Headley would hardly try to return the way he had come. He would undoubtedly do the only thing he could, which was to mount to a certain rocky shelf, where he would have an advantage, for he could hold it against hundreds trying to reach him by climbing. Here he would have to stay until he was shot or until help came, for he could not get out of the quarry. Still, there was a way out. Pic and a playmate had found it by accident some time before, but it was known, Pic was sure, to no one save a few Indian boys, for he and his mate had agreed to say nothing about it. Certainly Señor Headley would not know.

Pic started to his feet. Here was his opportunity. He knew well that no service could be more acceptable to his señorita. And there were no orders to the contrary—no one to give them, and therefore no one whose permission he could ask. Alice did not occur to him in this connection; women are not expected to be judges of such things. Besides, she was asleep.

To make sure, however, he went to her bedroom door and listened, then softly opened it and peeped in. She was asleep, lying fully dressed on her bed, her face turned away from him, and her handkerchief, crushed to a damp ball, held fast in one hand. Pic carefully closed the door again.

His bare feet made no noise on the wood floor as he returned to the living-room. His mind was made up. Glancing longingly at some *machetes* that hung on the wall, he reluctantly passed them by, for a *machete* was too long and would be in his way. But instead he took a sheath-knife and slipped it, with a dexterity that spoke of knowledge, somewhere inside his clothes. Then, taking a last look to see that everything was right inside the room, he stole out on the veranda and quietly slid down a pillar to the ground.

Katherine made a queer little sound in her throat as she recognized his step, and when he explained in a whisper what she was to do she listened intently, with an astonishing air of understanding what was said to her. She bent her head to take the bit and then shook it until her big ears flapped again; all of which plainly was intended to express acquiescence, for she stood perfectly still, watching him over her shoulder as he climbed up that terrible hind leg—the one that had sent the luckless Pedro, corral hand, through the closed stable door—and wriggled himself on to her back. Then she walked through the big gates, which Pic had carefully set open, and broke into her little shuffling trot as she went down the road.

Pic's heart was in his mouth, but his spirits were high as he urged his huge mount to a gallop. There was no time to waste; they must do the best they could while still on the smooth road. Soon they had to turn off, crossing unseen irrigation ditches, splashing through swampy by-ways, where overhanging boughs clutched at Pic so that he crouched until, in the darkness, he made a scarcely perceptible swelling on the big mule's back. The progress was slow, and now became slower still, for the hills had been reached, where there were no roads, not even by-ways.

It seemed as though a goat could hardly have made the ascent, but Katherine did it, picking her way with all the surefootedness of her race among the scattered rocks; straining up or slipping down the steep sides of the many gullies, or tripping along narrow ledges at dizzy heights with the ease and nonchalance of the nocturnal cat walking a fence. Pic's weight on her powerful back counted for not much more than that of a fly which might have lighted there.

Pic heard a shot that cracked in the distance, and Katherine heard it, too, for she pricked up her ears, snorted and hurried forward, while Pic heaved a sigh of relief so sharp that it was almost a cry. Then he

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laughed a little hysterically, for the strain of suspense had been telling on him. All along he had feared that after all Headley might not have turned up the river-bed; and if he had, so many things might have happened to him before he could reach the quarry. But he had reached it; the shot told that. It only remained to get him out.

Other shots spat viciously; first a few, then many, as fire-crackers go when let off in the bunch. Once or twice came the nearer report of a heavy pistol; hurrying, stumbling hoofs ringing on the rocks, and afterward the terrible scream of a wounded horse.

At this point Katherine declined to go farther. It is true that in front of her there was a smooth and nearly perpendicular face of rock which she very likely could not have ascended had she tried, but she had no intention of trying, and in her way she said so.

Pic slipped to the ground, and bidding the mule stand still, began to scramble up the rock, Katherine intently watching him as he went. It was very difficult. Once or twice he almost lost his hold and fell, but caught himself, and clinging to the face of the smooth stone like one of the little brown lizards that flicked away at his approach, at length reached the top. Here massive fragments of stone lay tossed in heaps, as though the giant who made the little cliff had thrown them from his apron when he had finished. Between two of these fragments that leaned together Pic dived and found himself in a small and tortuous passage that twisted through the mass of fragments, trending downward. Through this he wriggled, edging onward by means of elbows and knees, until at last he looked through the hole where the tunnel ended.

On a narrow ledge of rock, some five feet below him, stood Headley, white of face and panting hard. His clothes were torn and dusty, his hat was gone, and in his hand he held a smoking pistol. Near by, and lying in the shallow stream, was the body of his horse, and that of a man sprawled on the rocky shore.

"Señor!" called Pic, in a low tone. "Señor!"

Headley did not hear; every sense was concentrated upon watching the approaches to his stand. He could not see one man who crawled from behind a rock and commenced to creep, slipping from cover to cover, toward one of the banks. Pic saw him, and knew that he was trying to reach the top of the quarry, directly over Headley.

"Señor!" called Pic, louder, this time. Trembling with excitement, he was almost crying. It was very hard to have got so far and then to fail at last.

Again he called this time almost in a scream, and now Headley heard. He turned and saw Pic's little brown face, screwed in an anxious pucker, framed in the rock, within a few inches of his own.

"What are you doing here, you imp?" he demanded in English, which, of course, was Greek to the boy. "Come—get out of this—skip—*pronto!* No use in their getting you, too. Get out—ah!" A face had peeped from behind a rock, and Headley sent a bullet at it that arrived just after the face had vanished. A return bullet stopped its vicious whine by a little flop as it flattened on the rock.

Throwing all caution to the winds, Pic screamed aloud, and reaching out with one hand, caught Headley by his arm. "Here, señor—come! Here is a way. Come! Oh, come quickly! Come, or it will be too late!"

Other bullets flattened against the rocks, and now and again one would glance and sing away, sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, which showed that the enemy was on the front and both flanks. There was nothing for it but that Headley should take advantage of Pic's opportunity, whatever that might be.

"Get back and give me room," he cried, with a motion of his head that Pic understood, and a second later the hole was empty, and the way open.

There came a feeling to Headley as of a hot iron drawn along his side; that was a graze. He cast a quick look around. There was nothing to reassure him in front. With a quick motion he shoved his pistol into its holster and at the same time turned and sprung at the hole. He reached it, but with his head and shoulders inside, for an instant he hung, and a bullet chipped the edge of the rock close by him. Far rather would he meet his death while standing on the ledge outside than to be shot in that position, but one frantic writhe brought him inside the passage, and for the time being safe.

Pic squirmed ahead, laboring hard, now

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and then calling back encouragement or directions to Headley, who could not understand them, coming, as they did, through that tunnel, but who followed as well as he could, though it was tight work for Headley's broad shoulders. But at last he got through and found Pic waiting for him impatiently, standing among the tumbled rocks.

"This way, señor," called the boy. "Here she is waiting for us. Hurry, for they can come around by the side, and——"

A rifle cracked. Pic gave a scream. Instinctively his hand flew to the breast of his shirt and the knife gleamed for an instant as he staggered and fell, the knife clinking on the stones. Cautiously, from behind a rock, Morales himself appeared, a smoking rifle in his hands, searching with his eyes for the result of his skill. Headley saw him. His pistol spoke sharply, and Morales had fired his last shot.

Very odd things happened after that, and Pic remembered them only vaguely. He fell; that he knew. Then it seemed to him as though for many hours the rocks danced around him in whirling circles, keeping time with Headley's voice; yet the words, as they sounded to Pic, were not those that one would sing. Faster and faster the rocks whirled, until one of them stumbled and fell on his leg, hurting it cruelly. Then the rocks vanished, and opening his eyes, he found himself in a room that somehow seemed familiar. It puzzled him, and he looked again; then after a little he realized that he was actually in the sacred room of his señorita, and that the señorita herself was kneeling by the bed, holding one of his hands in hers, and that the gruff old company doctor was bending over him, busy. Pic had always been mortally afraid of this doctor, regarding him as a personage of weird power, who existed solely for the purpose of forcing one to swallow a variety of unhallowed things which had startling effect on one's inner economy. But he felt that with his señorita so near he could do no harm.

For a moment he doubted if it all were real, but the pain in his leg continued, and the singing, which he now perceived was in his own head. Also the words of Headley which he still could hear outside the bedroom door. These last, at least, must be real, for Alice carefully laid down his hand and stole closer to the door to listen.

"So I gathered in Morales's rifle—he had another cartridge thrown into the chamber, by-the-way, all ready to fire another shot, the beast!—and then ran over and picked up the poor little chap," Headley was saying. "I laid him on a rock and tied up his leg as well as I could with my handkerchief, but didn't dare to spend much time at it, for Morales's little friends were due to appear any minute. As soon as I got it done I started to carry him down to where the mule was. It was rough getting down there, especially with the boy in my arms. It would have hurt him if he hadn't been insensible all the while. As it was, the bandage slipped, and it seemed as though I could never stop the bleeding. Once I was afraid he was dead; he lay across the neck of that mule when I put him there, as limp as a wilted collar. And the mule never moved, except for her head. She turned that and looked at us—never took her eyes off—but otherwise she stood like a wooden mule and staid that way until after I got on. I truly believe she understood that it was necessary for me to hold him fast; I'm sure she wouldn't have let me mount if she hadn't. When we were quite ready she started down those rocks at a jog-trot, and when we reached the road she flew. I didn't say a word to her. There wasn't any occasion to, and, besides, I didn't dare. I was afraid that she would consider it a liberty. The moon was well up by that time—had been for quite a while—and I could see that there were a lot of tracks pointing in one direction, so I thought that all of you had started out after Morales's gang, though I couldn't imagine how you could have got word. I'm awfully glad you bagged at least some of them, if only on the kid's account," he finished.

"And how is he now?" grumbled the carefully subdued voice of Sullivan. It was the doctor himself, who that moment came out of the room, who answered.

"The boy? He'll be all right. No bones broken; only a flesh wound. Considerable blood lost. He'll be weak and sore for a bit, that's all. Go in and have a look at him if you like. Only for a minute, though." And he hurried away, while the rest stole carefully into the room.

Pic was quite conscious. When they entered he smiled up at them in a deprecating sort of way. He was far from sure

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that the men would not demand to know what he was doing in that room, and very possibly order him out of it. When he found that they did nothing of the sort he was greatly relieved.

"You must hurry and get well, Pic," said Headley, bending over the bed. "You know you're going with me as soon as you're able. Then, after a while, when you learn to speak some English, we'll go to the United States. Wouldn't you like that?"

Pic beamed; then looked troubled. "*La señorita?*" he whispered.

"Oh, that's all right," replied Headley reassuringly. "That's all right. The señorita's going to the States right away. But never you mind," he hastened to add, seeing how the boy's face fell. "You stick to me, my boy, and it won't be long before you see the señorita again."

Then a most astounding thing happened. The face of the señorita turned warmly pink, and stooping, she gathered Pic in her arms and kissed him. He was scandalized, but then reflected, as many have done before, that though the ways of señoritas are past finding out, yet whatever this particular señorita did must of necessity be right. And so, filled with a great content, he fell asleep.

THE ABSENTEE AMERICAN

By Mary Crawford Fraser

THE recent discussion between an American expatriate and an opposer of his views, which appeared in a popular and high-class journal, raised an issue of which the writers themselves appeared to be unconscious, namely, the great question of duty to country and of how Americans in general fulfil that duty. If I put forward a modest claim to speak on this important subject, it is based on the fact that a caprice of Fortune caused me to be born and educated an expatriate, bestowed upon me a large circle of friends and relatives on both sides of the water, and has finally fulfilled the early desire of my heart by permitting me to become, for a time at least, a repatriate. Fortune's caprice this time was in accord with my own judgment, which, after more than half a lifetime of unusually varied experiences in many climes, returns, disillusioned yet unshaken, to the conviction of my youth, the conviction that next to Religion, the most necessary thing in life is a country, and one of the highest virtues (and the parent of many others) a loyal love for it.

Love is not blind. That disqualification is reserved for passion. True love of country, like true love for the individual, sees all the defects, bears with them, and hopes for better things. Love is willing to take its share of blame for faults which may be due to its own mistakes. It does not proclaim those faults and its own scorn of them to outsiders, whose contempt indeed is more likely to fall on the unnatural plaintiff than on the erring defendant. Love of country is rather out of fashion in these days, yet the truth is that men are as responsible for duty to their fatherland as for duty to their families; indeed where there is a question between the two, the great teachers of ethics, as well as the general verdict of mankind, bid them put country first; and it is in this primal duty that Americans in general, and the great mass of the expatriates in particular, so commonly fail.

A man should have very good reasons to give for abandoning the land of his forefathers. Setting aside the artist, the student, and the writer, who belong to one of God's countries not defined on our maps, and who must feed their beneficent souls with knowledge not to be gained without pilgrimage, it is surely the first duty of the citizen to give his entire support to his own land, the support of his presence, his intelligence, his money, and to bring up his children to do the same, so that when their time comes they can take their full share in the national destinies. It is sad to have

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to acknowledge that this duty is very poorly fulfilled in the United States at the present day. Europe is flooded with Americans who have renounced their birthright for such frivolous reasons that it is impossible to obtain an account of them. Even on American soil the traveller is greeted on all sides with abuse of local institutions, government, and conditions. When he suggests that the complainants should undertake to improve things, he is told that it is useless to try; the forces of evil are too strong for the private individual to cope with. Yet, at the first word of criticism from an alien, the national vanity is up in arms and the critic is treated to a display of the boastfulness which has to do duty for non-existent patriotism. Ah, if conceit were patriotism, what patriots we should be! I have lived in East and West, under the Northern lights and the Southern Cross —and nowhere have I witnessed such overbearing self-complacency as that which afflicts the national mind over here. The mood of Germany after 1870 was so arrogant as to be absolutely maddening to non-Germans, but it was tolerated in Europe because Germany had just come through a tremendous struggle and had won her laurels professionally, gallantly, and honestly. But here no such solid trophies have been gained. One or two victories over inferior opponents, a brave but undisciplined army, an equally brave but rather amateur navy—these are not the credentials upon which America can take her position as a first-class Power. She has such credentials in a far different sphere, but the people have not been taught to realize their value.

When the United States came into existence there was "room on top" for a moral World Power, and it seemed as if this country were destined to fill it. There is more room now. We do not need another expensively armed pirate to set the pace in the universal scramble for territory and "spheres of influence"; nor do we need a brand-new aristocracy moving Heaven and earth to link its manufactured pedigrees on to those of ancient European houses, and at the same time striving to become leaders in fast social sets which the true aristocrat abhors. But we did and do need moral example, and in this high direction America was once and could still be supreme. Long ago her fearless honesty, shining out in white contrast against the corruption of European politics, gained the respect of the whole civilized world; her splendid unworldliness, independence, and energy, lighted a flame of admiration in all generous hearts. But these virtues are out of fashion now; they are *vieux jeu* and have been cast aside. As the born tragedian longs to shine in comedy, as the city clerk believes he would have made a great general, as the soldier wants to teach Sunday School and preach sermons, so America scorns her obvious destiny and aspires to be a terrorizing World Power. With the wish comes belief—so *naïf* as to be almost amusing. Surely in no other country could such an assertion as that attributed to a sensational newspaper during the Russo-Japanese war—the solemn assertion that any one State in the Union could, single-handed, "whip" England and Japan combined—have been received without laughter. To the millions of misinformed but sincere persons who read the passage it appeared perfectly reasonable; they swallowed it without a single comment. This is but one of many incidents which make those who truly love our great country feel that in all the present hard conditions there is nothing so painful or so ominous as this misguided conceit. It reminds one of the painted, wooden guns on the Chinese forts—their mere aspect was expected to scare off an enemy. It has to do duty for failing patriotism and inefficient defences; yet one cannot honestly blame the mass of the people for indulging in it. Why should the public worry about efficiency, when its teachers declare that the highest point has been reached and that further effort is unnecessary? The man who stumbles into a battle with a bandage over his eyes can truly say that he sees no foes to fight; but what of the treacherous fellow-countryman who tied on the bandage and kicked the poor soul out to take his chance among clear-eyed, well-armed opponents? And what of the officer who hands in his resignation just when war has been declared? If certain journalists try to keep the public blind to the dangers in its path, the voluntary expatriates abroad and the "couldn't-soil-my-hands-with-politics" exquisites at home deliberately abandon their post.

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These people are as a rule men of cultivation and leisure; they could correct malicious misstatements, they could form a thinking, responsible class where at last that ægis of safety, sound public opinion, would have a chance to develop. But because the masses in America are so easily led, the "Best Americans" as these self-indulgent quietists modestly call themselves pretend to despise the task. Politics should be the occupation of the highest minds; yet with us, apart from a few illustrious exceptions, a kind of stigma clings to those who mix in them. When a young man belonging to an old New York family of my acquaintance embraced a political career, his relatives were so incensed that they would hardly receive him into their houses. He was the only member of a numerous and wealthy family who realized the duty of the citizen, and he was regarded as an outcast in consequence, the reason given being that national politics are so corrupt that only some almost inconceivable necessity could lead a gentleman to be associated with them. The entire indifference of the self-constituted social elect to the welfare of the masses was made clear to me after the victory over Tammany in November, 1904, when a "Best-American" woman openly bemoaned the event. The new administration was struggling to purify various departments and some passing inconveniences to New Yorkers were the result. "Really," said this travelled, cultivated woman of the world, "it is a pity that they ever disturbed Tammany. Of course it is corrupt and detestable, but it is the only comfortable government for New York."

I think it is from the ranks of the fastidious and indifferent that the confirmed expatriates are generally recruited. The newly rich are less tempted to abandon America altogether. They rush to Europe the moment they can, are seen in all the smart hotels, make the fortunes of dress-makers and jewellers, and then come home, because mere wealth is much more of a power on this side than on the other. The real expatriate despises and avoids them; they jar on his sensibilities too rudely. He and his fellows have, as a rule, much to say of the refined interests, the uplifting surroundings which they can cultivate and enjoy abroad; yet any intimacy with them leads to the conviction that those who are not professional workers take but slight notice of the treasures of art, or thought, or nature, by which they are surrounded. They are really people who want to lick all the jam off life without ever getting to its crust. The American expatriates who have distinguished themselves can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Most of the others form a non-producing class, deteriorating in quality as it increases in numbers. The expatriates draw their income from American sources, contribute nothing but abuse in return, and are as unprofitable to the country of their adoption as to that of their parentage. With the exception of the few American women who have married happily abroad and who have had the wisdom to heartily espouse the country as well as the husband, the expatriates are aliens wherever they may be. They hobnob lustily with other aliens and abuse the institutions of their chosen residence with a virulence only suppressed during their rare visits to America; they openly contemn the religion, the politics, the national institutions of the country where they have established themselves, contribute nothing toward its defences or its development, and die, after forty or fifty years' exile, in profound ignorance of all that is best in their surroundings. If they behave themselves, they are regarded with amused tolerance by the social world of their alienship, used unscrupulously when they are willing to pay for its fads, and forgotten the moment anything of real importance is in hand. Why not? They have no connection with family events; Pietro's marriage, Adèle's dowry, Fritz's examinations, the thousand-and-one threads that hold families abroad so closely together, have nothing to do with the alien. He cannot help or hinder —cannot even understand the strength of the tie which makes these things the supreme interest of the moment, not only to the young people's parents but to all the branches of the clan. On the Continent the Family still ranks before every other consideration, and woe to the selfish or careless member who slights its claims; among English-speaking peoples it has virtually ceased to be, and this is one of the fundamental reasons why the foreigner does not respect voluntary aliens of our race. These are scarcely ever regarded as moral equals,

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and they are only accepted as social intimates when they have some personal gifts of the highest order, such as delightful conversation, pre-eminent beauty, or the social genius—this last a thing so rare among us that it should hardly be placed on the list at all.

No one can deny that there do occur concatenations of circumstances which afford true and worthy reasons for a change of nationality. Persons who have acted on such reasons usually find their decision cordially endorsed by the people among whom they dwell. It is only the aimless confirmed expatriate who is a thing of small value. When a man has lost all sense of duty to his country and is content to decide his fate at the dictates of mere taste, he is something very like a degenerate, and the reformation of degenerates is hopeless. But there is another and a far graver side to the question. What future lies before the thousands of American children condemned to grow up in a land where they have neither place nor birthright? Many of them would gladly assume the nationality of their chance home, merely to feel, in school-room parlance, that they "belong somewhere." But here the expatriate parent steps in with fierce denunciations of his fellow-inhabitants, with horrid accusations against their morality, with high-flown speeches about the disgrace of renouncing one's country; with, finally, the threat of compulsory military service if he talks to his boys and that of faithless or tyrannical husbands if he speaks to the girls. So the young people grow up, waifs and strays on the face of the earth, believing in few things, surface followers of the rags of a religion which their elders learned "back" in Boston or New York (and which usually takes the form of blind abuse of the faith and practice of the most earnest souls around them), dilettantes forever, because no valid motive of ambition is set before them. I know of few things more significantly pathetic than the fate of these sons and daughters of the expatriates.

Deep in the soul of our race is the desire to be with our own folk. During my own childhood and youth (the personal note must be forgiven me in view of the weight of personal testimony in such matters) I was surrounded by all that could make life attractive, in the most beautiful city in the world, the Rome of the Popes. I was taught by charming and intelligent people, given every chance that an alien child can have. Some months of the year were devoted to travelling and sightseeing in various parts of Europe. Pleasant friends, many gaieties, constant encouragement from kind elders in my favorite studies—all these things made a delightful playground for youth. But the playground lacked something. My people were inclined to despise the Romans, whom I loved. Catholicism, toward which my instincts then, as my reason later, turned unerringly, was anathema to my elders, brought up, as they had been, with all the prejudices of Protestantism; the great religious ceremonies were presented to me as mere dramatic spectacles. And always and through all, I wanted "folks" of my own. We belonged to no one and no one belonged to us. The loneliness which this privation inflicts on young people is never understood by the mature expatriate. I remember the wild delight with which we hailed a family of cousins who came to pay us a visit, and the envy which their casual talk of their free happy life in America filled our hearts. We could never go out of the house without a duenna; when we appeared in the streets on foot we had to wear the simplest of black dresses, and avoid the most frequented thoroughfares; these we could only traverse in our own carriage, for the fiacre was not proper for young girls. A whole party of the latter could not receive a man friend unless a chaperon were present. We were hampered by a thousand restrictions, fitting and necessary for the people among whom we lived, but galling to our more independent souls. Our American cousins seemed so freely happy and so happily free, so frank and hopeful, that in spite of a certain pity for their ignorance and inexperience, we, younger than they, sighed in their presence as the aged sigh over their vanished youth.

For, although Americans are not very successful home makers, the young people here have, I think, more chances of healthy enjoyment and development than any others in the world. Excepting the children of the very rich, who start with the heavy handicap of irresponsible wealth, American boys and girls really seem to have the world at

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their feet. Apart from the sophisticated appreciations of a would-be smart set, no honest occupation brings abasement. The boy, who sold newspapers or the girl who was a waitress in summer hotels, does not feel in later years that there is a page of youth to be carefully covered from the eyes of associates in maturity. In the common schools a certain healthy acquaintance with humanity is made, and a feeling of equality in chances engendered such as can never come from separate and specialized education. If the instruction given is not all that it should be, that is not the fault of the teachers, but of the books supplied. Some years ago I heard a very grave accusation brought forward by an eminent American literary man to explain the school-book defect. He assured me that it was owing to the avarice of the authorities (political, not scholastic) who, in certain States, agreed, for value received, to recommend the purchase of superannuated books on which the publishers no longer had to pay royalties, and with which they could supply the schools at a fine profit to themselves, even after the necessary palm grease had changed hands. I have no means of knowing whether this statement still holds true, but if it does, the most atrocious offence is being committed against the nation's whole future intelligence.

Nevertheless, after discounting all possible drawbacks, I would have the Powers that be pass a law to the effect that all children of Americans residing abroad should be obliged to spend a certain number of the years of their minority on American soil, on pain of losing their rights of citizenship. The voluntary expatriates of the first generation are deplorable enough, but the involuntary ones of the second are in disastrous case and innocent of its causes.

It seems to me that this question of the second generation is the chief point of importance in the whole argument between the expatriate and the patriot, yet both have passed it over. The first, in his witty and incisive article, put himself outside the pale of earnest discussion by holding up personal tastes, ease, and comfort, as the deciding motives in life, leaving duty to country out altogether. The second showed himself as the poor defender of a good cause, since he merely returned abuse for abuse, adducing some far-fetched and (in my own long experience of life abroad) unprecedented accusations against foreign manners and customs. Such things prove nothing. Discomforts and rudenesses are to be met with everywhere if we diligently look for them. It is true that the free citizen in America in this year of Grace may not carry his cigarettes on the train, as he passes through certain States, without running the risk of being heavily fined; also that he is being gradually condemned to cold-water stomach ache all over the country, through the interference of well-meaning but short-sighted authorities—whom he has himself called into being to repress a horrible evil which is entirely due to his own original greed, supineness and indifference. I must take it on trust that the Customs inspector at New York is a very arbitrary and disagreeable person, for in my own many comings and goings, as well as in those of my family, not the slightest annoyance has ever been suffered. Still, let him be as bad as he is made out, he can scarcely be more trying than the Italian Octroi official who insists on inspecting your luncheon basket at the lines of every township between Castellammare and Sorrento. He may have known you and your family all his life, but he will make you pay duty on a ten-cent packet of crackers if he can. Foreign governments do not exclusively mind their own business, any more than does ours. The workman who walks a mile to his day's work in Italy has to pay duty at the town gate on the half pound of sour bread that he carries with him for his dinner; the German Customs officer will pull to pieces the entire contents of a Christmas postal parcel, tear off labels, cards, and ribbons, and then charge duty on a tumbled mass of trifles whose whole value consisted in the loving daintiness with which each had been designed and put up to meet the tastes of the different members of the family.

All these things are irritating to the last degree, but reasonable people know that some annoyances must come into the day's work for every one who stands to his place in the ranks, who is not a mere epicurean, and that it is as unjustifiable for a man to abandon his country on their account as it would be to disinherit a child because it gives trouble in teething. And this is, in a way, the case of America. The older

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countries across the water are the true Fatherlands of their inhabitants, supplying for their guidance the inheritances, experiences, and traditions of a venerable and storied past. America is still the child of its citizens; in their hands lies its future; and it is showing just now the faults and weaknesses of a youth whose education has suddenly been taken from the care of wise and competent masters and given over to vulgar and unscrupulous persons. If the old ideals were really dead past hope of resuscitation, would not that misfortune be largely the fault of the "Best Americans" who think more of keeping their hands clean than of using them in the service of their country? Perhaps the ideals are not dead, but only dormant; yet these people stand a great way off and rail at the condition of things. In so doing they accuse themselves, for the young country has no faults which they have not transmitted or encouraged. If they disapprove of it on honest grounds, their first duty is to help it to better things, first to the consciousness, and then to the development, of the many splendid qualities which it in truth possesses, but which must inevitably be submerged and lost if the best Americans refuse to be responsible for America's fate.

CHANGE

By C. A. Price

Oh, it's home—home—
But it's home no more to me,
Though little is the change
That my weary eyes can see.

Still the water shines and flows,
Still the sea-gulls wheel and cry,
Still the west with sunset glows
And the moon swims in the sky.

Still the fisher-boats come in,
Round the light and drop the sail,
Still I hear the voices thin
From the shore give answering hail.

Is it last year's bird that sings
Hidden somewhere in the eaves?
Is it last year's flower that springs
Just there, in its clustering leaves?

Still the ships' bells give the hour,
Still, afar, the bugles play;
Peace was once this moment's dower—
Oh, what is it ails the day!

Oh, it's home—home—
But it's home no more to me!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

WHY is it that an artist who has won his way to the front by the practise of one craft often finds himself allured to adventure himself within the unexplored confines of a neighboring art? Tennyson, for instance, was not content to voice the moods of his contemporaries in exquisite lyrics; he insisted on discovering himself to be devoid of the essential qualifications of the dramatist. George Eliot, after having presented moral problems successfully in a series of novels, was not satisfied until she had made her appearance also as a writer of essays dealing formally with moral themes. Gérôme, one of the most ingenious and accomplished of painters, turned to sculpture in the maturity of his powers as though he did not find scope sufficient of full self-expression in the pictorial art; and Mr. Macmonnies, the sculptor, has more recently laid aside the chisel for the brush.

Two Strings to the Bow

This may seem to be mere restlessness, the result of the weariness with technic which is the consequence of over-familiarity. The artist may feel that he has exhausted all the possibilities of his own craft; he may fear that he has sounded its limitations; and he longs for more arts to conquer, stimulated by the hope of grappling with unknown difficulties. "All arts are one," as an American poet once put it, "all fingers on one hand." But the processes of the several arts are distinct; and it is the process that the born artist revels in, joying in the invigorating effort to spy out its secrets. The aims of the sculptor and of the painter are akin and yet not alike. The training of either is a great help toward the work of the other; and yet the technic has to be acquired anew. The problems to be solved are similar, but the methods of approach are not quite the same; and the artist finds himself refreshed by an excursion into a field with which he is not actually familiar, even though it closely resembles ground which he has already measured.

François Coppée, the poetic dramatist, a romanticist in his plot-making and a parnassian in his verse-making, was glad to lay aside his singing robes and write realistic short-stories in prose, bringing forth life among the lowly in the Paris of his own time. Ludovic Halévy, librettist of the frisky Grand-Duchess of Gérolstein and of the beautiful Helen of Troy, turned away from these fantasies in dialogue to dwell lovingly on the kindly charm of the good Abbé Constantin. Here were two playwrights who gave up play writing for story telling; and this is a change of occupation which is rather uncommon and which seems to suggest a certain relaxing of energy in these two dramatists as they approached the confines of old age. Far more often do we find the novelists anxious to master the mysteries of the stage. The technic of the drama is far harder to acquire than that of the novel, and it is therefore more alluring to the genuine artist, who relishes the resolute struggle with difficulty.

Indeed, the theatre itself forces the playwright to take thought of his structure, whereas the novelist is under no compulsion whatever, free to tell his story in the most slovenly fashion if only it happens to be a story worth telling. In England in the nineteenth century fiction was the chosen art of various men and women of genius, and yet all through that period it might be described not unfairly as the product of unskilled labor. The Victorian novel is quite as shapeless and as sprawling as the Elizabethan drama. The demands of prose-fiction, even in France, where standards of proportion and construction have always been maintained, are too lax to satisfy writers who like to be forced always to do their best. It is probably the greater difficulty of the drama which tempted Mr. Barrie and M. Hervieu to relinquish the prose-fiction in which they won their fame, and to devote themselves in the fullness of their powers to story telling on the stage—just as it was probably the greater difficulty of sculpture which led Gérôme to turn away from painting now and again.

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MR. PERRY ROBINSON'S recent book on the "Twentieth Century American," written by an Englishman who lived and worked for a score of years in the United States, differs from the other books of similar scope and purpose in that no critic on either side can say of the author "he has not seen," but only, and much more doubtfully, "he has not understood." And this is a bold thing to say when the opportunities of one's author have been equal to one's own, and when one cannot deny that he has availed himself of them. With these advantages, the judgments of the "foreigner," with his opportunities of comparison and his preconceived standards, are even more valuable than those of the native, whose standards are by hypothesis derived from the very phenomena which are in question.

The chapter entitled "A Comparison in Culture" will be less agreeable reading, doubtless, in the United Kingdom than in the United States. For it is plain that the author, in spite of his mild denegations, agrees at bottom with the "entirely competent English critic" whom he cites as declaring that, "while there may be less erudition in America, there is conspicuously more culture." It would be pedantic to call, at this point, for a definition of terms, since what is meant on both sides by "culture" is quite clear enough for the purpose of such a discussion. Take Burke's definition of attention to "whatever has a tendency to bless or to adorn life." Take Arnold's of "a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world." Either will do. And, obviously the greatest enemy of either is self-complacency, intellectual protectionism, insular inhospitality to imported ideas. There cannot be much question on which side this obstacle to culture is most obstinate. It is not until a thing is done in England that, for British purposes, it can be said to have been done at all. To take a trivial instance, the billiard player Ives had to go to London to demonstrate to the Briton that the insular game of billiards could be "beaten." He might have gone on for a lifetime making that demonstration in Chicago without "bringing it home" to the Briton.

"Culture" and "Crazes"

Mr. Robinson shrewdly points out, in explanation of the differences in the diffusion of culture, that whereas any American may say, and all Americans do think:—"The best is good enough for me," there are large social sections of the British Isles by which "the best," even in point of mental accomplishment, is admitted to be for their catechismal "betters." Readers will remember that Uriah Heep declined learning Latin upon the ground that the knowledge of it might be held to be a blot upon the scutcheon of his 'umbleness. But one of the most striking points of Mr. Robinson's exegesis is his contention that the very "fads" and "crazes" in which the insular Briton may deem American culture to consist may really be highly conducive to culture. That Western "Goethe Club" of which the satirist (and very likely inventor) declared that the majority of its members pronounced the name of its sponsor to rhyme with "teeth," that "Dante Club," which, on the same authority was known to itself as the "Dant Club," may have been really conducive to culture. Suppose, says Mr. Robinson, successive "crazes," say for Omar Khayyam, Ibsen, Rodin, Grieg, and M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," to ravage a community, and to give rise to a general solicitude of weeks or months to know what can be known about each of these artists, to an absorbed reading, inspecting or hearing of their works, even with a view on the part of the students to "papers,"—is not the state of that community more gracious, as to "culture," than the state of a community which is cheerfully content to know nothing about any of them except that they are "not English"? After the "craze" has blown over, is there not some residuum of something better and more fruitful than the neighborhood gossip which is the likeliest alternative to the succession of epidemics? The norm and model of a "cultured" town remains Athens, as is proven by the fact that towns which pique themselves on their culture, from Edinburgh to Boston, have aspired to be called after its name. And yet it was noted of that paragon of culture, when a highly observant, candid and critical tourist visited it and was invited by a deputation of leading citizens to deliver a lecture, that the inhabitants were engrossed in the pursuit of novelties, given over, in fact, to "crazes." Let not aspiring and capricious American communities by any means despair! Their temper is not Boeotian; it is Athenian.

NOT long since a little lad of four, disillusioned with life and its discipline, announced to his mother his intention of living with her no longer. He was going—

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a pause followed wherein a vision of an ideal state crept into the blue eyes—"to that empty house up the road, to live with the 'ams (animals) forever and ever, and talk bad Eng. (English)." It was something in his face as he spoke which set me to reviewing all the Utopias of which I have read or dreamed, both those floating in limbo between this world and another, and those which boldly conjure up the world to come. One by one, as I compared them with little Jack's, I found them lacking in charm.

Paradise Indeed

That the pictures made by human kind of the land of the heart's desire are unsatisfactory is a commonplace; no other attempt of the imagination so definitely betrays the limits wherein our lives are set. From Plato to Shelley, from Sir Thomas More to Edward Bellamy, no dreamer has discovered anything but a singular monotony of dream in regard to perfect happiness, and the best we can say of these Utopias is that none of them have come to pass. Plato's "Republic" is fortunately not yet. None have found and few have searched for Sir Thomas More's land of ideal justice wherein wisdom is wealth, and riches of gold and jewels are despised. Even Shelley failed to show us aught to be desired in his Caucasian vale of fulfilment, and his soaring imagination drooped and faltered in that soft atmosphere of his conjuring where there was nothing to protest against. They have failed, one and all, in their dreamed-of heavens; the endless light and endless song of St. John the divine, in that land beyond the murmur of the sea, do not allure us. The "hollow spaces" of these imagined countries are not filled with "delightful color, and form, and sound," and the human spirit will none of them.

There is but one vision of paradise that seems paradise indeed, and that is of the Celtic folk, described in Lady Gregory's translation of "Gods and Fighting Men." Can any other equal this in reality, picturing the unknown beauty in terms of beauty that we know?

"A comely level land through the length of the world's age and many blossoms falling on it. There is an old tree there with blossoms, and birds calling from among them; every color is shining there. . . . To be without grief, without sorrow, without death, without any sickness—it is not common wonder that is. . . . It is a day of lasting weather; silver is dropping on the land—a pure white cliff at the edge of the sea getting its warmth from the sun."

It is deeply significant that, in this most vivid dream of endless joy, a sense of need of friendly animals is strong. *Oisin.* "O Patrick, tell me as a secret, since it is you have the best knowledge, will my dog or my hound be let in with me to the Court of the King of Grace?" Oisin refuses a mere Christian paradise which has no place for hound or horse. "If I had acquaintance with God, and my hound to be at hand, I would make whoever gave food to myself give a share to my hound as well."

Here, and here only, among recorded visions, we have that touch of reality which little Jack's longing supplies, though, now that I think of it, the millennium makes another exception. "Live with the ams"; a future of endless sympathy is opened up by the phrase, and endless "bad Eng." with this sweet companionship would suggest almost too delightful possibilities. Noble horse, beloved dog, the world of flying, creeping, running wild things—surely we shall need them all! What dreary sense of lack would follow the loss of the "old familiar faces"! We can hardly afford to miss from our idea of the endless consolations of eternity anything that has been of genuine solace in time. In moments of grief beyond words, the silent understanding of a dumb animal comes nearer to comforting than do the spoken words of one's kind. Science tells us that our kinship with bird and beast goes farther back than our kinship with human beings, and this perhaps accounts for the depth of their wordless sympathy in our trouble, our depth of wordless grief in their loss. Surely, if the soul may have its choice of houses, I shall search beyond the dim abstract of all other dream worlds for the land of Oisin and little Jack, seeking there friendships old and new with bird and beast.

Perhaps, too, a touch of the animal within us as without is necessary to convince us of reality in these dream worlds. Those imaginary perfected states of perfected man cut us off too sharply from our long history through beast and beast to something more. There may be symbolism deeper than we know in the old story of the return of Oisin from the paradise of his pagan kin. Did he not crumble into dust in getting off his horse? These seers who fail to tell us of possible life in the light of that which we are, rob our future of the very basis of life itself; we shall do well not to make too great haste in alighting from the "am." Evolution must have its revelation

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of perfect happiness before we can believe. What pathetic suggestion of the depth of human suffering, what a record of unachieved experience lies in the fact that our dreamers make the world to come as unlike as possible to the world which we know! Yet surely there can be small reality of spiritual peace cut off from spiritual struggle! In reading of endless calm to follow our long conflict we are homesick for earth, crying out for the old fight. From a vision of smooth golden streets our wayward feet flee, feeling for the familiar stumbling blocks that have helped measure our progress over rough ways. A paradise of endless rest is no fit habitation for the aspiring souls of earth, nor can we yet conceive an endurable immortality without a touch of the "am."

As to Economy

I REMEMBER it used to be the fashion to say that everyone had some pet economy, and I have heard people compare notes on the subject. One person would rather spoil good clothes than take a cab, another confessed that black pins seemed an expensive luxury, still another grudged more than one sheet of paper to a letter, and when that sheet was filled, and there was more to say, used the tiny scraps torn from old letters; while the old gentlemen whose experience went back to a tax on matches, were given to lighting their pipes and burning their fingers with wisps of paper, and took pride in the number of gas-burners which they could touch off with a single match, running from library to hall and from hall to back passage-way with their tiny torch. Myself, I have many economies, but they are none of them pets. I loathe them all with almost equal ardor. It has occurred to me sometimes that it must be a great luxury to a person of limited means to be really stingy, to be abstemious *con amore*, for the sake of the money thus saved; to find one's pleasure, not in acquiring, but in doing without; not in giving gifts, but in adding their cost to one's store. With a heart open to extravagance I enviously contemplate those of my acquaintances who are not beset by my temptations. Happy mortals! Their pleasure and their profit go hand in hand. And yet they too have their bad moments. There is the recurring anguish of pay'ng for the necessaries of life, and on the whole, in the average man's life the unavoidable occasions for spending must come more frequently into the day's work than the opportunities for saving. One must have food, clothes and shelter, and most people are, to some extent, proud and want to appear as well as their neighbors. What a struggle it is when pride meets avarice! I wonder, after all, whether the sum of the miser's repeated pangs does not, on the whole, equal the distress of the poor spendthrift when he pulls his last dollar out of his pocket and reflects that his next remittance will not be due for another month; although that is a sickening moment and it is then that one envies the miser. Still, we cannot all be born prudent.

I remember coming across the remark of a clever writer to the effect that there is one luxury which the very rich can never have—the happiness of getting something which they know they cannot afford. To that saying I thrilled responsive. True it is that you cannot have your cake and eat it too, but what joy in the eating of it! *Cake*, mind you. None of your homely, everyday, plain loaf of bread or joint of meat—there's no fun in the butcher's bill—but the cake of high days and holydays. You never want the thing you can afford with half the passionate longing with which you yearn for that which is beyond your means, and with what a sense of adventure do you once in a way tempt fortune by getting it.

In making this confession anonymity is my refuge from the disapproval of the wise and prudent babes of the younger generation. Children and children-in-law would arise to reprove me for such reprehensible principles and such imprudent practice. In fact, I deprecate it as much as they can, and consider economy among the chief of the virtues. Not the stupid stinginess of the miser, but the enlightened thrift of those who, in the words of the proverb, spare to spend. For instance, I have always felt that I had a head for affairs, but not having a heart for economy, there never has been a purse for affairs. So I make good resolutions and start a fresh page in my little red leather account book—a book which has lasted me for years and bids fair to last me forever; so there, at least, is thrift for you. But ah, the good times that I have had when, flinging economy to the winds, I have eaten my cake! And for the rest, no one ever has to go without jam on his bread because I ate my cake—which is a point of importance for the spendthrift to note.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Normandy.

GEORGE FREDERICK MUNN

ON February 10, 1907, George Munn, painter, passed over to the majority, and I, his fellow-student and life-long friend, wish to set down as best I may a slight tribute to his personality and genius. His was a rare spirit—a steadfast one—and always unfalteringly true to the highest standards of his art.

In the year 1873 he passed those examinations which qualified him for studentship in sculpture at the Royal Academy. He had come to us, a gold medalist from the Kensington Art Schools, and soon took a silver medal for modelling at the R. A. Schools. Having passed into the Upper or Life School sooner than most of us, he abandoned sculpture and took up painting with the greatest enthusiasm. His fine sense of color was shown in his very first study. From that day on he gathered strength and won golden opinions from all his brother students. Not satisfied with what the Academy Schools could give him, Munn pursued his studies at Julien's and Muncaczy's Studios in Paris, and came back a ripe painter. The young man's determination, enthusiasm, sincerity, and reverence had won for him the highest possible training, and he became indeed "armed and well prepared" for the pursuit of the art he so dearly loved. His pictures, both landscapes and figures, were soon to be found in the leading London galleries: the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, the British Artists, the New and the Dudley galleries. His landscapes, mostly painted in Brittany and Normandy, were of the highest order, and some, indeed, as fine as any that have ever been painted. He could draw a tree that would have satisfied even Ruskin; his sense of color and tone were pure and true, and his style quite free from affectation. There was an original and individual quality which pervaded the whole of his work, combined with a great refinement and a

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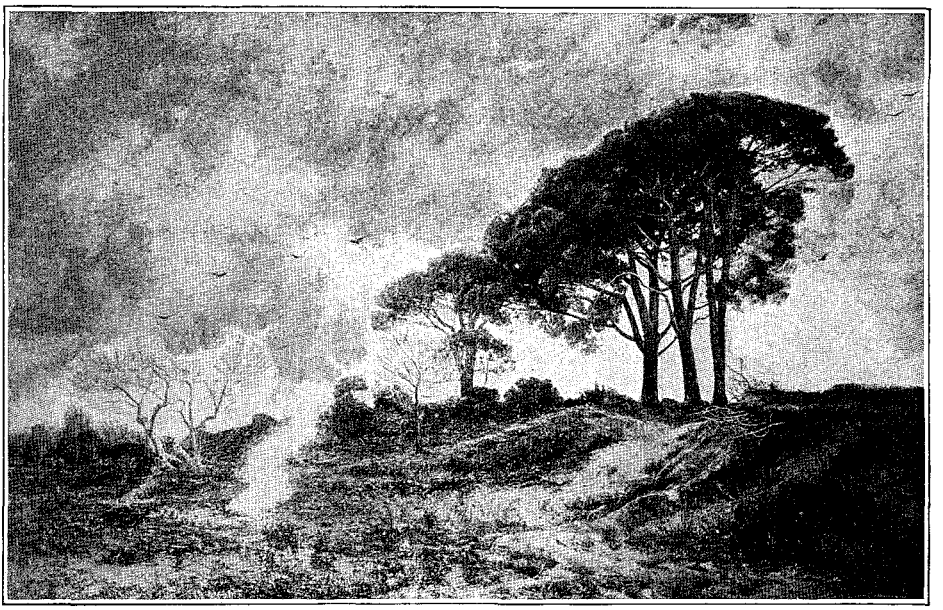

Normandy Sand Dunes.

great strength. The painters, I should say, who influenced his work most while a student, were Pelluse, Mason, Frederick Walker, and, preëminently, Watts. Had health permitted him to pursue his art, his fame as a painter would have gone across the length and breadth of the lands. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

To the above may be added the following brief notice by the Honorable Stephen Coleridge:

It is now more than twenty-five years ago that George Munn came upon us all in London, bearing about him something so fresh and strange as instantly to command attention, and in a little while revealing such qualities of heart and mind as to win the affection of all who came to know him well.

Painting is a form of expression or nothing at all, and a narrow mind and a cold heart never yet had anything to confer upon mankind; but George Munn possessed a wide vision and most tender sympathies, and he cherished a sense of honor almost too delicate for these material days; his exquisite sensibilities and stainless taste were present in every line of his work. The picture of his that I possess, hung in the place of honor at the end of the long room at the Grosvenor Gallery in its last year of existence, was called "In Chancery." It is a large work, and represents an old Manor House standing desolate and empty, with the garden before it full of tall grass and wild flowers, and behind a mass of dark, immemorial trees with the rooks wheeling above them.

All great painting appeals to the heart because it comes from it, and for this reason I value this picture more than any that I possess.

George Munn went from us in London as suddenly as he came, but we shall none of us ever cease to recall his memory with admiration and affection. S. C.

The paintings of George Frederick Munn are marked examples of that tendency toward naturalism of the best sort which is characteristic of American landscape painting.

"Normandy" [page 637] shows a side of his work which is indeed not touched upon in either of the articles printed above. This picture, more than any other composition of his known to the present writer, is "impressionistic" in its drawing; by which phrase is meant that no attempt has been made to render details or even to express strongly such important facts as the growth of the trees, the modulation of the earth's surface, the articulation of the leafage, the building up of clouds. Such a treatment of landscape effect is precisely as legitimate as a minutely rendered set of details working together to build up a result—a picture like one of the Liber Studiorum prints, with

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great insistence upon the anatomy of tree forms. Just as legitimate, and in one sense more nearly artistic, from the fact that it is so much more easy to invest such a study as this with lovely light and warm color than it is to combine those supreme excellences with the severe drawing of natural form.

But consider "Normandy Sand Dunes" [page 638], in which the trees are drawn with almost a Turneresque touch — with quite a Turneresque desire for accuracy in the anatomy of ramification. This picture is, indeed, a faithful study of a hillside crowned by the trees in question; but that is precisely the theme of these remarks. Munn knew how to represent such a simple piece of natural landscape, seizing its charm and recording it for the permanent possession of those before whose eyes it would never appear again in reality. As for its chief meaning, there is really nothing more delightful than a faultless piece of natural scenery, and all that the landscape painter can do—all that we dare to ask of Martin or of Inness, of Constable or of Turner, is to reproduce that when seen, or insensibly to modify something not quite so perfect until it reaches the ideal glory which the mind of the great artist conceives as the practiced brush does its work.

"Brittany" below is a picture reminding us of what Homer Martin used to paint, during his last few years of life, from 1890 to 1897. In it is seen the same reserve—the same content with a simple scene; a slight hollow between slowly rising hills, and a suggested water-course marking the bottom of the little valley. The top of the hill on the left is marked by a screen of trees, between the trunks of which the light of the horizon is seen to shine—so thin is the screen, so few are the trees which make it up. In this way the hill is insisted on as a narrow ridge, a part of a rolling country, beyond which ridge another such valley will be found, if we walk only a quarter of a mile in that direction. On the right the same structure of the ground is visible, but there the rain and the rough weather have eaten away the rounded hill into the semblance of a little cliff, and the scraggy bushes emphasize and insist upon that broken character of the ground. Between these slight acclivities is the low-lying valley with its stream, a boulder or two laid bare by the deeper run of the winter torrent, and what seem to be dwarf willows here and there set in the wet ground near the brook. Long and low stretches this green landscape, a perfect reach of pasture ground as seen in our eastern country-side, and above it is a sky full of summer clouds of that uncertain August weather which threatens and yet promises, offering alternation of showers and sunshine. The disturbed birds which fill the sky with their busy flight, sweeping by as if to escape a threatened

Brittany.

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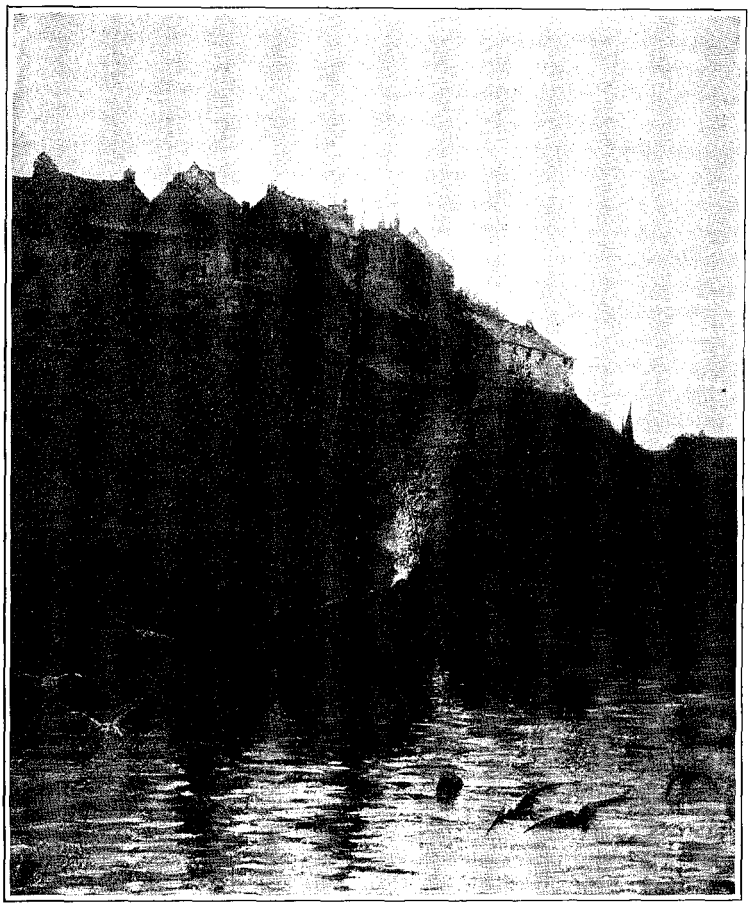

Trawlers at rest.

cataclysm, suggest a storm more decidedly than the clouds alone can do. The more I contemplate this picture, the more pleasant it is to me. It brings up again that obvious remark printed above—that there is no landscape more lovely than a faithful or slightly modified study of peaceful natural conditions.

A piece of more thoughtful work, of more deliberate expression of sentiment, appears above in which a study of a steep river-bank reminds one of Homer Martin's work during the summer he spent in Normandy. This is an admirable composition, whether it owes its charm to nature, almost wholly, or has been in part the work of the artist's modifying mind and hand. The simple houses, crowning the cliff in the most perfect fashion, lend themselves at once to that place in nature and in the work of art; and beyond them to the right are seen the spires which suggest a larger stretch of the town in that direction and the presence of a community of men. Then the extreme foreground is filled with the fisher's boat, a yawl-rigged cutter, on the forward deck of which a small flame and rising smoke are visible; whether this is to attract fish to the net or whether it is part of the crew's cookery being uncertain. It makes a streaming banner of light in the foreground, and that is all that we ask. Here, again, birds, numerous and in this case large and near at hand, are sweeping by, showing us how strongly the artist was impressed by the free life of the flying creatures.

These admirable pictures are good to see, even in their dress of black and white reproduction. If the canvases could be brought together in one of our museum galleries, even for a loan exhibition, that would be a fortunate town and a fortunate museum which should possess them for a day.

R. S.

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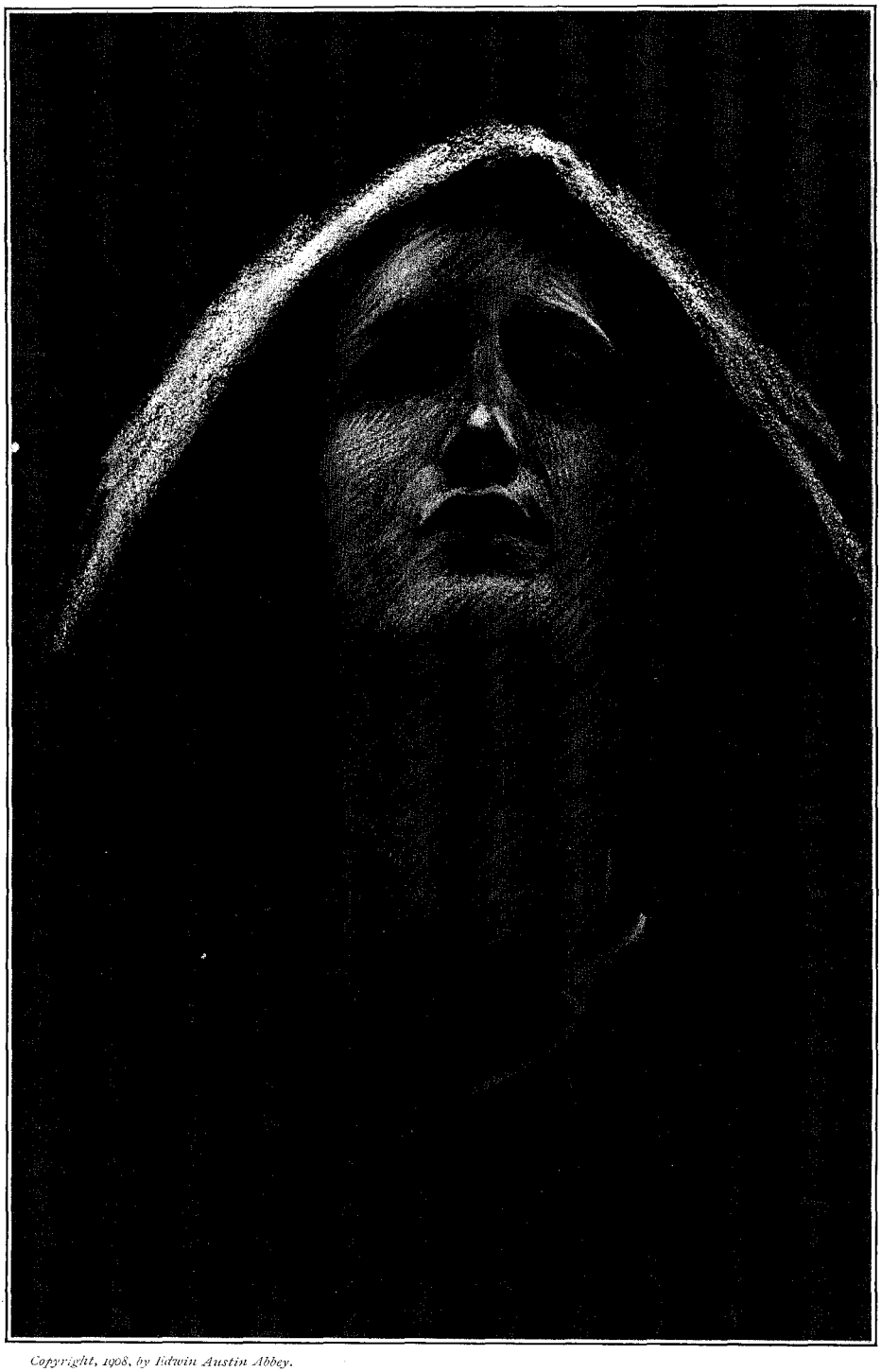

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ABBEY'S DECORATIONS AT HARRISBURG.

A study for the head of the figure "Religion." (See back of frontispiece.)

—"Abbey's Latest Mural Paintings," page 656.

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"RELIGION."

—"Abbey's Latest Mural Paintings," page 656.

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